

**ALICE TERRY:
RECOLLECTIONS OF A PIONEER
CHILDHOOD IN NORTHERN NEVADA,
WORK AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA,
OBSERVATIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION 1922-1964,
WICHE, AND RENO CIVIC AFFAIRS**

Interviewee: Alice Terry
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Description

Alice Terry was born in Cortez, Nevada, in 1901. She attended schools in Reno, and began a career in office work that culminated in her becoming executive secretary to many presidents or acting presidents of the University of Nevada. Terry's account of her service to President Walter E. Clark, Comptroller Charles Gorman, the College of Agriculture, and other university executives is characteristically modest. When she felt herself to be inadequate in business procedures, she took instruction to remedy any deficiencies. As the university grew, she acquired new responsibilities.

Terry served eight university presidents as secretary or administrative assistant, saw at first hand seven changes in administration, and assisted with some of the university's delicate work in inter-state education even after her retirement in 1964.

Miss Terry has assisted, on a voluntary basis, with the improvement of the university archives, and she helped prepare an index of the oral history manuscripts. Few people in the history of the university have a longer record of service; it is doubtful whether any have a fuller record of unpaid, overtime service.

In some respects, Alice Terry's narrative is an important addendum and corrective to the formal university history. She offers insights on the various presidents and acting presidents with a freshness and directness that the formal historical analysis does not possess. She offers a view of the university's operations from the vantage point of the most sensitive of the educational offices. Past university presidents have not given their memoirs; this document helps fill that lacuna. Terry has things to say about past mistakes that are deserving of future consideration.

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An Oral History Conducted by Mary Ellen Glass

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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CONTENTS

Preface to the Digital Edition	ix
Introduction	xi
Special Introduction by Professor James W. Hulse	xiii
1. My Family: Nevada Pioneers	1
2. Growing Up in Reno	9
3. Some Early Career Choices	31
4. A Career With the University of Nevada	35
Introductory Years	
The Comptroller's Office	
President Hartman and Acting President Gorman	
President Moseley	
Acting President Parker	
President Love	
President Stout	
President Armstrong	
5. Post Retirement Activities	5
6. Conclusions	151
Original Index: For Reference Only	

PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

INTRODUCTION

Alice Terry is a native of Nevada, born in Cortez in 1901. She attended schools in Reno, and then began a career in office work that culminated in her becoming executive secretary to seven presidents or acting presidents of the University of Nevada. Dr. James W. Hulse's introduction to this oral history evaluates Miss Terry's account of her life and professional service to the University. Miss Terry also has given long service to numerous organizations, either as founder or member: the YWCA, the American Cancer Society, the Campus Clerical Council and other University groups.

When invited to participate in the Oral History Project, Miss Terry accepted graciously. She was a patient and cooperative chronicler of her activities through seventeen taping sessions between February and August, 1973, all held at her home in Reno. Miss Terry's review of the transcript resulted in some editing for style or clarity, and elimination of some material she considered repetitive or redundant. The script nonetheless reflects accurately the recounted events, the

personality, and the sense of humor of the chronicler.

The Oral History Project of the University of Nevada, Reno Library preserves the past and the present for future research by tape recording the recollections of people who have been important to the development of Nevada and the West. Resulting transcripts are deposited in the Special Collections departments of the University libraries at Reno and Las Vegas. Alice Terry has generously donated the literary rights in her oral history to the University of Nevada, and has designated this volume as open for research.

Mary Ellen Glass
University of Nevada, Reno
1976

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION

Early in the University of Nevada Centennial year of 1974, when the historical publication being prepared for that occasion was in its final stages, it was recognized that many aspects of the University's hundred year existence had been neglected. The story of the University is primarily an account of the relationships among students, faculty, administrators, Regents, legislators and the public. Secondly, a University is a mechanism—or perhaps an organism—kept in operation by an unseen corps of dedicated individuals and an intricate network of relationships that do not often demand or receive careful attention. The Centennial history that appeared two years ago almost totally ignored this secondary, but vital, level of operations.

But the omission was not quite complete. For at one of the final stages of design and make-up, it became possible for the compiler to insert one additional photograph. Since he recognized that a large segment of those dedicated people who had given their professional lives and talents to the University experiment had been omitted—necessarily, as

it seemed—he chose to introduce the picture of the one person who seemed to be most representative of that group. This accounts in part for the photograph of Alice Terry on page 228 of *The University of Nevada: A Centennial history*.

This oral history statement, granted by Miss Terry in 1973, validates the decision to insert her photograph. The author of the centennial history did not then know she was giving the interview; Miss Terry could not have known that she would have a place in that book. But the attitude and the information which she gave to her interviewer and which emerge from the pages of the present volume clearly identify her as a key figure and a dedicated servant of the higher learning in Nevada.

A child of the Nevada mining-and-ranching frontier of the turn-of-the-century period, she came to Reno at a very young age, but her fondness for the rural setting and its children has remained with her. She was a young lady with little professional training when she first went to work for the

University more than a half-century ago, but her trustworthiness and her adaptability must have been evident to the University's administrators in short order. This account of her service to President Walter E. Clark, to Comptroller Charles Gorman, to the College of Agriculture, and to several more University executives, is characteristically modest, but there can be no doubt that she fulfilled her assignments admirably. When she felt herself to be inadequate in business procedures, she took instruction to remedy her deficiencies. When she found her stenographic skills to be rusty, she took steps to improve them. As the University grew and as administrators with whom she worked became more busy, new responsibilities came to her as to a magnet. She served eight University presidents as secretary or administrative assistant, saw at first hand seven changes in administration, and assisted with some of the University's delicate work in inter-state education even after her retirement in 1964.

Since her oral interview was granted, Miss Terry has assisted, on a voluntary basis, with the improvement of the university archives and she is currently helping to prepare an index of the information available in earlier oral history manuscripts. Only a handful of people in the history of the University have a longer record of service to the institution; it is doubtful whether any have a fuller record of unpaid, overtime service.

In some respects, Miss Terry's narrative is an important addendum and corrective to the formal University history. She offers insights on the various presidents and acting presidents with a freshness and directness that the formal historical analysis does not possess. She offers a view of the University's operations from the vantage point of the most sensitive of the educational offices. Presidents of the University in the past have not given

their memoirs; this document helps fill that lacuna. Miss Terry knows better than most how difficult a job a University administrator has. She recognizes that professional faculty members are quite an "unforgiving" group of people. She has things to say about past mistakes that are deserving of future consideration.

For approximately a quarter of a century, during which the University's growth was most rapid and its administrative history most tumultuous, Miss Terry was in the eye of the storm. Most of the people who knew her at that time knew little of the extent of her responsibility. She was actively involved in the work that brought the retirement program and the personnel system to the University. Those who encountered her primarily as receptionist, as a planner and assistant at University social functions, or as diligent worker for the Y.W.C.A. and other student service groups, generally did not recognize that she did, in many instances, other work that greatly affected the University's direction.

There is also evident here a sense of humor that most of us overlooked during Miss Terry's years in the Morrill Hall and Clark Administration Building. She has always carried out her duties cheerfully; she has always been conspicuously grateful for kindnesses done to her. But that she was enjoying her life greatly did not always occur to students and colleagues who caught glimpses of her. This document is perhaps an elaboration of the characteristic twinkle in her eye. More than anything else, it is expression of stoic-like dedication to duty that seems to be waning in the generations that have appeared more recently than that of Miss Terry.

James W. Hulse
University of Nevada, Reno
September 21, 1976

MY FAMILY: NEVADA PIONEERS

My grandmother, my maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Ann Roberts Pearce Wheeler, and grandfather William Pearce came from Cornwall, England. My grandfather was a miner born in Cornwall, July 27, 1846. My maternal grandmother was born in Pachuca, Mexico, November 9, 1849. Her folks were miners and at the time of her birth, her father was in Mexico on a mining mission. She told me they landed in New Jersey. My grandfather had not been able to go to school long enough to be able to read and write (my grandmother could), 'cause my grandfather went to work in the mines as a young boy, a very young boy. And my grandmother made the first living in America, making men's shirts. And through some connection which I don't know, he found out about the mines in Austin, Nevada. And through her efforts, they got out here.

There were many other people in Austin from the same part of Cornwall, England. I don't know how they all got together either, but they all seemed to have the same background and some even knew each other's relatives

in England. Many were related to people in Austin. My grandfather stayed mostly in Austin; however, he went to Manhattan and Belmont as mining opportunities presented themselves. And some of those mining people went to Grass Valley and Nevada City, California, but my grandparents didn't.

My mother, Dee Ada Pearce Terry, was born in Belmont, Nevada. It happened that her folks were there mining at the time. And she returned to Austin as a very small child, just a baby. She has one sister and three brothers. Her two older brothers, William L. and Nicholas J., and her older sister, Annie LaVerne, were born in New Jersey. My mother and her younger brother, Frederick, were born in Austin.

Her father died in his forties of what they called "miners consumption;" it really was silicosis. And at that time, of course, there was really no benefit for widows. He did belong to the Woodmen lodge, but the benefits were only for funeral expenses. So my grandmother ran a boarding house and occasionally took care of women who were having babies, really

helped deliver them. My mother was fourteen when her father died, so she continued on to school for about a year, then quit.

None of the children finished grammar school; the death of their father really made it too difficult. They all needed to pitch in at home or to get out and do what they could. And when my mother was in her late teens, she went out to help other families who had illnesses. Crippled people and such things. Her older sister stayed home and helped her mother with the boarding house and her chores. And the oldest brother, William, became the father; he quit school and went to work in the mine. They looked to him as father, which was the custom in those days. Fred, youngest in the family, was five years old when their father died.

And then to go back to my maternal grandmother. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Ann Roberts. And she was called Lizzie Ann, as a nickname. Her husband was known as Billy Pearce. My grandmother had a brother who, with his family, lived in Austin near them, and his name was William Roberts. "William" must have been popular [laughs]. They later moved to Tonopah for mining purposes and their offspring still is in Tonopah; Gerald Roberts and Mrs. Luella Wardle.

My mother quit school partly because she had a hearing loss and in those days a child wasn't tested for anything. So she didn't know why school was hard for her. I don't know just what age, about fourteen, I think she said.

Then the family life in Austin, as my mother had explained it to me, was really family life. They didn't have street lights, of course, so people didn't go out. The evenings were spent with the family together. And Mother and Father played games with the children, but never card games; her father didn't believe in that. Neither were there any

guns or play guns around the house; they didn't believe in that.

I believe Mother said there weren't any bars. But there were places where men could buy beer in cans and bring it home, and her father did that.

Saturdays, she said, was really a work day for the whole family. They had kerosene lamps to clean, wicks to cut and renew; lamps to fill. All their shoes had to be cleaned, their dresses pressed, because Sunday was not a work day, except for Mother, who cooked dinner. Other than that, they went to church and really observed the Sabbath. And each girl had one "best dress" that was Sunday dress. And that was removed immediately when she got home from Sunday school and put on again, and taken off, each time. And her dress not only had to be kept good for her, but for hand-me-downs—either a sister or another relative or friend. It was customary to have Sunday dinner at noon, Mother said. So they all came home from Sunday school—Mother was home, cooked a big dinner, roast, and homemade cake, and so on. Sometimes one of the children would be invited to a friend's house for Sunday dinner and that was a real occasion.

Mother tells about going to a nearby ranch to help a friend, Mrs. Tippet, with her dinner. She had a large family and a good ranch. She would give Mother a large cup of rich, thick cream, and that seemed to be all the pay she got. But it was worth it to her.

The family was always home and shared the evening meal. No one ever went out for the evening dinner, she said.

Christmas was a real family celebration. Austin didn't have very many stores. Several families would go in together early in the fall and decide what staples they needed for Christmas and for their winter supply. And they would send away and it would come in

by freight. Then they'd divide it up and divide the payments.

Then, quite a little while before Christmas, the children would spend their evenings cutting the citron and the nuts, getting all ready for everything that could be done. Because the women made their own mincemeat—everything.

There was always a big church affair at Christmas. Children had a big performance and they exchanged presents, and a big Christmas tree. Church seemed to be sort of a center of social activities whether people were especially religious or not. And there weren't very many churches there. Christmas dinner was always at home; there weren't any restaurants to go out to in those days. Mother said there were three churches in Austin (for that little town), Catholic, Episcopal, and Methodist, and all of them were well attended. They all seemed to be the center of the town activities.

Uncle Will, the oldest in the family, moved to a ranch Out about forty miles from Winnemucca, in Pleasant Valley. Many years later, that was the scene of a very severe earthquake. The ranch was never quite the same after that. The earthquake did something to change the underground water supply. He had the three girls, Edith, Beatrice, and Annie, and then after quite a lull in the family, he had another son and four more daughters, Mabel, Reva, Ruby, and Loma. The son is Lester Pearce of Fallon, who owns and operates the radio station [KVLV] there. But we weren't so well acquainted with that part of the family. My brother and I were in high school then; our summers were spent working. We didn't get out to the ranch so much after that. The other two brothers settled in Winnemucca. Also, her sister, Annie, who lived on Railroad Street. My grandmother lived on Railroad Street next to her for most of

her life after that. And my Aunt Annie's older daughter, Mrs. Frank Saunders, still lives in the house that was her mother's.

My grandmother married a Jim Wheeler, in Winnemucca. A man who hadn't been married before and frankly found it a little bit hard to adjust to married life. They got along all right, but he wasn't used to not smoking a pipe in the house and not whittling in the kitchen. So [he] really spent quite a bit of time out gardening in the back yard. He was very kind to the grandchildren, took us on walks, whittled for our amusement, and told us stories. We were good friends with him.

Then in Winnemucca, too, I remember in the back yard of my aunt's house, there was a building which they called the wash house. And actually that was what it was. It was equipped with a flat top wood and coal stove and the wash tubs. And that was where the family washing was done. In those days, they starched nearly everything. The starch was powdered starch that had to be carefully dissolved. And the clothes were boiled on the stove in, oh, boilers with copper bottoms usually, and poked with wooden sticks. And the clothes were wrung Out by hand wringers attached to the wash tub.

And in Winnemucca the Indians were very available. I know my aunt had one Indian woman who came every Monday. As far as I can remember, nobody in our family thought of washing on any day but Monday. The Indian woman brought her children and sometimes her spouse and they just spent the day enjoying the back yard. Also in Reno, the little house that was in our yard and later was transformed into living quarters was the wash house for my folks. Seemed to be the custom in those days.

Oh, yes, Grandmother had Certain expressions which she hung onto all her life. Instead of "Oh, gosh!" she'd say, "Oh, my

lorrie!” And a blouse was always a “waist,” and a purse was a “pocketbook,” and a suitcase was always a “satchel,” no matter what [laughs] size.

She had her accents, too, which I can’t bring out. But it used to baffle me when she would say, “Don’t forget your pockadanchukuf.” I knew I had to go get a hankie, but what she really was saying, pocket handkerchief, I didn’t discover that for quite a while.

Grandmother was beloved of her grandchildren. She was kind. She taught us sewing, crocheting, anything that she could. Spent time visiting with us. And when she came to Rena to visit our family, she always brought a little gift from Winnemucca for each child. Likewise, when she went to Winnemucca, she took something back for each grandchild there. And there were quite a few there.

My grandmother was a very good cook, also. She cooked English muffins, meat pies, currant cookies, which really were more like currant muffins (we loved them), homemade doughnuts, and English pasties.

Grandma always took care of her front room (known as our living room), and each morning tidied it up, so if company came, it would be in apple-pie order. And usually company came; she had many friends. We children knew if we went into the front room, we had to be very careful, no finger marks, no pillows out of place. But we didn’t go in very often. That was one thing that Grandpa Wheeler had trouble with, too. He couldn’t go in and put his feet on the couch in the front room.

I never remember my grandmother coming out to breakfast without her hair completely combed for the day, dressed completely. Never have I ever seen her out of her bedroom with a kimono or house slippers on. And my mother, until her health

failed, was the same way. My grandmother would never go away from the yard without a hat; it was part of being properly dressed in those days. She was what we considered an attractive woman [looks at photo album].

To backtrack just a little bit. I left out of my grandmother’s culinary arts, saffron cake. And that’s quite an Omission because that was the favorite of the family. Also I recall that when we had a meal at my grandmother’s house and any of the children had to leave the table before the meal was over, we had to say, “Excuse me, please,” or be called back.

I still want to backtrack just a little bit, as I get thoughts about my grandmother again, but not only my grandmother but the people who lived in the age when I knew my grandmother. The moon was very important. Not only did it control the tides, but in some way they thought it controlled almost human life, and especially the weather. And of course, in those days there was very little scientific weather reporting, so to my grandmother, you could always look for a change in the weather when the moon changed. I think especially when the moon turned on its side, she thought that was a sign of wet weather. People even planted their crops by certain phases of the moon, and did other things in life. I remember, too, all the calendars my grandmother had, had the dates of the moon changes throughout the month. And always, we had an almanac, I think Dr. Miles’ Almanac or Dr. Pierce’s Almanac. The almanacs predicted weather throughout the country for the whole year, in a general way, reliable or not. I don’t remember any other weather reports, actually.

I don’t believe previously I had mentioned that I was born in Cortez, and that I was born there because my grandmother and aunt lived there at that time. Mother went there for my birth. That was customary in those days; families took care of each other. My

grandmother at that time lived with my aunt. When I tried to get a birth certificate, after I moved to Reno, I found that Cortez was on the county line between Lander and Eureka counties, the hospital in one county and the mine in the other (I can't recall just which now). My brother was born in Winnemucca because at that time my grandmother lived [there]. It was just customary. I never returned to Cortez after that.

All right, then to my paternal grandparents; they came from England. My father [Loren Harvey Terry] had told me that his mother was Irish, his father [Harvey G. Terry] was English; however, the name Terry is Irish, too. I have no explanation for that. My father was born in Green Bay, Wisconsin. They raised maple sugar trees. My father had five sisters (Clara, Hattie, Cecelia, Lillie, Alice), three brothers (William, Milton, and Eugene) — nine children in the family. My grandfather served on the North in the Civil War and was not wounded, but came back in such poor health that he couldn't continue to work at his old pace, found the trees that should have been cared for were not properly cared for and they were not making a living.

At that time, the government offered homestead property in Kansas to war veterans. They decided to accept. They got in the covered wagon and made the trek to Kansas, and found that things weren't much better because the land needed more improving and in order to keep the land, they were bound to improve it so much per year. So all the boys had to pitch in and help. And the result was really that as the boys became old enough to leave home and make money to send back, they did. One of the sisters went to college and became a home economics teacher and one was a music teacher. One of my father's brothers, Milton, became a Methodist minister. The boys who went away

Sent money back so that he could have his education.

My father left in his late teens, and never returned to home. Came to Nevada. He loved horses (their property in Kansas was farm property) and for the first few years, he was just a cowboy rounding up cattle. [He] worked around Battle Mountain, Cortez, Eureka, Elko, and Winnemucca. Spent a good bit of time out in the hills with other cowboys in camp.

He and Mother were married in Battle Mountain, Nevada. They didn't live there; they married there because Mother's mother lived there. My father, at that time, was in charge of the Magee properties, which included three ranches, the Horseshoe ranch, the Dean ranch, and the Frenchy ranch (it now is the Grass Valley ranch that Mrs. Knudtsen is occupying).

Mr. Joseph Dean II father of Mrs. Magee and her sister] was murdered in Cortez. Mrs. Magee had reached majority, but her sister was under twenty-one, or had to wait until she became of age, before the estate could be settled. Mrs. Magee's husband was Walter Magee. He kept the books for the estate. Then Mr. Magee died, and Mrs. Magee needed someone to run the property. Mrs. Magee took over the bookkeeping; my father worked with her.

We lived on the Dean ranch with Mrs. Magee and her son, Dick Magee. At that time, Dick Magee was about my own age and we were together on the ranch, but I don't remember him.

Apparently, it was a fairly well-to-do ranch. My mother did not have to do the cooking; we had a Chinese cook. Mother speaks very highly of Mrs. Magee. She was a good ranch woman, she helped Mother in her care of me; as a baby, I was sickly and needed care. Mother appreciated her friendship. Most

of all, she seemed to be a very capable woman. Also, Mrs. Molly Knudtsen has spoken of Mrs. Magee. She lived on the ranch, on the Grass Valley ranch, while Mrs. Magee was still living there. And she said, even in her eighties, Mrs. Magee was able to get out and ride horseback and go around the ranch, was very alert and a very strong and capable woman.

In addition to running the property, my father drove stage—I don't know how often, but not daily—probably once a week or so, went after the mail and visited the other ranches.

The stage my father drove, by the way, was horse drawn. The roads were very bad, as I recall. First you tipped on one side, and then the road tipped on the other. And each spring, they'd fill these ruts with sagebrush. For a while, it was pretty good, but as the summer wore on, you see, the sagebrush would get down in the dirt again and they—luckily, had good heavy springs!

I don't remember the ranch very much. I have pictures. There was a large duck pond, and there was a large barn, horses on both sides. It was a cattle ranch. And my father, while he served in that capacity, was involved in a good many lawsuits with Mrs. Magee; cattle rustling and water rights. I remember him saying at one time he had to go down to California to Constantia to identify some cattle, that they were sure were from the ranch.

There was a continual litigation, continual quarreling over water rights, because water was rather scarce. And they were always going to court, trying to condemn someone who had blocked the stream or who'd put a dam in or [laughing] who was taking more water than he was supposed to. It seemed they got so many inches of water, almost unbelievable.

The cattle roamed out on the range and they seemed to get plenty of fodder and with

no trouble. But, of course, the government took over more land and that squeezed the cattle ranchers, you see, back into the ranch area. might say Mrs. Knudtsen told me they're still fighting it. As they take more land for recreation, you see, they're restricted.

Well, let's see, I think that's enough about the ranch. I remember Elko. We used to go up there to horse races. And they had hot springs, and we used to go there.

Now, I'd like to go to Beowawe. Mother and Dad lived right in Beowawe immediately after they were married. My father at that time drove stage from Beowawe to Cortez. Mother said he went up on one day and back on the other, six days a week, and had Sundays off. Sometimes he drove a stagecoach; horse-drawn, and sometimes he took a wagon, also horse-drawn, as many as six horses, Mother says, depending on the amount of freight. Cortez was apparently not on a railroad line, but the railroad ran into Elko, very close to Beowawe.

Mother says the Indians camped on the rivers and streams, just outside of Beowawe. And they were available for, oh, to help with the laundry or odd jobs, and didn't care so much for money as they did for food or trinkets or something of the sort. But on the other hand, she said, at night they would carouse a little bit and get drunk. It was a little scary, because they were unpredictable.

Then my father moved to the Dean ranch, which was also very near to Beowawe.

While my father was working for the Dean ranch and driving one of the stage coaches, he met with a very severe accident. The horses became frightened at something and he couldn't stop them because as he tried to put on the brake, his pant leg was caught in the brake, and he was helpless. The thought strikes me, what an enormous brake that must have been to be able to stop horses, if

he could have put his foot on it. The horses ran back to the ranch and stopped short in front of the barn and threw him out. He had a head concussion and a broken collar bone. Dr. [William Henry] Hood of Elko (who was some relation to the Doctor Hoods in Reno) took my father by train to Stanford Lane hospital. And that's where my father was when I was born. My father did recover, was able to work on the ranch, but as years went by, he suffered headaches and that made him quieter than he would have been otherwise and affected our home life—considerably, really. We knew when he came home with a headache, just by looking at him, that we had to be quiet.

Back to the Dean ranch just a little bit. Mr. Newton Crumley, when he was a member of the Board of Regents, told me that the Dean ranch had been taken over during the Depression by B. M. Baldwin, grandson of "Lucky" Baldwin.

When my father took cattle from the ranch to be sold, he often took them to Daly City and South San Francisco. When they needed to be fattened up a little bit, he took them to Stockton to the feed lots. He knew [William] Moffat and the Moffat firm very well. He also became acquainted with Mr. George Wingfield at that time.

The name of the Chinese cook on the Dean ranch was Teu or Tew (I don't know in Chinese), but they called him "Two Bits," and he seemed to answer to that. In addition to being the cook, he was a member of the household. He gathered the vegetables and the eggs and tended us children when Mother needed him to do that. He just belonged there; he had been there for many years. He had a wife and family in China and sent money to them regularly, and a few times sent to China for some gifts for his friends. I now have a pair of Chinese shoes from the time that women's

feet were bound, and two silk handkerchiefs from China, that he gave me, and they're in excellent shape, after all these years—very good condition. Then later, we heard that after he worked long enough, he wanted to go back home, and that he died on the way.

GROWING UP IN RENO

Then when I was about five and a half years old (my brother was a year and a half younger than I was, so he would be about four) , we moved to Reno, because my father's assignment with the Magee ranches had ended. There was no way to go to school, grammar school, except to go to Elko and board out. There were no country schools.

Well, when we first moved to Reno, you see, property was pretty scarce, very high, at least as far as our standards were concerned. And we lived in the old Nevada Hotel which was on Fourth Street, where the junior high now is. First we went to the Overland; the Overland, by the way, was where it is now. They'd only let us stay one night because Mother and Dad, see, they had two children. And so we stayed at the Nevada for quite a little while. Came to Reno early in December and spent Christmas there.

My father looked at many places. He wanted to get near a school, he had a limited amount of money to invest, and it took us quite a while to find a place. He did find one on Rock Street, 215 Rock Street. And so we

moved there. That was only a few blocks from Southside School. My brother and I both attended that school, and loved it.

Around that part of Reno then there were wide open spaces. We could play cowboy and Indians out in the sagebrush. The ice cream wagon, Chism's ice cream wagon came by and we could buy nickel cones. And we had ice refrigerators so the ice man came by and we followed the ice wagon and grabbed a little chunk of ice. At that time, too, it was safe for kids to walk down to the river. At least we did, throw rocks in the river. Now you don't let children go that far from home. And there weren't any automobiles that I can remember, to run over us. My father used to rent a little horse and buggy on Sundays and drive up to Verdi. That was really quite an outing for us.

Actually for recreation, we'd take a little walk. Mother and Dad and us two children would take a walk and end up in an ice cream parlor and thought we had a good Sunday afternoon [laughs]; or to some park, and sit in the park. There were no children's

playgrounds, you just played on the benches or on the grass or on a blanket.

My father's first job was with a lumber mill; Self and Sellman lumber mill. And he worked there many years. line] improved the property as he could (I mean our property). Then he had an accident in the mill. One of the machines, one of the saws that cut lumber, something happened and a piece of lumber flew back and cut his hand badly and he couldn't continue on that job. He had some trouble getting situated again. He worked for Reno Mercantile Company, as a driver. It really didn't pay—the salary wasn't sufficient.

Then he went to work for the Reno Fire Department, and first was stationed at the Central station on Commercial Row and drove the steamer—horse drawn. In those days, firemen worked twenty-four hours a day, except for their day off. And we had a fire alarm in our house so that if a fire occurred on his day off, he could answer it. He had to provide his own blankets and bedding at the fire house. When the Southside station opened, and I don't remember the year, he became the first captain of the Southside fire station, and remained there until he retired, in his early seventies.

lie died thirteen years after he retired, at age eighty-three. We were still on Rock Street. So we saw that part of town grow and change.

Now let's see, more about the fire department, I think. When my father first became a fireman, Mr. Webster was chief and my father thought him a very good chief. He was strict, but my father felt he was fair. lie died shortly after my father's employment, and Ralph Hawcroft became chief, held the position for many years. When he died, his brother Lee Hawcroft became chief. One of my father's closest friends in the fire department was a Mr. A. J. Evans, who lived across the street from the Central fire station

on West Street, and almost annually had a lawn party f or all the firemen, their wives and families. All the firemen could attend because they were close enough to hear the bells. So we looked forward to that. Later, a son, Carl Evans became chief of the fire department and the other son, Mars, joined the fire department in Sacramento.

Now I'm going to go back a little bit. When we first moved to Reno, one of the first things Mother wanted her children to do was attend a Sunday school. On the ranch, I was baptized by a Methodist minister who traveled through the area for that purpose, but other than that, there was no religious contact. When we moved to Reno, there was a very fine family living on Mill Street, a Mrs. Ward and Miss Palmer, who were sisters to Stanley and Walter Palmer of the University. They had a lovely home on Mill Street on the south side of the street, with a large yard, and they were very good Methodist people. Mother took us to the Methodist church one Sunday, and put us in Sunday school. When they found out that we lived in the same neighborhood, they said if we would walk that far, they would see that we got to Sunday school, which we did every Sunday. And every year, they had an outdoor party on the lawn. We had little sandwiches and ice cream, and a lot of fun. That made part of our childhood very happy.

As I remember Sunday then, we always came home with a little Sunday school card that illustrated some Sunday school story, and saved them. They gave little Bibles for attendance, and many other incentives. We enjoyed that. Sunday school for the smaller children then was more illustrative, as I recall it. They told a story and they had huge pictures, to illustrate. They were mostly Bible stories, not the preaching type. They were wonderful teachers and wonderful people. And at the time, Mill Street was very lovely, lovely street.

Well, my brother and I continued in the Methodist church all the way through grammar school. We faltered a little bit when we went to high school. Too many other things to do, I guess.

I wasn't able to participate in sports a great deal. I did play a little bit of basketball, to help practice, but I wasn't able to be on the team. I was pretty small, not quite that rugged. We had a hiking club, I enjoyed hiking, and we even hiked to Lawton Springs. And by the time we got back—there were about six of us—only two of us were able to go to school the next day [laughs]. That was farther than we should have gone [laughing]

I remember about that time, too, about the automobiles. The first automobile I had any experience with was my uncle's—the one who had the ranch at Pleasant Valley, Uncle Will. He had an old Reo, and it was so high you almost had to climb up into it. But it was a good ranch automobile, and required quite a bit of care, I remember, but he just loved it. The next automobile that I had any experience with was a Dodge. Some very good friends of mine had a Dodge. And on special Sunday afternoons, we would try to get to Bowers, but never without cleaning the spark plugs or changing a tire [laughing], and never without spending the whole day going to and from, even though the roads were pretty good. And the next automobile, one of the firemen friends of my father's had a better car and we could go out to Steamboat Springs and back almost any evening with no trouble at all [laughs].

I would like to say that we had the first telephone in our neighborhood, a wall unit, and quite bulky as compared by today's telephones. We had a party line and got all the rings for all the people on our line. So we had to count the telephone rings before we knew whether to answer the telephone or not. And,

of course that made us very popular with the neighbors who had no telephone.

Also, there were streetcars in Reno when we were children. Streetcar to Sparks, and a streetcar to Moana— and quite an excursion to take this streetcar out to Moana and go swimming. They had a lovely picnic area, not elaborate or not fixed up too much, but just naturally a good picnic area.

And oh, yes. When we first came to Reno, milk was delivered not in containers. Mother would put a pan out and the milk man would measure the milk and put it into the container and bring it in [laughs]. And when Mother wanted ice, she had a large square card that said "Ice" "Union Ice Company," stick it in the screen door, and the ice man already knew how much ice we wanted and brought in the right size piece of ice.

Also, one little activity, as little girls we enjoyed was candy making. Homemade candy making. And many times, to entertain our girl friends, we would simply ask them to Come over and we'd all make candy. And just sit down and eat and get fat, I guess [laughs].

Also, I thought I should remember the Thompson family who lived about a block from us on Pine Street. A Dr. Alice Thompson, who was the first woman M.D. I had ever known. One of the Thompson girls [Maude Dimmick] who was a school teacher, and then Amy Thompson who's now Mrs. Laurence Gulling. There were other members of the family, but those I'm especially acquainted with. They were always very well respected Reno people. We were not close friends, but acquainted.

And then around Reno, there were still some little ranches. My father knew a few of the ranchers who had moved here from other parts of Nevada and frequently, as a family, we would walk to the ranches. One of 'em [was] the Dwyer ranch, which is now

Kirman Avenue near Roberts Street. They had vegetables, fruit, and their specialty was raspberries. And during raspberry season, we would go out in the morning and pick raspberries and eat raspberries and cream and have raspberries to bring home. And another ranch was the Jacobi ranch. That was out around the Cazzaza-Colonial Way area.

Next door to us on Rock Street, there was a Jewish family, Alex Winer. Mr. Winer had a tailor shop. They were Russian Jews. One of the boys, Leonard, was my age. And we played together and went all through grammar school together. On their Jewish holiday, they'd share their Jewish foods with us.

There were several Jewish families around that neighborhood. Also Italian families, and Basque families. Across the street, the Indart family lived, who then owned the Indart Hotel on Lake Street. They were French Basques. Also in the neighborhood was the Inda family. Mr. Inda was a sheepherder and would go Out in the hills for oh, months at a time when the family would not see him. And the Inda family is still around here, many of them. So we spent quite a bit of time playing with them, visiting them. They had what we called "dago red" wine. Mrs. Inda would put a little sugar and quite a bit of water in it, for us kids. There were two girls and three boys in the family. And we never quite lost touch with each other. We always—occasionally—run across each other and compare notes.

The Walsh family lived on Mill Street, Margaret Walsh, Lawrence Walsh, and an older brother, Matt. Lawrence and I were classmates and friends, even today. Also Dr. Dwight Hood, whom we called "Dutch," lived on Mill Street. The Hoods had a beautiful home where the post office now is. And they were the only children in our part of town that we knew of that had their own recreation room. Upstairs they had a pool table, and

a regular recreation room. In those days, recreation rooms were very luxurious.

Other people that lived on Mill Street, which was our "fashion" street at that time—the Golden family, who owned the Golden Hotel, was Raymond Golden and Eleanor Golden, I believe another boy; but those two were about my age. Dr. M. R. Walker lived on Mill Street about where the Holiday Hotel is, he and his wife and a daughter. He was the first school doctor that I remember; he was school doctor when I attended. Anne Martin also lived on that part of Mill Street.

On South Virginia Street, children who still went to the Southside School, the Clement family. They're still quite prominent. And the Laden family, they came from around Eureka; my father knew them well.

In our own neighborhood, on Ryland Street, just around the corner, the Rosa family. They recently had Ring-Lee's grocery store on Mill Street, which now is out of business. And the Harry Linnecke family, that has Linnecke electric shop. And there was a Clink family who were Jewish and moved to California. Oh, and the Carano family, who now are quite prominent, one a lawyer, who owns quite a bit of property around. They were all part of the early settlers there.

Oh, yes, the [Harry E.] Riley family. Had Shufelt and Riley secondhand store. And the Davis family lived on Rock Street, a block from us; some of them are still here.

Among the earlier families in Reno, I think I should mention the Ed Forson family. They had moved to Reno from Greenville, California, settled on property which is now on the south side of California Avenue, just across from the Westfield Village property. They had six children, all of them raised on that home land. And now one of the younger members of the family, with her family, is still occupying the Forson property. Very recently,

of course, the city of Reno opened a street alongside of that property and called it Forson Lane. That was our favorite area for violet-picking when we were youngsters. But I didn't become acquainted with any members of the Forson family until I was in high school and through Katie Sable, who lived in that neck of the woods, I met one of the boys. Then, later, the youngest daughter of the family became my sister-in-law, and a very fine sister-in-law she was.

When I first remember being in Reno we used to have hobos come around, from door to door. Sometimes they would offer to do a little job for something to eat and sometimes they merely wanted a sandwich. I know as far as my mother was concerned, she didn't want them around, but she did sometimes feed them. And then as they went out, they'd make a mark on the gatepost or trees and let other transients know that this either was or was not a likely place to stop.

Then we hadn't been here very long either, when earthquake victims from San Francisco started pouring in; destitute people, wanting something to eat, or anything. They were absolutely destitute. And by chance, we could have been in San Francisco had my father gotten located there. Also, the McGee family had a fine home on Van Ness Avenue in San Francisco, and they said that during the earthquake it had to be dynamited to prevent the fire from spreading any further. And it had to be dynamited before they had a chance to get out their furniture, clothes, or anything.

When we were little boys and girls going to Saturday afternoon matinees, the Wigwam seemed to be the favorite place. Admission was ten cents [laughing]. And for that, we got motion pictures and a little vaudeville and sing-alongs. We had relatives in Winnemucca. Mother's sister, two brothers and their families, and her mother and stepfather then

lived in Winnemucca. We spent our summers usually going to visit them. Or they would come down sometimes to visit us. But usually we were up there.

And my uncle, Mother's oldest brother, had the ranch in Pleasant Valley, about forty miles from Winnemucca. Part of our summer vacation was spent at my Uncle Will's ranch in Pleasant Valley about forty miles from Winnemucca. And we went on the stage—horse-drawn stage—forty miles. It was too long for one group of horses, so we went about half way to the Siard ranch, changed horses, and had lunch in the farm house. I remember a delightful little creek with watercress growing along the banks. So we'd pick watercress and get to the Pearce ranch late in the afternoon.

He then had a family of three girls, all of 'em good ranch hands. And we rode horseback, and also a little burro. We could ride the burro into the hills, and go fishing in a little stream. At the ranch, we would climb up on the hay stack and slide off, and sometimes on our horses, we would follow the hay rack around. And gather eggs and—regular ranch life. It was fun.

They had no electricity, so we went to bed at eight o'clock, got up about four. By the time we got up for breakfast, the ranch hands had already done about half a day's work. We had feather mattresses to sleep on, which they made themselves. They had their own cellar, made their own vinegar, cured their own ham and bacon. They had a cellar dug back deep into the mountain, and then all lined with rocks. So they were quite self-sufficient. That's all they had for refrigeration. You see, there was no ice there, no electric refrigerators. One of the joys was that the milk man would bring the fresh milk in in the morning and they would skim the rich cream off of the top of it. And so for breakfast, we could have toast

and cream. All fattening. Well, that's about our vacations.

Now, let's see about the Pearce ranch, I think I have more about that. Life on the Pearce ranch was, of course, very outdoorish.

My aunt, of course, did her own washing. She had to heat the water in a water tank which was a part of the kitchen stove. She had to get the water from the tank into her wash tub and wash the clothes, empty the tubs, likewise the rinse water. And then when she went to iron, she had to use the kind of irons that you heat on the kitchen stove [laughs], trot back and forth to keep using hot irons.

They has gas lights in the ceiling, but they weren't very bright. On the Dean ranch, we had coal oil lamps, but the Pearce ranch has gas lights. They had an old organ, which was very old, but rather amusing in the evening, and they had an old phonograph—the horn type—which we cranked up. Since we got mail only once a week out there, really very little reading matter.

My aunt and uncle had an apple orchard, a crab apple orchard and strawberry patch, and my aunt preserved as much as she could. Made their own butter, and I believe I mentioned they made their own vinegar. And she did all her own cooking.

The nearest ranch was about five miles and on a Sunday afternoon, occasionally the Pearce family would visit the ranch and they'd all make homemade ice cream together and sit on the front yard and talk and eat ice cream and have a gay time [laughing], and have to get home by dark. Occasionally the Pearce family would come into Winnemucca; that was quite a trip for them, especially for the children.

Oh, yes, the school out there. The country school was on my uncle's ranch property, a one-room school. My uncle was on the school board, and so corresponded with prospective

teachers and when he found one who qualified and was willing to isolate herself, he got the approval of the school board and then she lived right there on the ranch with the family, and taught all the grades that were needed. It was necessary to have seven children in school at any one time in order to draw funds. So occasionally, my uncle would room or board one or more children in order to have enough children to go to school. They'd go home on weekends only.

Oh, yes, my uncle's ranch seemed quite prosperous. He seemed not to have any financial difficulties except when the Depression came. He had borrowed money from the bank (as he always did) until his wool crop was sold and the Depression caught him when he owed money to the bank. And of course, the market dropped. So he couldn't make his payments. The bank took the ranch over and then had trouble finding someone to run it. So they employed my uncle to run the ranch and while they got the profits, he did get a living and eventually got the ranch back. Finally, many years later, he sold it and was able to live on the payments for the rest of his life. Now they tell me there's an emergency landing field not far from the ranch and it has spoiled it somewhat for ranching, cattle raising, and so on.

One of the descendants—my Uncle Will's grandson is Ed Pearce, on Channel Two in Reno, the news broadcaster. He's a son of Lester [Pearce] in Fallon, who owns and operates the radio station there. I didn't mention that on my uncle's ranch, in addition to the home house, there was a separate house, which he had for a year-round worker and that man had a place to live and frequently had children which helped to make the quota of seven for the school. During hay season, the men who were hired—and there were a large number of them—slept in the bunk house, another

separate building which was something like a men's dormitory. During haying season, the ranch dining room was filled.

Also a thought or two about Winnemucca. I spent quite a few summers there. The truck farmers around Reno were Italian truck farmers for the most part; in Winnemucca, they were Chinese. They were called "coolies. And they brought their produce into Winnemucca in two large baskets, one on either side of a semi-yoke over their back and shoulder and the baskets were suspended by ropes or some such thing. As they walked along, they would grab ahold of the ropes and sort of balance the baskets, very picturesque. The "coolie" that visited my relatives with his vegetables was called Hop Sing.

Also, a colorful aspect of Winnemucca was, the Indians had Indian camps, not a reservation but Indian camps, regular teepees around the outskirts of Winnemucca. They would come into town and sit on the curbs, seemed to have nothing else to do. All the women wore shawls; no matter how hot the weather. And the men wore western clothes, but not dressy clothes, just work clothes. Women always seemed to have long dresses and no bras or girdles [laughs] and were very well fed [laughing]!

Okay, just to revert a little bit to early life in Reno. I thought about some of the things that are taken for granted now that in those days, we hadn't even begun to think about. Very minor little things. For one thing, there were no popsicles. There was no skiing available around here; I don't know of any skiing; it was a far away sport for professional people. Of course, transportation was not so easy then. There were no backyard barbecues and no backyard patios, there were no private swimming pools, except perhaps in the very fashionable homes, and I don't even remember any of those. Our relaxing time

around home was spent on the front porch; most everyone had a porch swing or hammock in the back yard. And we had a porch. And we had a honeysuckle vine, and you don't see honeysuckle vines so much anymore. One of the little dirty things we used to play was "mud pies" [laughing]. Looking back, I don't know why that was fun, but it did give us a chance to legitimately get our hands good and muddy. As far as taking care of the lawn was concerned, I don't remember any power mowers, or any automatic sprinklers. As far as I know, no one hired landscape artists to landscape their yard. They did it themselves.

The V and T, the Virginia and Truckee railroad was running through Reno then, or running into Reno from Virginia City and Carson. And of course, we lived on Rock Street, just about a block from where the railroad track went through, and so sometimes, we'd go down and wave to the train men. They saw us often enough to wave back. I remember the cars were always bright yellow and clean-looking, and there were no guardrails or no warning signals at any of the crossings that I can remember, certainly not there on Ryland Street. But the train would start whistling almost before it got into the city limits to warn people that it was coming. The roundhouse and turntable were down near the Truckee River, between Mill Street and the Truckee River. So once in a while, we'd all run down and watch them turn the train around on the turntable, and send it back.

Then also, one or two other families I thought I might mention. The Kietzke family, after whom Kietzke Lane is named. I remember one of the boys was in my classes in grammar school and I was acquainted with about three of the children. They had a large family. And, of course, their ranch was on Kietzke Lane. Ranches were that close in at that time.

And also, there was a family in the neighborhood who had a large number of children, eventually eight. And the father worked in a grocery store, and I remember that they had to budget and skimp and work to make ends meet. But they did it without help. All the help I can remember they ever got was Christmas baskets from some organization. I don't believe any welfare was available. But I do remember that life was a struggle for them.

When my father bought the house on Rock Street, there was a building on the back of the lot that had been used as a wash room and storage room. As I said, housing was very scarce in Reno at that time, too. And after we'd been there just a very few years, a carpenter offered to remodel the building into living quarters and work out his pay in rent. My father agreed and so it turned into a two-room house with a pantry, lavatory, and no bath, and a porch that extended the entire front of the little building, no basement, but it was substantially built. And when he worked out his pay in rent, my father got ten dollars a month for it and paid water and lights out of the ten dollars. We rented that for many, many years and finally it became unprofitable, and then finally it got to be the kind of a place that only people on welfare would move into, couldn't pay their rent, and the welfare department was always wanting us to reduce the rent. My father finally sold it for a hundred dollars and it was moved off. But housing was just that scarce in the early days in Reno, too.

III loved school at Southside.] We didn't have kindergarten and I wasn't able to start school until I was seven years old, because I had rheumatic fever when I was six, and all ready to start school. I do believe one reason I loved school so much (or thought I did) was because I was ready to go and then deprived of the opportunity until a year later. So I saw

the other children that I had expected to go to school with going to school, and I was home still playing with dolls.

Jessie Beck was my first grade teacher—the one for whom a school is now named after. And she was a very wonderful, understanding teacher. She and her sister lived together; I had met them both. She was a very exacting teacher, quite typical of that day, when teachers allowed themselves no quarter. But she was very understanding, very kind; I loved her. I was a little shy, but she was able to bring me out.

I should like to mention Miss Beck a little more. At that time, we were taught phonics, and I've always been partial to teaching it—it served well for me. And I also think she taught more by rote than they do now; repetitive lessons, till it sort of became ingrained in our memory. I look back on that as feeling it was quite successful. We had an alphabet song; we sang our ABCs to a tune every morning. We enjoyed the song, so we learned our ABCs. The one time that I recall I did something that displeased her, she merely glanced at me so I knew she knew, and on the way out that afternoon, she stopped me and merely said, "I'm sorry, Alice, for what happened today." So, with just that much discipline, I was more crushed than if she had scolded me. I wasn't very robust in the first grade, either; I was anemic—and I think she considered that, too. of course, we lived close enough to school to go back on Saturdays and Sundays and there were no fences around the schools, so we played on the swings and played ball there.

We had a game of ball, that we called Tom-Ball. It was kind of a combination of baseball and, I guess, tennis. We used tennis racquets and tennis balls, and instead of the base man having to catch the ball and hit the base, he just had to cross you out by throwing the ball in front of you. I don't know where the game

came from. We had the usual children's plays, activities, and parties.

One of my other favorite teachers was Miss Eva Slingerland, in about the sixth grade. She herself was a very skilled mathematician. She knew especially how to interest her students in mathematics. I found that I was quite good in the field of mathematics and she developed me to a point where I appeared at a teachers' institute to demonstrate that she could teach students to add a list of numbers two numbers at a time, mentally. And later, I found I always did better with the teachers who were mathematically inclined than I did with the teachers who were literarily inclined. She was considered very hard to get along with, i.e., you could meet her standards.

Of course, I had many other fine teachers. Those two seem to stand Out especially.

When I finished the seventh grade, there was no eighth grade in the Southside school, it was becoming crowded and all eighth graders were sent to Mt. Rose school. So I spent my last year there, with a very fine principal, Mr. Harold Johnson.

That was quite a long walk, but we enjoyed it. We could cut across fields, there weren't so many buildings, there weren't many cars to dodge, and we thought it was all right. We took our lunch. There were no lunch programs, but we enjoyed eating together in the classroom.

I wasn't valedictorian, but my grade was high enough for me to participate in the commencement exercises. And Mr. Johnson wrote an essay for me to read on the program. It was entitled, "More Stately Mansions, based on the poem, "The Chambered Nautilus."

As far as my brother was concerned—. We were very close, very good friends. We had about the same group of friends, partly because I was small for my age so that we

were about one size, actually. We always walked to and from school together. Shared each others' joys and sorrows and friends. He was a good student. I think part of the reason we were close was that we were raised on a ranch, so we had no one but each other when we were very young. By the time we moved to Reno, we were very used to looking to each other for companionship.

My brother graduated from grammar school, but he graduated from the Southside school; he didn't have to go to Mt. Rose. They then had Southside Annex. He went on to high school, for about three and a half years, and dropped out then went to night school. Went to work for Model Dairy, delivering, driving. He had also held that job while he was going to school. That was probably one reason he dropped out. It was a little too much. Before that, he delivered papers, like most boys. And his next job was a Smith battery service.

He married Gladys Baxter. They had no children and the marriage was quite short. And then he married Helen Forson, whose folks were from the Ed Forson ranch out on California Avenue. Helen and my brother had one little girl. My brother died when she was just two years old, of cancer of the stomach. Helen, his wife, married again, this time to K. Sidney Dalton. My brother's daughter is now married and has a little boy of her own. Living in Portland, Oregon.

I don't know that I mentioned previously that he worked for the Nevada Tobacco Company after he worked for the battery firm, and then went to work for Chism Ice Cream Company and worked for them until his death. Chism Ice Cream company generously paid his salary month by month during his illness, whether he worked or not. And that was quite a bit because there were no special benefits such as we have now.

Now, let's see, more about life in Reno. I'd mentioned before that we could play out in the streets, and more often than not in the evenings, we played out under the arc light. All the children in the neighborhood gathered and we played "Run Sheep Run," "Kick the Can," "Tag," "Follow the Leader," such active games as that. The traffic was so light it didn't bother us. Rock Street was fairly close to town, too, but it was considered out in the country. In fact, when we first came to Reno, we kept chickens in the back yard. Also when we first came to Reno, my father still bought potatoes in hundred-pound sacks and bacon by the side and whole hams. We stored them in the cellar. The vegetable man, truck farmers around Reno, used to come in about once a week with their little trucks, horse-drawn, stop at each house and the housewives would go out and select their vegetables, pay for them, and get nice fresh vegetables for a very small amount of money. The grocery store, I remember, sent a salesman around, oh, about twice a week to each one of his customers to take the order for the groceries, and then they were delivered in the afternoon, because there weren't many telephones then.

We had an ice refrigerator, as I mentioned before, and it was down in the cellar. We thought the ice should last as long as possible. But then that trip three times a day—. And the ice would melt and there had to be a pan under the refrigerator, and that had to be dumped a couple of times a week.

We had a wood and coal heating stove and a wood and coal cooking stove. And the hot water tank was connected with the kitchen stove, so in the summer, in order to have hot water, we used the kitchen stove. Later, my father bought a small kitchen range, propane gas, and we used that in the summer. Also, Mother had a two-burner electric plate many, many years later.

Oh, yes, something about our childhood activities. We used to go violet-picking. And the best place we thought, was on the hillside right across from the [now] Village Shopping Center. And we'd bring home bags and baskets of violets and other wildflowers, and make them into bunches.

Coney Island, between Reno and Sparks, was really Coney Island. They had children's rides and some of the carnival games. Our favorite picnic place within walking distance was called Poor's Grove. That was the other side of Idlewild, where the river bends. That was also at Chism's first ice cream factory. And by going out there for a picnic, we could, for a very small amount of money, get all the ice cream we could eat, and go through the ice cream factory.

When the circus was in town, that was a real holiday, because in those days they had circus parades through the streets, led by the calliope and the animals and the performers. We were even dismissed from school long enough to go to the parade. The animal trains (and they were trains then), when they unloaded, many of the boys would get up early in the morning and watch the animals being unloaded. They would take the animals to the University Orr ditch to give them a drink, and the boys would go up and watch that.

At the Southside school, too, we had experienced an earthquake while I was attending school, so from then on, we had constant fire drills in case we had another earthquake.

Of course, we went to matinee movies. They were silent pictures, but they were always with a pianist or an organist who played before, sometimes during, the picture and during intermission. And so we saw Charlie Chaplin, Fatty Arbuckle, that I remember especially. Then as I got a little bit older, I remembered that they had the Chautauqua coming to town,

which was a series of lectures and entertainers. They stayed for about a week, pitched a tent, sold tickets. And also, there was the Lyceum that was similar to the Chautauqua, except they were in a building, as I recall it.

When I was about in the seventh grade, my mother gave my brother and me dancing lessons. And the dance studio then was on Maple Street; operated by Mrs. N. E. Wilson, wife of the druggist. She was a very charming woman, had a charming daughter who assisted her. And we dressed for the occasion. She taught us the waltz, fox trot, two-step, and also the minuet, some of the older, more graceful dances. She taught us how to accept an invitation to dance, or to decline it gracefully, how to conduct ourselves.

Some of the other people who were in our part of town and with whom we associated, too: there was the Charles Gorman family, on Moran Street. Harold, the older boy, was in my class all through grammar school. And the Brooks family operated the Model Dairy; at that time, milk was bottled at their plant on Moran Street. Then immediately in back of us, Dr. Gerow and his family lived for a time, and the William Woodburn family, and then finally, the Pincolini family, who own the Mizpah Hotel on Lake Street. And Mother was very good friends with Mrs. Edwards, the mother of Doctors Billy, Bert, and Gilbert Edwards. They lived near the Southside School, and when Mother and Mrs. Edwards were visiting, we, the children, would hurry there from school to get in on their cakes and doughnuts [laughs], or whatever they were having for a spread.

One of my uncles, Nicholas, later bought the home next to us, the one that had been occupied by the Winer family, and he and his family lived there for many years. At that time, he had two children and the four of us played together, almost as one family. We

shared holiday dinners and we were very close friends. My uncle sold the property finally, and my father handled it for him as rental property. The tenant that lived there the longest was a Mr. and Mrs. Bayley. Mrs. Elsa Bayley was an excellent seamstress. She took in sewing and helped me with my sewing problems. I admired her very much; she was always so well dressed and made such beautiful clothes. Later when she was a widow, she was alterations lady at the Grey Shop on Virginia Street, right near the river.

Children were not busy in those days going to meetings, and didn't seem to have as many obligations. We were much more carefree. Some of the girl friends took piano lessons, not so much for professional purposes; it was just considered good cultural activities for little girls in those days. I didn't happen to do that.

PTA was just getting started [laughs] and they were having a few beginning meetings which Mother attended, but as I recall, they didn't any more than meet and talk at that time. I can't remember any real activities.

Then about my father. My father was a lifelong Republican, partly from being a northerner and partly because he believed in self reliance. And he believed that the Republican party more exemplified that. He admired Representative Sam Arentz and Senator Tasker L. Oddie, in Washington, both Republicans, but he also admired Key Pittman, Democrat. And he recognized that Pat McCarran was very good for the state of Nevada, but he didn't always approve of his methods.

The Southside principal was Miss Louise Frey, who was born and raised on the Frey ranch, south of Reno. The Southside School had no domestic science facilities, so when I was in the seventh grade we had to go to Mt. Rose School once a week for sewing and cooking.

Just to back track a tiny little bit. At the Southside School when I started, they celebrated Arbor Day, long before anyone heard of “ecology.” And one special Arbor Day, we all went out in the school yard and someone planted a tree and they explained the significance; it was quite a celebration. Then for many years, school was not dismissed, but we did honor Arbor Day. Gradually, it petered out; I don’t remember just how or when.

Then in Reno, too, since we had horses, of course, we had blacksmith shops. And there was quite a large blacksmith shop, I remember, on Chestnut Street near the tracks. You could see the sparks fly from the anvils as they pounded the horseshoes into place.

Also, when I was a child, Reno had a Chinatown, quite an extensive area bounded on the south by the river and on the north, somewheres around Second Street, and then it extended to either Lake or Center; I’m not too sure—that triangle. It was very congested and they even had a joss house there and Chinese restaurants, rumors had it that there were opium dens. Of course, that was off limits to children. But on the outskirts, they did have some Chinese noodle restaurants—and they served very good noodles and other Chinese food. We were told that in the back, they sold opium.

Soon after we moved to Reno, they built the original Rock Street bridge. I remember when there were just planks across the river. Even remember using the planks when our family would go to a circus at the fairgrounds, which was a shortcut. The Rock Street bridge was a definite shortcut from our part of town to the University and to the fairgrounds.

One of the things I enjoyed at Southside School, I remember, was that the teacher would read to us right after lunch, not in the first grade, but after that. And it was something we looked forward to. Each day

before the teacher would read, she would ask the class what went on before, and it was good exercise. I hope they still do that. I recall that Miss Beck used to get us up to the blackboard quite often to explain something, when it really wasn’t necessary to leave our seats. But I imagine that was to give us a chance to stretch and move around a little bit.

Another one of the pleasures at Southside School was a “Geography” game, which I couldn’t explain right now, but it started along about the sixth grade. It certainly added fun to geography lessons.

And this “Tom ball” game I mentioned, too, because it was about our favorite, we played that all through school. I’ve never heard of it called “Tom ball” by any other group or any other place. I don’t know, maybe students originated it themselves. But it was very adaptable because there were no set players. And the more people played, the more batters we had, or the more outfielders we had. And we chose two captains and then the captains chose the teams from the people who wanted to play. And while we preferred a tennis racquet, and usually had one and a tennis ball, minus that, we had any kind of a bat or piece of wood we could use. I never could bat the ball far enough to get a home run, so I didn’t get chosen on anybody’s side very early, but I still enjoyed the game.

Then, let’s see, as far as some of my childhood activities, which I haven’t mentioned. I think we played more with dolls, many afternoons, especially Saturday afternoons. Girls in the neighborhood would gather their dolls and sewing materials, get a blanket out on somebody’s lawn and sit there all afternoon and attempt to make doll clothes. Our dolls didn’t talk; I remember baby dolls would cry if you tipped ‘em over a certain way, but they didn’t drink out of a bottle or wet their diapers [laughing], anything like that.

We had to use our imagination, which I think was good. My health was periodically not very good, although I didn't lose very much schooling, but I was many times confined to quiet activities. So I think I spent more time sewing, crocheting, knitting, than the average girl. My grandmother was very helpful to me with those skills.

Then, too, as I recall in school, it seemed they taught a great deal more poetry. We memorized poetry, partly, I guess, to improve our memories, and partly because that was part of their teaching process. One poem that I remember particularly was designed to teach us to be polite. "Good morning' is the golden key/Which unlocks every door for me—" and on through the poem. All the things that children should say to be polite. I still remember most of it. And it seemed to be a pleasant way to instill principles of good living on children. I do think that children had politeness drummed into them with more vigor then than they have now.

Then also, I remember in grammar school there was no health nurse. Dr. M. R. Walker was school physician and mostly he gave the shots during epidemics, or when they were necessary. Usually before that, he'd come in and give a little talk to the class, mostly so they wouldn't be fearful of him. I discovered later that he loved to do that. He had been a school teacher.

I'd like to recall one instance. I was about in third grade. A boy in our class who was much taller than anyone else recited very little; as a matter of fact, didn't seem to be learning much of anything. And this was his second year in this particular class. He didn't seem to be self-conscious about himself, but he just didn't recite. But anyway, with no testing and no counseling, they'd keep him in each class for two years and then promote him, no matter what kind of work he did. Now, that boy had

come from a German family who came to the States when he was just a small boy, they had a ranch, they had a large family. Whether or not his inability to learn was because he was so busy on the ranch, and because of his home atmosphere (which was very old-countrified), or whether he had a mental deficiency, never was investigated.

Then too, let's see, B. D. Billingham was superintendent of schools and he used to come around occasionally and give little talks. He was a very fine looking man.

And oh, yes, when we went to Bowers mansion to go swimming, as we frequently did, we used to take the V and T train out of Reno and it would stop, it seemed to me, about half a mile from Bowers mansion. We'd hike across some fields on rough ground to Bowers.

Also I recall, we used to have dog races from Truckee up to Lake Tahoe. And they would run excursion trains from Reno and then from Truckee on up. The train would follow the path of the dog races and we could see them all the way up. After we got to the Tavern, they had tobogganing. I remember doing that one winter and it was quite a bit of fun.

Then also, of course, airplanes were beginning to get the attention of everyone. For my first plane ride (I was then a young adult), they were offering a ride around the vicinity of Reno in a light plane, one cent for each pound of your weight. So for not much money, I had a little flight. I remember how wonderful it was to get up high enough to see Pyramid Lake on one side and Lake Tahoe on the other. And then to fly low enough to see the town of Reno, almost at your finger tips, it seemed.

Then, of course, Sparks was a thriving, very active, railroad town in those days. There were men going to and from work day and

night. It was really livelier than Reno. We had friends there and we visited them by going on the streetcar. And then later, Robison Hall in Sparks was a favorite dancehall. Since during the War, we knew quite a few young men who were call boys and who later became railroad men, we had quite a few friends in Sparks. Mother used to escort some of my friends and me to the dances. I remember the last streetcar left at midnight, so we had to leave the dance to catch that streetcar back.

One particular friend that we used to visit (a friend of Mother's) had a very serious hearing loss which she blamed on her work as telephone operator. Whether or not it was true, I don't know. The only hearing help that seemed to be available to her was a sort of a horn-shaped instrument, the smaller part which she put in her ear, and the larger part of the horn you had to get very close to and talk right into her ear. As I look back, with the hearing aids now, that must have been a terrible handicap.

Dr. Alice Thompson, whom I'd mentioned before as a neighbor, had enlisted in the war effort and was sent to France. I thought that was quite an honor for Reno and for her.

Then also, I recall that when my father worked for the Reno Mercantile, it was partly a grocery store and partly a hardware store. One of my father's chores was to go out to the Heward ranch and buy fresh eggs for the grocery store. The Heward ranch was out in the northeast part of town on the English Mill ditch. That was the Heward family of Harlan Heward, attorney. My father would sometimes pick up the family and we would ride out there and enjoy the ranch atmosphere and buy fresh eggs for ourselves.

When we first moved to Reno, there were livery stables right downtown. The one my father patronized was on Lake Street, between Second Street and the tracks. In front of Anne

Martin's home on Mill Street there was a hitching post, the only one I knew of in Reno, but it was very picturesque.

Then too, there used to be horse racing at the racetrack, seasonally. Once a week they had ladies day, when ladies could be admitted free. My mother would join with some of the other women in the neighborhood and they would walk from the south part of town to the racetrack on ladies day. Parimutuel tickets were two dollars apiece and they'd pool about fifty cents apiece and buy a ticket. And if they won, they'd try another race.

Let's see, I attended Reno High School, enjoyed it very much, specialized in math. I had algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and advanced algebra—all that they could feed me—and loved it. My favorite teacher was Miss Eva May Sinn (if that isn't a name [laughs]). And there was something about the way she presented mathematics that made it easy for me to get it, right away. She and I became very good friends, too. I enjoyed stopping after school and talking to her.

Another outstanding teacher in high school was Ethel Pope. She was my English teacher. English wasn't my favorite subject but she could present it so that it appealed to me and I liked it. She was a sister to Jessie Pope, of our [University] home economics department.

Mr. E. Otis Vaughn was principal of the school, and we thought he was a good principal. We had one student strike while I was there. And he seemed to handle it without much trouble. I can't even remember the cause—I didn't strike. But it was settled very peacefully and he was successful. He was a kindly man. The kind of man that you would enjoy talking to.

I went to the usual dances. Starting with my sophomore year, I took a job at Woolworth's, as saleslady, and worked on

weekends and holidays. So I was fairly busy. I kept my grades up at all costs.

My closest friend in high school was Katie Sable. She lived on a ranch southwest of town, which is now Markridge and Cashill Drive. She used to walk from there to school. Her mother frequently would walk in to meet her, especially if it was getting a little dark in the afternoon.

Then to skip back to high school, I really should mention that Effie Mona Mack was teacher of ancient history. I didn't take ancient history, but I was in her session room and admired her even though I was a little bit fearful of her. She was known among the students as one of the harder instructors. But later at the University, when she taught there, we became very good friends. Then also, I think when I went to high school, college education was regarded as more of a privilege than now. Not everybody planned to go, even some who could afford it. I can't remember ever that we saw statistics about how much more money one could make by having a college education. Then, it was considered more a way of life, a broadening experience, and that's the way I looked upon it.

Then also in high school, we did have the [World War I] war situation. I think the main effect it had on the young people was that it opened up jobs, especially to the young men, because of the number of other men who were in the Army, and so many boys who should have been in high school quit to take jobs. And when the war was over and the service men returned to claim their jobs (rightfully so), the high school boys were without a job, without an education, and usually without money, because if I remember correctly, they spent the money as it came in. And of course, many girls got jobs that they wouldn't have had otherwise. Girls were elevator operators where before, it was only the boys who did

that. We did spend money. After a dance, we'd go into a restaurant and have practically a meal, instead of just a sandwich.

Also, there were bond rallies. In those days, you could buy war bond stamps for twenty-five cents apiece and put them in the book, until you got \$18.75 worth, turn them in for a bond.

There were song fests, to keep up the morale of the citizens. They were usually held in the Granada Theater on First Street. They were free. And they featured such songs as "Tipperary," "Over There," "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight," and "A Rose That Grows in No Man's Land." And they all had quite a bit of lilt and spirit.

Then there was quite a bit of encouragement on the part of the government to write letters to the men in service, more than I had seen in either one of the other wars. They had posters showing men who'd come to mail call and get no letters, so we wrote, not only to our relatives and friends, but relatives and friends of our friends, anyone that we knew. I don't know whether the men appreciated it or not.

And then there was a shortage of workers on the farms. At one time, two of my cousins, boy cousins, came down from Winnemucca (they were high school age), and stayed at the University for the whole month of April. The purpose was to teach the boys enough about farm work so that they would be available for summer farm work in their areas. The boys paid twenty-five dollars out of their own pocket; that was for the privilege of staying at the University. They were housed in Lincoln Hall, ate in the dining hall, and they were taken out to the University Farm and Experiment Station farm, and taught how to make fences, a certain amount of planting, and how to run a tractor—the things that they could teach 'em in a short time. Before they left Reno, I remember they had a "preparedness

parade” through the streets of Reno, and not only they paraded, but everybody else they could en courage to [laughing] join into a thing like that.

In fact, it seems to me that in World War I, the government put on more of a campaign to instill patriotism and loyalty into the citizens than during the following wars. There were constant rallies, posters, get-togethers, and so on. Yes, we were all encouraged to have victory gardens in our backyards. And there was a USO, because we had an Army base near here. I didn’t do much with USO; I volunteered only when they had need for extra volunteers, when troop trains were going through and they wanted to serve them refreshments at the depot. Or when some of the troop trains would stay in Reno for several hours and go down to the park and they wanted refreshments served. As I remember it, a good many of the boys that I knew that left high school for jobs went to work for the Southern Pacific as call boys. And Sparks was a railroad town then, only a railroad town. The call boys would notify the trainmen that they were to be in the yards at a certain time and their train was to go out at a certain time. They got sixty dollars a month pay and worked sometimes twelve hours a day, about six days a week. Whether or not they got any overtime, I don’t know.

Actually, when I was in high school the impact of the war wasn’t bad. But when the war was over and the veterans returned, then we realized what war had done to us. Some returned in poor health, some amputees, and of course, one of the tragedies of World War I was the gas. A friend of mine married a man who had been gassed, had been sent to Colorado for recuperation and supposedly had been cured. She married him right out of high school and had a little boy, and when the boy was two years old, the father’s lung trouble

reappeared. He had been a brakeman for the Southern Pacific, he had to quit. They sent him to Letterman hospital, and when their little boy was five years old, he died. When my friend knew that her husband was to be in Letterman hospital for the rest of his days, she moved to San Francisco to be near him. And without enough training to earn a living, she had a hard time. She went to work in the Emporium as saleslady in the basement. I went to visit her and her living quarters were very modest. Evidently government help to the families of veterans was very poor—she seemed to have quite a struggle. But she did rent a typewriter and went to night school and went into clerical work.

We’ll hit my high school days a little bit more. My special friend Katie Sable lived so far out in the country and with no transportation, it was impossible for her to have any evening dates, unless she stayed at our house. And so it was customary on Saturday nights for Katie to stay overnight with me, and go home Sunday morning. Katie was very easy to get along with, very adaptable, very welcome in my home, and didn’t seem to have any particular personal problems. I was always the one who wanted something I couldn’t get [laughs]! And I think she must have had a very understanding mother, because she seemed to be adjusted to life and her mother was concerned enough to walk all the way to Reno sometimes to walk home with her, so that she would know that Katie was safe. I didn’t get out to her ranch very often; she was at our house more often.

Another high school friend, very good friend, was Alice Adams (Herstine) and her sister Eva. Alice also worked at Woolworth’s and later again we worked together at the telephone company. When Alice’s father would go out of town on buying trips for the grocery company, I spent many nights at the

Adams home and we'd play three-handed bridge and sit by the fireplace and talk until wee hours of the morning. Their home was on Lake Street.

As far as Katie was concerned, I can't remember that we ever had any problems, except that I'd walk part way home with her and forget the time and we'd stand and talk until her mother came down the road to get her, for fear something had happened. And when I got home, my mother was pretty out of patience.

Then also in high school, a little bit more about Miss Pope, because she was a very real inspiration to me. That was third year of high school English, and the subject matter that was presented then were the "Knights of the Round Table" stories, Sir Lancelot, the "Quest of the Holy Grail," and she made them very colorful, and was able to make them very interesting.

Third year English was such a joy, first year English was mostly grammar—mechanics which I liked very much. Second year English, I didn't like. The reason I mention it at all was because I later developed a liking for writing and all the English I took made a good background, even though I did not appreciate all of it at the time. We were studying books, fiction, in the second year of English. And I remember we studied *Roughing It*, *Jane Eyre*, *House of Seven Gables*, and had to write reports and discuss them in oral reviews and also write various themes based on them. There may have been other books, but I didn't care for many of them, although they were really fine books.

It was in my high school days that the state basketball tournaments came into being. In the early days, they had girl teams as well as boy teams. Two of my cousins from Winnemucca were on the Winnemucca team, and they stayed at our house during

the tournaments. The students who came to Reno who didn't have friends or relatives to house them stayed in Manzanita Hall at the University. The games were played in the then Old Gym, now all gone [laughs]. Admission was twenty-five cents, and once you got in you could stay all day if you wanted to. Games were played morning, afternoon, and evening.

Also, about that time in my life there was the marathon dances. The couple who could dance the longest (with very short rest periods and no sleep) got a large sum of money. But I knew better than to try that.

I remember when the end of the war came, I was working at Woolworth's, probably on a Saturday, 'cause it was November. And when we heard the news, we all forgot our cash registers, our counters, ran out into the street, and everybody did likewise—. They closed the stores. We just ran up and down Virginia Street and yelled and put our arms around everybody. But I can't remember anyone being unruly or any violence or anything except just exuberance.

Then also, baby-sitting was just as popular for young girls as it is now. And before I went to work at Woolworth's, I did some baby-sitting in the neighborhood and for people out of the neighborhood that I knew, that was all. That was the usual way for us to get a little pin money.

Then also, I remember vitamin shots were just coming in. Up until that time, when I needed a tonic, I was given an iron tonic liquid. But along about the sixth or seventh grade, vitamin shots were coming in use. The doctor gave them to me and that did more good than any of the bottles of iron tonic that I'd ever taken.

Of course, my childhood was before the permanent waves. Little girls that had their hair curled, had their hair wound around strips of cloth, and then they were tied, and

combed out the next day. People that went to the beauty shop had their hair curled with an electric iron; the process was called “marcelle waves.” As I remember, by pinning it carefully every night, it lasted pretty well. And then, of course, bobbed hair, or short hair was coming into style. When I was little most of the girls had braids, but the few that had bobbed hair just had Dutch bobs. About the time I was in high school the craze hit. And even then, a good many people didn’t think it was quite womanly; they still associated short hair with (in their days) women that were a little loose. I was out of high school when I finally got my hair cut and permanent waved. The permanent wave was a little frizzy, but it was beautiful to me [laughs]. Just beautiful. And I remember too, those first permanent waves, the machine was so heavy you just felt as though you were holding the whole thing up on your neck. The beauty operator didn’t dare leave you for one minute. She had that cold air blowing in her little blower, to get any warm spots on your head so that you wouldn’t get a burn. They’ve come a long way since then!

And, of course, the suffrage movement was on. I think, though, and I want to say, it affected me only in the fringe areas. As far as my mother was concerned, she couldn’t have cared less. She didn’t intend to vote, and to this day she has never registered, nor voted. As far as my aunts were concerned, some of them voted, but they certainly didn’t care whether they did or not at that time. It did affect us in our job opportunities, which were beginning to open up for women, and in discussion groups, especially YWCA. In Sacramento, at the Y convention, actually the outstanding speech that I remember was based on the new role of women.

Then also, the two restaurants that were our favorites were the Monarch Cafe on Virginia Street—that was an especially

favorite spot for all of us after high school dances—and before that, there was the Mineral Cafe in, I think, Fulton Alley.

When my father was with the fire department, one of his weekly duties in the evening was to inspect the various theaters and dance halls in town, to be sure that they were complying with fire regulations. Frequently, Mother would take my brother and me to the evening moving picture show and then meet my father, who would take us to the Mineral Cafe. And, of course, we wouldn’t go there without a man, because it was in an alley, and I think that made it more of a treat.

My father, as long as I can remember, went to and from work on a bicycle.

I became interested in the YWCA, especially the business girls’ club. We met once a week for dinner meetings, and the dinner was prepared by the girls themselves. The Y was located in the basement of City Hall, then on First Street. I attended the National Convention of the Y, which was held in Sacramento. I remember that Mrs. A. E. Hill (wife of Professor A. E. Hill) was the Y member in charge of the business girls that attended. She was very charming, very helpful, and we learned a great deal just being with her. We stayed at houses of Y members in Sacramento and that was a very fine experience. I also went to Asilomar one summer, the Y summer camp at Lake Tahoe, as well as several short camping trips to Lake Tahoe.

Then also, at that time, I became interested in the young people’s organization of the Methodist church, Epworth League. For awhile, I was secretary. We took turns conducting meetings, gave a short talk, and conducted sort of a vesper service. When I was almost through high school, we elected a president and unknowingly elected someone

who was not a member of the church. While the pastor didn't object, some of the elderly women did. And that was the beginning of disinterest on my part and the part of several other young people. So I gradually drifted away. The pastor at that time was Reverend Edgar Lowther, who Was especially good with young people and who taught a class at the University in the philosophy department.

Then about that time, too, my brother and I bought a car, which wasn't sensible [laughs]. My brother was still delivering milk for Model Dairy and going to high school. We saw a car, a Model T Ford, at a service station on Court and Virginia Street. The service station was operated by Jack Heward, whom we knew, and the car was sixty dollars. So we got our heads together and without looking any further—I was to make the payments on the car and he was to take care of the gasoline and the upkeep. So we bought a car. And you might say there wasn't much upkeep outside of gasoline; the boys got together and cleaned the spark plugs and [laughs] did about everything there was to do to the car to keep it running.

The YMCA was directly across from the YWCA, and at least for awhile, they rented rooms, sometimes to college boys. On occasion, when the YWCA would have an evening party and all the girls didn't have dates, we would get in touch with the YM director and ask him to invite some of the young men who were college students to fill in.

The little Ford that I bought for sixty dollars, we sold many, many years later for seventy-five dollars. And it still wasn't ready to be junked. But see, that was inflation, of course. When we'd go up to Virginia City in that Model T, we usually went around by Carson, because the Ford could make it better. And even so, when we got in the Gold Hill

area, somebody would usually have to get out and walk, or else we'd get the car in reverse and back up the hill [laughs]. We always made it. Also, I remember in the car we always carried things to fix the tire. If we had a flat tire we'd stop the car, jack it up, take the tire off, and the boys would put a patch on it and blow it up by hand. If the starter wouldn't work, they had to pull out the crank and crank the motor until it started—hopefully not breaking an arm [laughing].

Now, a little bit more about the YWCA, because that had quite an impact on me, really. In addition to the meetings that I mentioned before, we had many discussion groups among ourselves, on topics that were of particular interest to young business girls, because really, women were just beginning to break into the business world then. Before that, they were school teachers, nurses, homemakers, mostly. One of the discussions that was probably the most spirited that I can recall almost vividly was, "Is it better to marry and live on less, or remain single for awhile?" Now, that's no problem, but then it was quite interesting. Occasionally, outside people would come in to give short talks and answer questions or lead discussions. One professor from the University, Dr. J. R. Young, the department of psychology, was most generous with his time. He conducted a series of meetings on psychology as it especially affected the young business girls, and we liked him. He was very kindly and talked to us in the sort of language we could understand. Another Series that I remember was an opera series, in which someone explained to us the story behind each opera and something of the musical movements, in language that we still could grasp. And also, we had a woman from the University whom I can't recall by name, discuss health problems and personal hygiene, of special interest to us then. That was the sort

of programs we had and they were beneficial. At the convention in Sacramento, of course, we had many outstanding speakers; there's only one that I can remember vividly. She was a woman from England, Miss Maude A. Rayden, of the publishing firm, G. H. Putnam. She had remained single, she had an adopted daughter. And she said that the question most often put to her was, "Don't you think that by choosing the life that you have, that you have missed something?" And she said she replied, "Yes, of Course." So she included in her talk the fact that no matter what we choose, we must know that we're missing something.

At Woolworth's, which was then on the east side of Virginia Street, I had occasion to work in the office. The girl who was the office manager was a very good friend of mine; I had known her in high school. And she let me come up and run the adding machine, and I had a little touch of office work there. In fact, I worked in her place one summer while she was on vacation.

One of the things I remember especially was that we had store meetings, and from those store meetings I learned a great deal. A Mr. [S. E.] Davis was manager of the store and he would tell us how to meet people and give us points on salesmanship (which I remembered all the rest of my life). He would compliment those whose counters looked neat and very tactfully call attention to the ones that didn't look so well; in general, these meetings were very helpful.

The bookkeeping there is very stereotyped; mostly filling out forms—you didn't have a chance to show how stupid you are [laughing]. It's mostly filling in this and that line or this and that column, or figuring this and that percentage. But it was my experience and it did show an office tendency on my part.

When I first went to work at Woolworth's I made a dollar a day. My first pay was to a

dollar and fifty cents and I was so elated, I had to thank the manager. I think that it wasn't all ability, it was inflation beginning.

Then also, of course, there was Prohibition, and the speakeasies, and bootleg, and home brew. I think Tall] Prohibition did was just lower the quality of the liquor that people consumed. As far as I could tell, nobody thought it was a good law and nobody blamed anybody for not abiding by the law. I did go in one speakeasy myself, on West Third Street, and went with other young men and women who were local people. I recall it wasn't very hard to get in, although I felt uneasy when I got there. Never went again. But I was amazed that I, who had never been there before, was admitted just because I was with someone that they knew.

Also there was a couple in our neighborhood who owned a hotel on Lake Street. The man worked as desk clerk, and the woman, chambermaid. And through her room service, she delivered bootleg liquor for customers. She was caught at it and sentenced to ten days in jail. The husband assumed responsibility and served the sentence. But what stands out in my memory is that when it was all over and he returned home, no one held it against them. It was considered an unfair law and fair game.

One of my cousins bought a house down Mill Street and after they moved in, they discovered the basement had been set up for home brew and the sewer for disposal of the mash. It was evidently quite open in its operation.

We had twilight baseball games, too, with all local teams and at the smaller parks, like the recreation parks, Threlkel's and Stewart Park. That was quite an enjoyable recreational activity.

And then of course, I lived through the "Roaring Twenties" [laughing], and

learned the Charleston. And dancing in that particular era was not just a pastime, it was a craze. There were dancehalls all over town. The most prominent was Tony's El Patio on Commercial Row. Then also, there was an open-air dancehall at Verdi, one at Donner Lake. Then there was an open-air dancehall for awhile on Fourth Street near Lake Street, and also, the dancehall at Moana. There was one upstairs on North Virginia Street somewheres around where the Hilp's building was, and one on North Virginia near Fourth. And they were well patronized. What we would do is get our own crowd together, just those who knew each other and stick with our own little crowd and enjoy the activities. We didn't always have name bands but we certainly had the "big band" sound. Tony Pecetti and his accordion was about the most popular, and then there was Louie Rosasco and his accordion.

And at that time, I had become very fond of Virginia Curtis. She had a brother and I had a brother and all of us loved to dance. So frequently the four of us went, not as dates, but dancing partners. And when we didn't go out, we played the phonograph and danced at home.

SOME EARLY CAREER CHOICES

Let's see, out of high school then. I graduated from high school expecting to go to the University, and had geared all my education to that point. I wasn't very well and went to the doctor, M. R. Walker, who had treated me from the time I came to Reno. He advised that I should not attend college at least for a year, if I had to work at the same time. So I gave up the idea for a year, and then he offered me a job in his office.

To prepare for that, I went to business college, for six weeks, daytime. Took shorthand and typing and bookkeeping. And by the way, there I met Margaret Hartman, who was going to business college that summer just as sort of a fill-in. We became very good friends, right there. Mr. Butcher was head of the business college, and it was downtown in what is now called the Professional Building on Center and Second Street. I considered him a good teacher. And he seemed to have to teach everything himself; I can't remember that he had any help.

Then in August I went to work for Dr. Walker. Dr. A. L. Stadtherr had just joined

the firm, and Dr. McKenzie had been there for some time. Dr. McKenzie had come from Colorado; he was so well known and so well liked by Colorado people that many came from Colorado to be treated by Dr. McKenzie in Reno. Dr. Stadtherr was a young doctor then, out of medical school, and had served in the Army during the war. He was very promising, and was attracted here because of Dr. McKenzie. They had their own secretary who was very proficient at shorthand; I was merely the receptionist and occasional typist and specially served Dr. Walker. Straightened his desk and sterilized his instruments and work just seven hours a day. So I was able to go to night school and Continue my shorthand. I actually had a real break because the secretary, who was Theresa Hanley, was able to dictate to me for practice when she was unable to continue her work, usually because her boss was busy. And she was a good teacher. She knew shorthand well enough to correct me. So that was as good as going to school. I never did get a certificate or diploma from business college, but I actually feel I got equal

education because of this opportunity. A year and a half later, Dr. McKenzie retired and Dr. Stadtherr wanted to go into an office of his own.

I want to back up a little bit. At that time there was a Mt. Rose Hospital here in north Reno. Dr. McKenzie was either a director, manager, part owner, or something; he did quite a bit of his work there, including his surgery. Took his secretary there a good part of the time, and when he would complete an operation he would dictate to her what had been done. Nowadays they seem to have dictaphones. One of the nurses there, that I became acquainted with, was Miss Louise Reil. She was from Winnemucca (and passed away in Reno, not too long ago). After Dr. Stadtherr formed his own office, he took her into his office as office nurse.

Back to the doctor's office. So that broke up the combination of Dr. Stadtherr and Dr. Walker, and Dr. Walker was taking into the office two other doctors. They were brothers, Drs. Ostroff. They also had their own secretary, and I chose to get into something that paid a little more money. That job, by the way, paid sixty dollars a month; that I do remember. So I wasn't able to save enough to go to college.

And I might say, too, that when I was working for Dr. Walker at sixty dollars a month, going to night school, I know the elevator operator in the building (a young girl) who was getting forty dollars a month. So that was salaries in those days.

Dr. Walker had been a country school teacher while he was earning money to go to medical school, and always seemed to be as much a school teacher as a doctor. He was very fond of children, and many of his patients were children. In those days, doctors were not so specialized. And then, as I mentioned, he was school doctor. Also, he had the first x-ray

laboratory in Reno, located in the Masonic Temple. He had other people running the lab for him, under his supervision. He read the x-ray pictures for other doctors who paid him for the service.

Dr. McKenzie and his wife lived at the Riverside Hotel, had an Oriental houseboy. And he told this little story, that he went home one night about midnight, after he'd been out on an emergency call. Dr. McKenzie was profane; actually, he could use profanity so casually that you didn't notice that it was profane [laughs]. But he came home about midnight from an emergency call, the houseboy met him excitedly and told him some woman had been calling several times and was going to call again. Dr. McKenzie in his weariness brushed him off, so the houseboy came after him and, "What shall I say, what shall I say?"

Dr. McKenzie, still weary, said, "Oh, tell her to go to hell."

So he said the telephone rang, and before he could get the houseboy, he heard this voice say, "Yeah, him come. Me tell. Him say, 'Go to hell.' Goodbye" [laughing].

The doctor's office was on the second floor of the Thoma-Bigelow building, which is now the Mapes building on First and Virginia Street. The "Thoma" in that name was a Doctor Thoma, the father of Bonnie Thoma Hardy and Roxie Thoma Wingfield. The ground floor was then occupied by Gray-Reid-wright department store. Hilp's drugstore was right up the street, even that far back [laughs]. Other doctors with whom we did business then were Doctors Hood and S. K. Morrison in the Farmers and Merchants National Bank building—now the First National Bank building, First and Virginia. Dr. Samuels and Dr. Parker Lewis were in the Masonic Temple. I remember Dr. Maclean then, father of Dr. Kenneth F. Maclean. Those

especially, our doctors worked with. Doctors Ostroff's secretary was getting fifty dollars a month and she was willing to handle the three doctors for the same pay (that was pretty low pay). Also, while I was working for Dr. Walker, I worked for Woolworth's a half shift, from five to nine during the Christmas rush. I got off of the doctor's office at four-thirty and had half an hour for a bite to eat, then to Woolworth's. I liked sales work but it was a little hard.

Oh, yes, the doctor's offices. I thought it might be interesting to record the hours that the doctors ran their office then, quite different from now. Dr. Walker was in the office from ten until twelve, from two until four, and then from seven until eight. And he did make house calls, many house calls. He had patients as far away as Verdi, and visited them regularly; in the early days with horse and buggy, and later with an automobile.

I then went to work as a telephone operator because the salary was better. I might say, too, when I went to apply for the job at the telephone office, I took along my shorthand book. I'd just gotten Out of business college and I went to apply for the job. Since I didn't get called, but my friends who worked there told me that they were putting on girls, I went back to inquire if they needed more information, or something of the sort. What kept them from calling me was the fact that I had a shorthand book when I applied so they felt I was only looking for a temporary job until I could get into an office. So I assured them that I wanted to be permanent, they put me on. Then I worked about nine months and went into an office [laughing]. They were smarter than I was.

But I didn't care for the work, and the salary was, I believe about seventy-two dollars a month when I started —it was irregular because it depended on how many Sundays you worked and many other variables. It was

hard to have normal social life because my hours were sometimes from one to ten at night or from seven in the morning until three or four in the afternoon. And at that age, I wasn't willing to give up dancing and picnics.

The chief operator in the telephone office was a Miss [Mary] McGee. She and I frequently spent our spare time brushing up on shorthand. She had some shorthand, too, and we dictated to each other. So, I didn't ever let it completely go. The work was challenging in a way, but not in the way I wanted it to be. It was pretty well under control, you know. We were told what to say and how to say it, which was all right for telephone operating, but personally stifling.

While I was working for the telephone company, Dr. Vinton Muller came to Reno, opened an office in the Thoma-Bigelow building, and upon recommendation of Dr. Walker, asked me to be his receptionist. I was working at the telephone company then from one to ten, and I did work with Dr. Muller mornings for awhile, but he wanted someone who would learn to assist him in tonsillectomies and minor operations in the office. That wasn't quite what I wanted. So I recommended Esther McMillan for the job, and he was very satisfied with her. She married Mitch Armanko several years later.

Then I might say, too, when Dr. Muller offered me an opportunity to work for him, I couldn't help but remember that once in Dr. Walker's office, I had been called in to hold a baby still, while Dr. Walker removed stitches from its cheek, because the mother was too nervous. And by the time I got through, I was as nervous as the mother! Didn't feel it was for me.

Also at that time, I bought the first radio we had in the home, and that was an old Majestic. Our favorite orchestra was Gus Arnheim's.

Then too, about that time, I felt the need of some church association, so I scouted a little bit and then decided on the First Baptist church, partly because Brewster Adams was pastor. I looked on him as a human being first and then a pastor.

About this time, too, I realized that my folks had quite a financial struggle. My mother had been quite ill when I was about in the sixth grade, and had two operations in one year. And in order to meet the doctor bills, my father had borrowed on the home and that debt hung over us, until we children were grown. While I didn't pay regular room and board, I did realize that they needed purchases that I could make and contribute.

I had several motives in taking the job at the telephone company, the salary was fairly good, with definite increases available. And secondly, I had not chosen office work; I looked upon it as a means of earning money to go to college. But office work seemed to have been thrust upon me. After the doctor's office, I thought it was a good idea to get away from it for awhile and do something quite different. Thirdly, I had friends working for the telephone company, who liked it and encouraged me to join them. I remember Dr. Walker at the time counseling me, he didn't think it was quite the job for me; he encouraged me to remain in office work. And then my motives for leaving the telephone company were that I had no social life. Secondly, I felt regimented and over-supervised. I wasn't saving the money I thought I would, either; just didn't seem to be that much excess. Then there was an unexpected opening at the University.

A CAREER WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

INTRODUCTORY YEARS

In the Fall of 1922, the president's office at the University had an opening for an assistant to the secretary, who was Miss Carolyn Beckwith. The girl who had taken the job in September, a graduate from Reno High School, became ill in October, went to the doctor, was told she had tuberculosis, became panic stricken and felt she couldn't go to work, not even for one more day. Miss Beckwith ordinarily would have called the Reno High School for a recommendation, but because of the urgency of the situation, she called Reno Business College. Reno Business College referred a very good friend of mine, Louise Sweezy, and she could have had the job, but she hadn't quite finished her business course, and had she taken the job, would have finished at evening division. Her mother didn't feel that this was a good arrangement, and knowing of my interest in the University, called me, told me about the opening, and offered to tell Miss Beckwith that I would be

up to see her and that Louise would not be accepting the job.

I thought that was very good, and I was there bright and early the next morning. Miss Beckwith didn't know me personally, but my friend, Katie Sable, who graduated from high school with very good grades in business subjects had held the job for two years, until she got married. Through our friendship, Miss Beckwith knew about me. She interviewed me and set me down with a typewriter. And I don't know how I pulled through that, 'cause I hadn't typed for several months. But she was very understanding, and was willing for me to try out the job. I was more than willing. But I faced one problem. The telephone company required that anyone who resigned must give them fifteen days notice in order to remain in good standing with the company. So I offered to work mornings for the University. I was already working from one to ten p.m. for the telephone company. Miss Beckwith agreed. I know that was a hardship on her, 'cause there was no one there in the afternoons to assist her.

The University was not unfamiliar to me because of my association with Katie. There were still friends in the University who had been classmates of mine in high school. Through the downtown YWCA and my church affiliation, I had met a few professors. Maxwell Adams, who was dean of Arts and Science, had been superintendent of Methodist Sunday school. He was a very kindly man, interested in young people. He had a daughter about my age and I had visited in their home.

In spite of that, frankly, I did miss my associates at the telephone company. They were more chatty, they were more my age, and I had some adjusting to do. My impression of the faculty and staff at the University was (to put it very modernly) that there was a generation gap, and I was at the wrong end of it [laughs]. I didn't know there were so many middle-aged people [laughing] working together in one place. Especially middle-aged women. They had all been there a long time; they all had so much in common, and I knew from their conversation, they weren't going to leave.

Miss Beckwith was very kind to me. She was a perfectionist, with herself, as well as with everyone else. She never hesitated to call my attention to a lack or a fault, but she did it in a kindly way and reminded me that it was for my own good. I realized that was true. And we got along very well; it wasn't in the cards that we would become close friends—our age gap, and so on. Every once in awhile, she would address me as "child," and that set me back a ways! [Laughing] Occasionally, I would come in from class all fired up with some cute little story and after I got through telling it, I realized that I was much more amused than I should expect her to be [laughing]. But I grew up a little bit [laughing].

She was regarded very highly by the faculty and had very many personal friends among them. She was also highly regarded by President Clark, who told me that he would regard her as about ninety-six percent perfect in her work. So I had something to live up to. Some of the people who came in to visit with her, in the middle age bracket, were Louise Sissa, the registrar; Kate Riegelhuth from the English department; Jessie Pope from home economics; Margaret Mack, dean of women; Jeanne Elizabeth Wier from the department of history; Sarah Lewis from home economics; and Cornelia Williamson, secretary to the College of Education.

About women coming into their own, I might say that while I worked for Dr. Walker, the first woman insurance agent I had ever known was Alice McAndrews. She wore clothes that were much more tailored than the average woman, her voice seemed to be deeper, and her whole manner seemed to be more manly. At least, that was my impression. She was a likable person. She had said that she never would have enjoyed homemaking, and never intended to do that. She had never married and she said she liked single life very much. Even then, she was living women's lib (or in those days), woman's suffrage.

Also, I remember Anne Martin, who lived on Mill Street, and who was then [running for] Congress. Of course, she was one of the leaders in the suffrage movement. There were rallies and parades led by her. As far as my home was concerned, the issue didn't seem to crop up. My mother wasn't interested; I don't think she really understood what it meant. It was part of the movement of the day and it certainly affected our activities and our discussions at the Y. It was in the front of our minds, but we were young and didn't know whether to accept it or not; it was sort of being thrust upon us. Anne Martin,

too, was a very fine woman, but she seemed more manly than womanly. Of course, Miss Beckwith was a very feminine person, but she said that when she would go downtown to have lunch, the lunches were all geared to a man's appetite. And so she brought her lunch more than she would have done otherwise. It still was a man's world.

I do want to say a little bit, too, about Miss Beckwith's background, her education. She got her business education from the University preparatory school. And she learned well. She seldom needed a dictionary, she always knew the right word to use, always knew when a grammatical construction was correct.

The girl who followed me on the job became discouraged, but I made up my mind I wasn't going to get discouraged unless Miss Beckwith did. And had I known her better, I'd known there's no such thing as discouragement in Callie Beckwith [laughing]!

I didn't know Bobby Lewers, because of course, he was there before my time, but Miss Beckwith told of a little anecdote about the man, who was supposed to be the proverbial absent-minded professor. He was unmarried and about ready to take a University trip. Miss Beckwith noticed that he had a long rip in the lining of his overcoat, and (quite like Callie Beckwith) she got her needle and thread out and sewed the rip. When he returned, Miss Beckwith asked him what kind of a trip he had and his reply was to the effect that, "Well, everything was all right, except that someplace on the trip, I picked up somebody else's overcoat, 'cause mine had a rip in it" [laughing].

The men that I remember becoming acquainted with were John Fulton, who was director of Mackay School of Mines; Dr. J. E. Church, whom I had met before; Sam Doten of the Agricultural Experiment Station; J.

D. Layman, librarian; Charles Haseman, mathematics; Leon Hartman, physics; and Drs. H. W. Hill and A. B. Hill, English. There were not many full-time secretaries on the campus then; most of the deans had to be satisfied with part time student help. But there was Margaret Regan in agriculture, Martha Ryan in Experiment Station. In the comptroller's office, there was Freda Metcalf, and Lucille Bath, and, of course, Mr. [Charles H.] Gorman, whom I had already known. Harold Gorman and I had gone all the way through grammar school and high school together. Then Norma Gorman and I had associated in the YWCA.

Let's see, Morrill Hall was very interesting to me then. My own office was a little room off of Miss Beckwith's office. The equipment consisted of a mimeograph machine, paper cutter, stapler, punch, typewriter, miscellaneous small items. And the bell in the bell tower was used to call classes, assemblies, and so on. During the daytime, students were paid an hourly student rate to ring the bell; early in the morning and late in the afternoon, the night watchman rang the bell. The post office was part of the comptroller's office; the post office boxes opened out into the hallway and the comptroller's office distributed the mail. The mail truck brought mail to the campus twice a day, morning and evening, and took mail back.

Oh, yes. We had wood and coal stoves. And the night watchman, or janitor (combination), Mr. James Mullen, came to work at four o'clock in the afternoon and brought in the wood and coal and chips. Also, he had to carry them up on the second and third stories. I learned quite a bit later that after the University was closed for the afternoon, he had two of his boys come up and help him, for which I didn't blame him. He had a large family, eventually eleven children.

I was told that Morrill Hall had been used as a girls' dormitory, upstairs. And the closest women's restroom when I went to work there was in the basement of Stewart Hall. Men had a restroom in the basement of Morrill Hall, to which they had to go outside and then in, to get to it.

My hours were eight to twelve and one to five, and Saturdays eight to twelve. My pay was seventy-five dollars a month, which wasn't much more than the telephone company, but I was satisfied to be at the University.

I didn't meet Dr. Clark very much at first, but when I did meet him, I felt very much at home with him. He was fatherly, and seemed to understand my inexperience. As we became better acquainted, I was in his home many times, sometimes for a social event, sometimes to deliver mail to the house and so on. The whole family was very friendly to me.

Then later on, Dr. Clark occasionally invited me to join the family to attend University plays, which were held in the Granada theater, downtown. I remember that following the plays we always went to Wilson drugstore (on the corner) for ice cream and a little conversation. Dr. Clark would draw out the children regarding the play we had just seen; he would mention something about the author, or some way that the play resembled some other play, or ask the opinion of the children about what they thought of an actor. And I thought how educational that was. How very helpful.

My job was nine months regularly. After school was out, I worked long enough for Miss Beckwith to have a vacation, during which time Dr. Clark put up with me [laughs] as his secretary. Then I got my vacation pay and had the summer off. After working there for a few months, Dr. Clark would call me into the office to dictate notices that he

wanted put in the mail boxes, and I thought this was quite a step forward.

I did the mimeographing for the entire academic division of the University. The Experiment Station and Extension Division had their own duplicating department, since they had federal funds. In addition to that, I filled in for departments that had no other secretarial help, especially Dr. R. C. Thompson; occasionally Dr. Church, who always had so many projects going that he never had enough help [laughing]. I did quite a bit of work for Elsa Sameth, programs for her various concerts, the presentations, as well as class outlines. I found Elsa Sameth very vivacious, very outgoing. Her work didn't always come in in the best shape, but she was always most appreciative when it turned out better than she thought it was going to. And we became very good friends.

In those days, the Women's Faculty Club would invite the permanent members of the clerical staff to some of their activities. The first one I went to (and it was quite a bit of fun; Elsa Sameth had charge of it), [was] held in the old gym, and it was called a "kids' party." Each faculty woman dressed as a child and we played Children's games; ring-around-the-rosey, London Bridges—well, it sounds sort of far-out, but it was fun. We had ice cream cones for refreshments. Each fall, the first meeting of the faculty women was a luncheon. One of the women invited me to attend as her guest, and so I became acquainted with many of the faculty wives immediately.

Let's see, the room between Miss Beckwith's office and the back office was stacked with back issues of catalogs, alumni directories, *Artemisia*, biennial reports, and miscellaneous pamphlets. At that time, Miss Beckwith, along with her secretarial duties, issued all these publications, except, of course, the *Artemisia*. And through working

with her, I learned quite a bit about printer's requirements, preparing copies, proofreading, and that sort of thing.

The University seal, I remember, was a huge thing that you practically had to jump on it to get the handle down. Many years later when it was my responsibility, I frequently called in a man from another department to seal the diplomas, because they were especially hard. One of the men from the comptroller's office came in to help me and broke a rib. He leaned on it in the wrong place.

Let's see, on the back wall of the president's office, there was a framed picture of the University of Virginia and I was told at that time that the University of Nevada had been modeled after the campus at the University of Virginia. The same back quad was there.

Then, let's see, Mackay Day was quite different from now. Mackay Day was clean-up day on the campus, and the students pitched in and picked up the dead leaves and papers that had blown around, raked the lawn, and so on. And they painted the "N" on Peavine Mountain in the morning; at noon they had their Mackay Day luncheon in the old gym, and their song contest. It was sort of a picnic lunch type of thing, baked beans and sandwiches and paper plates, paper napkins. The tables were just wooden tables covered with wrapping paper. I remember only one incident where they served the wrong thing; they served olives, and the olive pits got sailing across the room [laughing]. No more olives for Mackay Day [laughing]! Miss Beckwith and I always attended Mackay Day luncheon together.

Dr. Clark was especially fond of young people, just as young people. Not just to educate them, but to get acquainted with them. And he loved the high school basketball tournaments. When there was a real good game coming up, he'd try to arrange his

schedule so that he had a little time to go over to the University gym and watch the basketball game.

Well, let's see, the first semester at the University, of course, I was very, very busy getting acquainted, trying to bring my typing up to standard. I had mentioned to Miss Beckwith my desire to go to the University and she had agreed that if my work was all right, beginning with the second semester, I could take one course at the University, provided it was at one o'clock, since Dr. Clark's schedule started at two in the afternoon. I decided on freshman English; I felt I needed that most and it was required for any college course. My instructor was Luethel Austin, a young woman, vivacious, attractive, not much older than a student herself. And we enjoyed her. And the work proved to be very easy for me. We had a theme once a week, and more often than not, I'd think out the theme very carefully the night before at home and spend my lunch hour typing it for one o'clock class. After one semester of freshman English, I was ready for sophomore English, with the approval of the department head.

I took that from H. W. Hill, who was a very, very fine professor and who could make the work very interesting and challenging. I chose to take the three-hour English course, which was designed for people who expected to major in English. We studied various periods of literature, Chaucer, Milton, and many of the more modern works. Our themes or reports were partly to try to capture something of the style of the author and interpret it. And I worked! I didn't get quite as good a grade, but I know I learned more from that course.

Then also, Dr. Hill and I became very good friends. He encouraged me to go to college, at all cost. But I just couldn't seem to cut it. Through his encouragement, I contacted the University of California at Berkeley, regarding

correspondence courses. They offered a course in business correspondence that I felt would be very helpful and I took it. Dr. Hill was always available for me to discuss any problems with him and he gave me the final examination in the course so I could get the college credit. That course helped me immeasurably, all the way through my secretarial career.

During the first summer that I was at the University, I worked for Dr. Henry Albert in the state hygienic laboratory and enjoyed that very much. The office was quite informal and friendly. The food and drug department shared the building on Sierra Street. Both departments were under the University at the time, as part of the Public Service Division. I became acquainted with Wayne Adams, head of food and drugs, who is a very friendly, informal type of person, and employed students in the summer to help him.

The second summer, I went to San Francisco and stayed with two young women friends of mine and picked up temporary jobs. I worked first for a German importing firm, importers of cutlery and guns. And a second job that summer was being "Girl Friday" to an architect.

And then I went to work for an advertising agency. It was piece work. I believe the salary was \$2.75 per thousand envelopes, acceptably typed. One requirement was that any typist who couldn't produce at least a thousand envelopes a day was automatically fired. Many girls who'd had experience could turn out fifteen or sixteen hundred envelopes a day. I always topped the thousand. They saw to it that there were no unnecessary interruptions. There was a drinking fountain at the end of each row of typewriters. Envelopes were delivered and picked up, so that you had no chance to get up and waste time that way. And I worked with girls who couldn't afford to

eat in a lunch counter at noon; they brought their lunch instead. It was the first time I had encountered people who worked on such low margin. I remember when I went to work, no one told me whether I worked Saturday morning or not, so Friday afternoon I asked the man supervisor if we worked Saturday morning and his reply was, "Well, why not," so I came to work.

Well, the following year when I was taking sophomore English and the work at the University was increasing, I became run down physically and went to Dr. M. R. Walker, who advised me to start taking vacations and relaxing a little more. So the following summer, I didn't work.

Back to Morrill Hall. In the comptroller's office, there was an old fireplace. Mr. Gorman said that that at one time had been the president's office, and the fireplace had been part of his office setup.

My salary the second year was eighty-five dollars and the third year it went up to ninety-five dollars, and then the fourth year, Miss Beckwith had recommended another ten-dollar raise, but the Board of Regents felt that one hundred dollars was the top salary that anyone should get on that particular job, but they did raise me five dollars. But I knew that that was absolutely the last raise. And so you see in those days, the regents approved or disapproved even salaries for clerks. Everyone. When I took English classes, fees were waived for me. And there was no salary adjustment. But of course, there was no salary adjustment if we worked overtime. In those days, we didn't really think about compensatory time; we didn't figure that closely. We just did the job.

And then some of the duties at that job; in addition to the duplicating, and working for the various departments, I assisted Miss Beckwith and learned a great deal from her. I

mentioned preparing material for the printer. She taught me how to proofread—officially—and I did quite a few typing jobs for her. And took care of the office when she was otherwise engaged, including answering the phone. Dr. Clark was easy to make appointments for because he had definite hours, ten to twelve, two to four. I can't remember that we had instructions to keep anyone out except salesmen and insurance men.

Miss Beckwith administered the duplicating department. If someone wanted a rush job, it was Miss Beckwith who decided whether we could accommodate the job or not. And if the president's office was extra busy and she needed my help, it was Miss Beckwith who explained that we couldn't take any work right now. Frankly, I was glad because when Miss Beckwith said no, it stuck [laughs]. And, of course, nobody thought of coffee break in those days. The president lived in the house, on the campus, and he didn't seem to mind people dropping in on him at home. But of course, the campus was small; there weren't so many people to drop in.

Another aspect of the casual nature of the campus, Dr. Clark, especially during vacation periods, would go out and pitch horseshoes. He would call the professor of military science and tactics usually (Colonel J. P. Ryan), and Mr. C. E. Fleming from the Experiment Station, and usually Professor Phillip Lehenbauer from biology, and they'd pitch horseshoes behind the old gym. You see, the old gym was really the center of the campus, being the only building or the only place that such things could be conducted.

And the president's office in those days took care of the lectures, contacted lecturers, made arrangements, and handled all the commencement plans. Miss Beckwith took care of the commencement programs, and working with the registrar, was very careful

that every name was spelled just right. I remember she'd hold the program till the last minute, to be sure it was absolutely up to date. All other campus-wide programs were handled in the president's office. And the state printer did the printing.

The Rhodes scholarships, at that time, were handled at the University campus. The Rhodes scholarship committee was composed of University people. And of course, in those days, there was one Rhodes scholar for each state, where now, it's regional. The Rhodes scholar that I most remember being appointed while I was in the office was Charles Chatfield.

The Book of the Oath was Dr. Clark's pride and joy. Dr. Clark had composed the oath and he was very pleased with his work. He had the book made up to his specifications and according to his ideas in San Jose, by some firm that he was very well acquainted with. And every time the book had to have more leaves put in or any additional engraving, Dr. Clark personally took that book to the San Jose office on his summer vacation. Miss Beckwith was just as conscientious getting every graduating student's signature, with the help of Miss Sissa. If she missed one or two (never more than that), she wrote a letter to the individual, asking him to come in when he returned to the campus. And she didn't ever give up. Of course, much later, the Book of the Oath became a burden, because in the early days, students graduated only twice a year, and the classes were small. I think now the Book of the Oath is probably in the Archives.

I remember when Carl Sandburg was on the campus, many years after Dr. Clark's time, he was very impressed with the Oath statement, enough to ask for a copy for his own collection. And now, of course, the Book of the Oath is no longer used, and I agree that it was the only thing to do. But I was sorry

that it couldn't have been discarded with the statement that it had outlived its usefulness, or that it was no longer pertinent to life today, rather than saying that its composition was about high school level, that it had no meaning.

Then also, while I was in the president's office, I ran across a couple of letters, which I hope are in the Archives. One of them, the neighbors in the area of the university were complaining because the ROTC boys had rifle practice and it was bothering their cows. And, of course, the property around there was all Evans ranch property, at that time. In another letter that I ran across, the University was complaining because the cows in the neighborhood were coming on the campus, destroying fences.

As far as Miss Beckwith was concerned again, her tastes were very cultural. She loved good poetry and read classical books.

Dr. Clark's favorite, and only vacation place, as far as I knew, was La Jolla, California. And he went there every summer, took his family, and each year stayed in the same cottage. Usually he spent about six weeks on vacation. And very much of the administrative work that now is done by deans and department heads was done in the president's office. So the deans were actually not full time deans; they had the title but they all taught or had other duties.

If Dr. Clark had any trouble with the student body or with the faculty, I wasn't aware of it. But I certainly knew he had trouble with the legislature and with the Board of Regents. And I certainly knew the campus had money troubles. The budgets were very tight. Mr. Gorman was the official representative of the Board of Regents to the legislature and I know how hard he fought and how carefully he prepared his briefs and his presentations. And I know how disappointed the administration

was always with the amount of money that was allotted to them.

The legislature at that time felt that the president's salary at the University was out of line with the salary of elected officials. Dr. Clark fought, sometimes using some of his own money, because he felt the University would not be able to attract a suitable president if the legislature held the salary down. And that matter came up, not in one legislative session only, but it just seemed to come and come and come.

On the campus then was the old Hatch building, up near Manzanita lake. That housed the Experiment Station and the veterinary department. Mary McGee, with whom I practiced shorthand in the telephone company, by that time had resigned and was secretary to the veterinary department in the Experiment Station. Dr. [Edward] Records was the head.

In the basement of Morrill Hall, the building and grounds department had an office, headed by Joe Lynch. About half of the basement was for storage.

The greenhouse then was on the upper part of the Orr ditch and Jake Mischon was the head of it. He said he had been born in Alsace-Lorraine and just seemed to fit among the flowers and plants. He lived right there, of course, and many times got up nights to check the temperature in the greenhouse. That was his whole life.

The College of Education was one of the few offices that kept secretaries in the summer, because they had summer school. But their summer school was entirely toward teacher education; otherwise I could have continued my education in the summer time.

Margaret Mack, dean of women, was a Nevada product, born in Dayton, Nevada. She not only was dean of women but had many other duties. She lived in the dormitory, so

she was really matron of the dormitory. She was supervisor of the dining hall, and hired dining hall help.

The librarian was Joseph D. Layman. And just like Mr. Mischon belonged in the greenhouse, Mr. Layman just seemed to fit the library.

In that day people were not always trained, exactly, in the field in which they worked. Mr. Layman did not have a library degree, but was successful. Joe Lynch was not trained—not educated rather—but he seemed to be a successful buildings and grounds man. And Mr. Gorman had never gone to college for one day in his life, but was comptroller of the University.

And then, too, in those days, all the secretaries or the clerical help that could be spared gathered together to figure grade point averages for the registrar's office. The grades were recorded in the registrar's office very carefully and Miss Sissa would secure an adding machine and gather us together and instruct us.

As I say, the old gym was really the center of the campus. All campus dances that I can remember were held in the old gym, even the formals. The students decorated it with crepe paper or whatever they wanted. And the dances were well attended. The commencement program was also held in the old gym, as well as lectures, everything.

There was talk at that time about opening the back of Morrill Hall with sort of an outdoor platform and using the quad for seating. That did not get beyond the talking stages.

One of the extracurricular activities I enjoyed was ice skating. We used to ice skate on Manzanita lake and build a little bonfire on the edge of the lake and sit around and chat and warm up.

In one of my wilder moments when I was working with that mimeograph machine,

I took that machine apart. It was during a vacation period when Miss Beckwith was there, and I was cleaning stencils. In those days when you cleaned stencils, you took them in to the wash basin and washed them thoroughly and then you hung them up to dry. One day while they were drying and before I could file them, that mimeograph machine challenged me. When the repair man came to fix it, I always watched very carefully. So I got the manual out, took all the parts off, and sorted them on the shelf in the order in which I removed them. And I got them all back. But it took me about a week.

Then let's see, a little bit more about the president's office, I think. I might say, too, the mimeograph machine used a very thick black, almost tar-like ink. It came in cans and had to be poured from the cans into a drum of the machine very carefully, because it was so gummy that it was hard to clean up. And if you over-filled the drum, it—well, you spoiled all your work.

Then also, as far as the Rhodes scholars were concerned, I remember that Leslie Bruce had been appointed one year and tragically, died before he was able to accept the scholarship.

Before I quit working for Miss Beckwith, she had developed a stomach ailment. And it was quite a hardship to have the nearest restroom in another building. So through her continued efforts, we finally got a ladies' room in Morrill Hall, but it was off of my little mimeograph room, very inconvenient. Later, of course, it was moved to the basement.

The University, then, in the eyes of (I think) everyone, was a prestige place to work. We didn't expect to get as much salary as we could get for a comparable job downtown because the University was "special." And that was the attitude of the regents, the legislators, almost everyone. Especially I remember my

friends thought working at the University was fine in itself. The whole University was poor. No department had sufficient operating funds. No part of the University could look forward to much growth or improvement; they just seemed to struggle to keep the status quo. But in spite of all that, people stayed on, didn't continually look around for something better or to see if their salary were comparable with other universities. They were at Nevada, that was their roots, and they just simply stayed.

Then also, when I first started working at the University, Katherine Lewers was a member of the art department. And she was a sister to Robert Lewers. She lived on the Lewers ranch at Franktown and drove her own little automobile to and from the campus every day. And I remember how everybody worried about a woman alone, driving that far [laughs]! Any kind of weather. She was considered very brave. Of course, the roads weren't so good and the traffic wasn't nearly so heavy. And she was getting along in years; she retired soon after I went to the University. She had an apple orchard and she would permit those of us who worked at the University to go out and pick our own apples and get a box of apples for oh, practically nothing. It made a nice Saturday afternoon, too.

I mentioned when I first went to work at the University that Louise Sissa was registrar. And I want to say further what a wonderful person she was. She knew every student by name, she knew the status in school, she knew whether they were good or bad students, and many personal things about them. For one thing, the student body was small enough then so that we all could say hello to every student on the campus. Another thing, her main interest in life was the students at the University of Nevada. And of course, the student affairs office was almost part time

then. Dr. R. C. Thompson, along with his philosophy duties, was pinch hitting as dean of men. It amounted mostly to chaperoning and advising.

And so actually, Miss Sissa unofficially took up the slack. It was really Miss Sissa that the students went to when they had financial problems. She could always tell them what scholarships and loan funds were available. And they also went in and talked over their personal problems with her. She didn't really counsel them, but she could give them a little motherly advice. When students returned to the campus, Miss Sissa was the first person they looked up.

Also, I had mentioned that when I went to the University first, J. D. Layman was librarian. And in addition to his returning to the University to work without pay during the war period, following the war, when he died, he bequeathed his property, a house and lot on North Sierra to the University. It wasn't a pretentious house—good location—but it's noteworthy, I think, because that was his all, and indicated his extreme and deep interest in the University. When Neil Humphrey became associated with the University, he had occasion to talk with one of Mr. Layman's sons in Carson (Mr. Layman had two sons), and the conversation got around to the bequest. The son told Neil that the family—the two boys—were very happy to have their father leave the house and lot to the University, but, as the new library was being built and so on, they had hoped that some part of it could be dedicated to the father. Neil talked to me about it because he knew that I had known, personally, Mr. Layman. Neil also thought that it would be appropriate, nice, if something could have been named in honor of Mr. Layman. Together, Neil and I composed a memo, presented it to Dr. Stout, indicating our recommendation. Dr. Stout

forwarded it to Mr. [David] Heron who was then librarian, but by that time just about everything had been named or designated. I still hope sometime in the future, some little thing can be done to honor Mr. Layman.

And I mentioned Miss Beckwith taking care of the commencement activities. I'd like to mention the fact that the academic procession, in those days, was a very, very carefully gotten together procession. Miss Beckwith was very careful not only to group people within the rank, but as to seniority within the rank. She broke that down not only to years but to months. I had to do that, too, for a good many years, when I took care of the academic procession.

I had mentioned Mackay Day, too, but I don't believe I said not only the students wore old clothes and cleaned up the campus, but the faculty joined with them. It was that kind of a group activity.

In those days, too, the Indians from Pyramid Lake would peddle trout to the dining hall. They'd present a tag from the dining hall to the comptroller's office to be paid, and if they had any trout left, we had the privilege of buying it. So, for not much money, we could get a very nice little piece of trout to take home to bake.

Mr. Silas Ross was not on the Board of Regents when I first went to work at the University. But there was Judge Talbot and Frank Williams, and I believe Walter Pratt. As I had mentioned before, I wasn't in on any of the regents meetings, except that I helped Miss Beckwith proofread the minutes and reproduce them. But the Board of Regents, as they came and went, appeared to me like the University in general. They were all middle-aged or past, and that was really the trend of their thinking. The first regent I remember who sort of broke that trend was Paul Sirkegian from Ely. He was not only younger

in years, he was an athletic type, interested in all phases of University activities, not apt to be critically minded. I never understood why he was defeated when he ran for reelection, but he was.

I was especially fond of the two women regents in those days, Eunice Hood and Sophie Williams. They both loved the University, they both stopped to speak to me when they came to regents meetings. And when there was a regents meeting, I worked all day Saturday, or as much of the day as was needed to take care of the front office.

No reporters were at the meetings in those days, and I don't remember that any reporter ever asked to be admitted or ever cared to come. But after the meeting was over, Miss Beckwith would always go to her desk and type out the information that she and the president thought should go in the newspapers and then someone dropped them off at the newspaper offices downtown. Frequently I did, because Miss Beckwith didn't live in that part of town. I can't remember that anyone ever attended a regents meeting unless he were invited in to present information or for a hearing. Mr. Gorman was always at all regents meetings, because Mr. Gorman was responsible, not through the president to the regents, but directly to the Board of Regents. He had asked, he said, to have it that way.

I had previously mentioned Miss Beckwith and Miss Sissa's retirement, of course, but it might be interesting to say how they retired, since retirement was a little bit different then than now. Miss Sissa retired into a retirement home in San Francisco where a person would buy into it for life. The arrangement was if she were to die very quickly, the home would still have that amount of money, and if she lived beyond the time that the money was provided for expenses, they would provide for her. I went to visit her at one time and it was very

comfortable. A little bit institution-like, but she was able to take her own furniture and had a very pleasant room and seemed to be happy with the arrangement. Miss Beckwith was younger in years when she retired, and she retired with some investment money, which was quite fortunate because University retirements were meager—almost nil—at that time. Miss Beckwith first went to live in southern California, then later had an apartment in San Francisco, and then went to Portland, Oregon, to a retirement type hotel, and for quite a few years, divided her time between the Portland hotel home and her apartment in San Francisco. Her eyesight became very bad and then she remained in Portland.

Earlier, I mentioned the biennial report; it carried a list of the gifts received within a two-year period. And then the list was not too long to be included. But when I left the University the gifts received from one regents meeting to another was about the same length as the one in the biennial report when I first started at the University.

Well, having reached the top of my salary limit, Miss Beckwith said that she would recommend me for any opening on the campus that might interest me, which turned out to be secretary to the College of Agriculture. Margaret Regan had held the job for at least two years, and resigned to get married. Miss Beckwith talked to Dean Stewart and it was arranged immediately.

In the College of Agriculture at that time—Dean Robert Stewart was an agronomist; he taught those classes, as well as being an agronomist for the Agricultural Experiment Station. Frederick W. Wilson was head of the animal husbandry department, and the only member of the animal husbandry department. In addition to his classes, he had charge of the University farm, then on

South Virginia. He hired the caretaker and spent a great deal of time—and overtime—out there. Professor V. E. Scott taught dairy husbandry and in addition to that, he was in the Agricultural Extension division heading their dairy department. Clarence Thornton taught the poultry classes on a part-time basis. He had his own poultry farm and used his farm many times for demonstrations and class instruction.

Dr. Edward Records was head of the veterinary department. I might say he had a very dry sense of humor, the type of humor that you had to listen to carefully to see whether it was just fun, or whether it carried a punch. [Laughing] One of his favorite little stories was, when he'd go back east to a meeting of any kind he'd always explain that, of course, he didn't take Mrs. Records because she enjoyed telling her bridge clubs that she had never been beyond the Mississippi River and he didn't know what they would talk about if he took that away from her [laughing]!

Dr. Phillip Lehenbauer, head of the biology department, was a very likable, friendly man.

It does seem that I did work part of the summer in the college of agriculture, because I can very clearly remember that Hatch building coming down the roadway in front of the agricultural building, and school was not in session then.

Also, on the University farm, the stock that they raised and bred were Holsteins, Jersey, Aberdeen Angus cattle, Shropshire and Rambouillet sheep, and the horses were Percheron—regular work horses.

The Aggie Club, of course, wasn't a large club. It seemed to me that it had an outstanding group of young people. Included were Ernest Brooks of the Model Dairy; Lee Burge, who later was with the state department

of agriculture; and Cruz Venstrom, who spent most of his life with the Agricultural Extension Division in California. Then I remember Otto Riel from Winnemucca, who was working his way through college, and that wasn't easy. He had come from a large family and was very active in the club, especially in the rodeos and judging contests..

Dean Stewart was a very fine gentleman, very understanding employer. He was quiet spoken and quiet in manner, but stubborn enough to get his point across, and to get what he wanted. He was Scotch. Professor Wilson was an extremely busy man, and there were times when he could have used a full-time secretary. He was a very energetic type. Professor Scott was a quiet man who tried very hard not to overload the office, not to ask for anything that was inconvenient. Mr. Thornton had very little work; Just class reports and so on. The work was very pleasant.

One of the things that Dean Stewart wanted was for the Aggie Club to be an integral part of the College of Agriculture. He firmly believed that that was a very necessary part of their education. Many of them would go into Extension Division work and the contacts, he felt, were very important. So I was instructed to do their clerical work and make them welcome in the office.

Students could come in and interrupt Dean Stewart almost anytime. Professor Wilson was that way, too, except that he was not always so available, and very busy. Dean Stewart wrote articles for agricultural magazines continually, mostly on agronomy. And he dictated them to me, which was very good shorthand practice. And of course, Dean Stewart knew all the terms in agronomy, so if I got all the rest of the words, we worked out all right.

And Professor Wilson. All the animals at the University farm were registered. During

lambling season or during calving season, Professor Wilson spent a good deal of time at the farm, even some nights. And then the big job was to name the animals and prepare the registry for them. Mr. Wilson always gave me the honor of naming the animals, and we named the offspring in alphabetical order, so it was sort of fun thinking up [laughing] A, B, C, D, and E.

The only conflict in the office, really, was when Dean Stewart was writing an article for publication which had a deadline, and Professor Wilson had animals being born at the farm, which needed immediate registry; frequently then, there was a conflict. Other than that, the office was very smooth and ran very easily. The Aggie Club invited me to all their social events along with the faculty members and their wives.

Then also of course, the home economics department was part of the College of Agriculture. It was Sarah Lewis and Ethel Pope. They had very little work for the office, mostly material to be taken to the duplicating department. Of course, I got their mail; and in those days, each secretary had to go to Morrill Hall to pick up the mail and to mail letters. When the meal serving class needed a guinea pig [laughs], I was always glad to go up and eat with the home economics students.

About that time, they were removing the Hatch building from its former location and the firm that had the contract for moving was Nosier and Company from Sacramento. The occupants of the Hatch building were moved into the college of agriculture for that summer. The veterinary department was down the hall from me and so I again associated with Mary McGee. So we watched that building being moved almost inch by inch, past the college of agriculture and up to its location in the northern part of the campus. It always amazed us that a three-

story brick building could be so moved. And they were very careful.

One of Dean Stewarts interests at that time was southern Nevada. He had been asked to work with the Experiment Station in trying to find some way to make the southern Nevada area more productive. He was working, of course, on soil analysis. But I remember that he continually said that was only the beginning, he Just couldn't see how they were going to get enough water down there.

After one year with the College of Agriculture, I felt that I should get on with a job with more responsibility. I really felt (and I knew) I had been coasting. I hadn't gone to college but I certainly had touched college life. I had enjoyed the jobs, I had enjoyed the social activities, but I thought now is the time to get a job with more responsibility.

I sent in my resignation before school was out, so that they could make plans accordingly. I had in mind that I might go to San Francisco. I had been in touch with a business college that would locate a part time job for students who would go to school part time and payment could be made partly while going to school and partly from your earnings after. I felt with the background I had, perhaps I wouldn't need too much training.

One other thought I had was going into business for myself. And at the time, the Mary Murch dress shop was for sale in the Riverside Hotel building. And I had talked to Mary Murch. I had a relative in town who was in business and who would have coached me. I planned to take the summer and look into those possibilities and other opportunities that might come my way.

When my letter of resignation was received in the president's office, Mr. Gorman was notified for payroll purposes. He came over to talk to me to see what was on my

mind. He told me there would be an opening in his office, simply hadn't been announced yet, and if I thought I was interested to come over and talk to him. I thought about it quite a while and finally went over to talk to him, and we agreed that I would go to work for Mr. Gorman.

We agreed that I would try it until the first of the year. If my work was satisfactory and I was satisfied, my salary would be increased to a hundred and twenty-five dollars. If by that time I was not satisfied or Mr. Gorman was not satisfied, he agreed to help me go into business or locate a better job. So I didn't see how I could lose.

THE COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE

So Lucille Bath Rosenbrock resigned and so I took over her job as cashier and payroll clerk. In addition to that, I wrote all the University checks, did the payroll, wrote requisitions, checked the invoices against the requisitions, sent them out for approval, and balanced the revolving fund. And [I] did Mr. Gorman's secretarial work, which was quite light. Mrs. Freda Metcalf, who was in the office, did the actual bookkeeping. I handled the front office and she the back office.

Mr. Gorman had the work so divided that no one person did any process completely from the beginning to the end. For instance, I took in the checks in the cash register, but it was Mrs. Metcalf who prepared the checks for deposit in the bank. I wrote the checks in payment of bills, but it was Mrs. Metcalf who posted them in the ledger. Mr. Gorman explained that he had purposely set the office up that way because it's easier for one person to catch another person's mistakes. Then, of course, I realized, too, if the office were bigger, that would discourage anyone from doing something irregular.

I had told Mr. Gorman that I had wanted enough responsibility to be sure that I would work into a good job and he took me up on it [laughs]. Very much so. But I was never discouraged, sometimes a little bit overworked. The duty I had that was the most trying, I think, or challenged me the most, was handling registration. The girl who handled the registration window handled it from the beginning to the end of registration.

Mr. Gorman always insisted on opening the mail. He always felt that if he opened the mail, he could pretty well painlessly keep track of everything that was going on in the office. And Mr. Gorman always made it fun to open the mail with him. As he opened the mail, he would tell us little things that happened the evening before in his life, or some little joke that he had heard, or something.

Mr. Gorman always made us keep complete records, such as adding machine tapes, etc. He had been through a bank failure in Eureka, Nevada and as a result of the bank failure, there was court action. This experience taught Mr. Gorman how careful one should be with financial records. He always told us, "You not only have to be right, you have to prove that you were right."

In addition to banking, Mr. Gorman had been a dispatcher with the railroad. He knew the Western Union telegraph code. He'd gone through the chairs in the Masonic lodge. The Masonic lodge to him was practically a religion. And of course in that activity, he and Mr. Ross were very close.

In addition to being a good teacher in the office, Mr. Gorman gave me many points about handling myself in the office. I remember he used to preach that no one should take himself too seriously. I truthfully believe that all the success I had later I can trace back to Mr. Gorman.

Mr. Gorman loved banking, he loved finances. He encouraged his two boys, of course, to go into banking. I remember when Harold was through high school, he had Harold come up to the University and explained the University process of the comptroller's office; and he was very proud when Harold went into banking.

Mr. Gorman was learning as he went along, he wasn't always quite prepared when things were handed to him. He spent many long hours in the evenings reading up various matters. Part of his teaching was to give yourself a chance; "Don't put stumbling blocks in your own way." So while I would have loved to go to college, the lack of it didn't seem quite such a stumbling block.

Then about the legislature. As I had said before, Mr. Gorman was the official representative of the Board of Regents in the legislative sessions. So we prepared all the University material in the comptroller's office for the legislature. And Mr. Gorman lobbied. In those days, the University's operating money came from the ad valorem tax, which was an uncertain source of income. If there were many delinquent taxes, the University didn't get the money on time. Mr. Gorman's method of operation was, as soon as an election was over, to choose two or three people from around the state who had been elected to the assembly or to the senate, who he knew were interested in the University, and whom he knew he could work with, and brief them on what the University was going to ask for, what kind of a presentation we were going to make, and ask their advice. Then he asked them to keep in touch with him so that he could pop over there at the right moment. And they did.

On the night of the "Third House," Mr. Gorman would always take Mrs. Metcalf and me over to Carson, and get us good seats

on the floor with some of the legislators. Following that, we would always go to one of the restaurants in Carson, with others from the legislature (I remember Mr. Maestretti and Mrs. Maestretti, when Mr. Maestretti was the bill drafter), or other people that Mr. Gorman knew. That was sort of a reward for all the overtime we had put in.

And one particular legislative session, I recall. The legislature was considering a tax on insurance policies and the income from that was to go to the support of the University. Of course, the University had to ask for appropriations for special needs, such as buildings and so on, because they couldn't depend on the ad valorem for that. But this particular time, the legislature was holding up action on University finances because if the University were to be the recipient of money from insurance policies, they wanted to deduct that from the appropriations to the University. Time was running very short. So he took Mrs. Metcalf and I over to the legislature. Mr. Gorman stationed me in the assembly with one of the assemblymen, and Mrs. Metcalf in the senate chambers with one of the senators. Mr. Gorman then could retire to a committee room without being obvious. And if anything came up about the University, it was our assignment to quietly slip out and tell Mr. Gorman so that he could appear in the proper room at the proper time. But as I recall, it didn't happen that way at all. The insurance bill was killed and the University bill brought to the floor and went through all right.

In those days we were audited by the state auditor, annually, and we didn't know when the auditor would appear. Every year that I was there, the audit was completed and the report was good. In addition to that, being a land grant college, we had federal funds. And so the federal auditors from Experiment

Station-Extension Division, Washington, D. C. popped in annually.

As far as the David Russell loan fund was concerned, Dr. Clark, I remember, kept all of the records in the safe in the president's office. Any students who wanted loans had to be interviewed by Dr. Clark or Miss Beckwith and if they were approved, they presented the note to the comptroller's office, and the check was delivered. However, it was the comptroller's office that had to collect unpaid notes. Of course, that led to the tragedy of investments in South American bonds, and Dr. Clark, I do recall, had control of investments, expenditures, and so on. So when the bonds fell through and the fund was nearly depleted, the comptroller's office was faced with trying to collect from students who owed money.

At the end of my first registration period, I was exhausted. I might admit I sort of over-extended myself. I was so anxious to do it right. One late afternoon—when I balanced my cash, made my report, and was ready to lock up the cash, my keys were nowhere to be found. We searched the office, and whatever happened, I don't know. But for fear someone had picked them up off the counter, Mr. Gorman had the night watchman stay in all night. That was still Mr. Mullen, who had brought wood and coal in for us when I worked in the mimeograph room. Ordinarily he went from building to building and had a little watchman's clock which he punched at each door and turned in his disks the following morning. But this particular night, he stayed in the comptroller's office. All the keys to the office had to be changed, the lock box, and so on. Even that didn't discourage Mr. Gorman, but I felt pretty low. Never lost any more keys [laughs].

All of us in the comptroller's office—the three of us—were bonded. As long as I made

the payroll in the comptroller's office, there was no payroll deductions whatsoever. One of Mr. Gorman's rules, too, was that no one could pick up a check for anyone else. So no department head could ask his secretary to pick up his check. Mr. Gorman was willing to deposit the check in the bank on written order from the individual concerned, or he would mail a check. But for the protection of the office, no deliveries.

During vacations, the other two just pitched in and filled in the gap; we didn't put on any extra help. So that way, I did learn Mrs. Metcalf's books well enough to pinch hit for her.

And I think, too, Mrs. Metcalf is worthy of a little word of praise. She was a very remarkable woman, with more than her share of life's burdens. She had been married, divorced, and had long ago given up seeking child support, although she had one daughter to raise. And the daughter was afflicted with epilepsy. Her mother had lived with her as long as I could remember her speaking about her, and had helped with the daughter. But as the years went by, Freda's mother became elderly, she had a severe hearing loss, and as the granddaughter became older, it was harder for the grandmother to manage her. Mrs. Metcalf supported the two of them. Many times, [she] had to go home and help care for her daughter. She had the personality to be socially successful had she been free to do it. Then before I left the office, she and Professor Fred Bixby had married. [They] were very happy for a few years, then she died with cancer.

When I was raised from one hundred twenty-five to one hundred thirty-five dollars a month, I was quite elated. My aunt and uncle were visiting at the house at the time, and I told them that I had had a raise up to a hundred and thirty-five dollars. My uncle was a warehouseman for the Southern Pacific

company and he was noticeably disturbed and his remark was, "Well, that's as much as many men are getting and raising a family on." To him it seemed strange that a single woman would be getting an amount in the neighborhood of his salary.

Then, too, we experienced a robbery while I was working in the comptroller's office. The same Mr. Mullen, after he'd come back from his watchman's rounds, was on duty. Someone waited for him and as he entered the comptroller's office, forced his way in, bound Mr. Mullen, forced the safe open, and got away with the University money.

When Mr. Gorman received money for salary increases, his salary increase was always set. Then usually he was given, well, say twenty dollars for increases to the staff, so that it was up to him to divide it as he saw fit. That is a little different than they do now.

We operated on a University revolving fund; they may still, I don't know. The revolving fund was replenished from the state controller's office each month as we submitted claims.

Si Ross, in addition to being a member of the Board of Regents, was also a colleague of Mr. Gorman's in Masonic affairs. He was in the office quite often on both lodge business and University business. Mr. Gorman talked over a great many things with Mr. Ross prior to regents meetings.

Graduate managers came into being when I was in the comptroller's office. The first one I can remember is Frank Hartung, and there was Joe T. McDonnell and Robert Creps. Mr. Gorman always became good friends with the graduate manager, whoever he was, and told him quite a bit about University finances. When we had need for extra help at registration time or at the end of the school year, if the graduate manager were available, he would put him on as student help.

One of the employees of the University, Marie Watkins Grossholz, was there because Mr. Gorman met her in Carson during one of the legislative sessions. She was working as an attache for the legislature. Mr. Gorman needed some typing done immediately and Marie did the typing for him. He was so pleased with her work that he encouraged her to apply to the University and recommended her. She became secretary to Mr. Creel, the head of Agricultural Extension Division, and stayed on at the University until her retirement, which was shortly after I retired.

When I worked in the comptroller's office, the number of employees was increasing even then rather rapidly, and the red tape involved in record keeping was increasing, too. We were beginning to get more inquiries for verification of employment, salary, and that sort of thing. So I went through all of the previous minutes of the Board of Regents and made a card for each person presently on the payroll and each person formerly on the payroll, with their complete employment history. I did that because I sensed the need of it. Not so very long ago, I had occasion to call Henry Hattori for information on my records and he referred to the cards. So I know they're still serving a purpose.

Mr. Gorman had hobbies that engrossed him. He had a printing press at home and enjoyed printing his own Christmas cards. Later when he was able to improve his press, he enjoyed printing wedding announcements and invitations for girls in the office or friends of his. He was also a home movie buff, almost to the worst degree. And he'd spend lots of time splicing and cutting and inserting subtitles, and worked up his own little insignia. He was also interested in photography, enlarging, and so on. In fact, the basement of his house was nothing but a workshop. Yes, too, I remember one of his little quirks was that when any of

the people from the University came to visit him, they were not to talk shop.

And Mr. Gorman had charge of the building and grounds department. When I first went there, Joe Lynch was superintendent. I hadn't worked very long with him when he had high blood pressure and his health was poor and his absences became more frequent. Never did they ask him to resign or put anyone in his place; the members of his staff and Mr. Gorman just pitched in and did his work for him. But of course, we had no sick leave policy then, we had no group insurance. Joe Lynch died and Carl Horn became the next superintendent of buildings and grounds.

Carl, I think, was an unusual man. He was born in Germany, his brother had come to the United States from Germany and for some reason or another, had come to Reno. He sent for Carl to join him, and Carl came. Carl's brother attended college; Carl went to work as a plumber for the University maintenance staff. Carl also played in the University band.

Carl became superintendent of buildings and grounds; in those days, most of the people worked up from the ranks. Carl was always somewhat German, always had a German accent. Carl's brother was refined as far as features were concerned and somewhat polished as far as manner was concerned. Carl was a little bit more rough-hewn. He was more bony structured and more typically German. He had a big heart, was very devoted, very conscientious, very hard working, and very glad to be in America. Mr. Gorman suggested that Carl call together all the members of the buildings and grounds staff periodically (I thing about once a month), and I was to go over and act as secretary, which would help Carl. And Carl loved it.

Carl always opened the meeting a little bit gruffly but each person had a chance to

present his problems, to ask for anything that he might want beyond the regular supply of materials, to suggest ways to improve the building, the work, or the University maintenance staff in general. Carl would tell them of any new developments planned for the University which would affect them or anything the Board of Regents had acted upon.

And so from that then, grew little social functions. They had a Christmas dinner and party in the dining hall when they provided their own entertainment. Then they'd have a spring—either outdoor picnic or sort of get-together in the gym. Mr. Ross, who was very much in favor of this sort of thing, invited them each summer to his home at Lake Tahoe, with their families, provided food and an outdoor picnic for the whole group. From the beginning, Mother and I were included on all these social activities.

Carl had been married three times. His first two wives died, and his third wife outlived him. His third wife (Grace) told me that after Carl retired, each evening, when they would go for a ride, the first place he'd go was up to the University. And she said she'd always say to him, "Now you wrapped that up. Let's take a ride."

Then we had the bank failures. And the first bank failure was the Washoe County Bank. The University didn't have any money in that, but it did create a hardship on the people who did. I know one of my cousins lost a great deal of money in that bank. And then following that were all the Wingfield interests, and of course, the state funds were included in that. I remember there wasn't enough money to meet the payroll but we did get a proportionate amount of our pay, and then later we got it all. We actually lost nothing permanently; it was just postponement.

My father was beginning to fail in health then and was beginning to worry about a

debt that hung over him in the form of a bank loan. The depression hit the East first, so the people in the West had some little warning or they expected that it could spread out here. So he and Mother together paid off our house mortgage just a little before the bank failure.

And of course, during the depression, too, the town was overrun with people from the East who had lost everything and had come west, hoping to find employment. I know especially in small towns, like Winnemucca, a good many of them would get off the train with whole families. The town got overrun; there wasn't enough facilities to feed them or house them. So the railroad officials cooperated with the town officials to load them back onto boxcars; rather, the railroad people would let the town officials know where would be empty boxcars to get them into California. Poor old California.

I remember during the depression, we cut back on everything. As far as the Y was concerned, instead of having our dinner meetings, we settled for just light refreshments. I know that fuel was very, very hard to get.

During the depression, we had WPA work program for adults to keep them busy and give them some income. They did such things as fix up the parks and build an island in the Truckee river [laughs]. Also there were work programs for young men in CCC camps to work in the forest. They had other projects where artists and musicians would teach groups to paint or whatever skill they could present. We did end up at the University with some very lovely paintings from Robert Caples that were a product of that era. I know some people who were in the singing groups, who went around entertaining at club meetings.

My brother worked for the Nevada Tobacco Company at that time, as salesman.

I remember he took a fifteen percent cut in salary which never was restored. But I believe he had been given some time off; no use going out to sell at that time; they couldn't get the supplies in and nobody was buying. My brother was married and living in the little house in our back yard at the time.

Depression-wise, too, I might mention a house on California Avenue. When my brother and I were in high school, that house was owned by parents of one of our friends. I remember going to the house one evening when Joe (the high school boy) was going to use his parents' car to take us to a basketball game at the high school. It was about the biggest house and the biggest garage and the most luxurious home I had any contact with. Well, during the depression that family was in sheep and wool business, like my uncle. And that was one of the first industries to be hit, and hit hard. They owed money to the bank, they lost the house, and the bank had trouble finding anyone to take it over. I know one businessman in Reno to whom the house was offered for \$15,000. And he remarked, "Where on earth would I get \$15,000?" The man to whom it had been offered explained later, with inflation, \$15,000 would have been easy to get, but he couldn't see that far ahead. Not long ago, I talked to the young high school boy (now a man), and he said that that house was a \$60,000 home when his folks built it. That was just a sample.

Dr. Clark's health was beginning to fail. I wouldn't say for sure, but apparently there was no vice president, because there seemed to be no one in line to step into the job. R. C. Thompson had his office upstairs in Morrill Hall, and more frequently than not, he was called in to meet appointments and to carry on part of the work. I know Mr. Gorman did his share. And Miss Beckwith was a good executive, too.

And then, oh, yes—I might say, too (a little back up, perhaps), Elsa Sameth was on some committee which was supposed to mobilize the campus for civil defense in case of an emergency. And there was some little scare; a fear that San Francisco might be bombed, that the people from the coast might be refugees. I took a first aid course under Miss Sameth. Never had to use first aid, but I never forgot how to tie knots that would hold [laughing]! Each of us had responsibilities assigned to us in case of an emergency. I remember I was to go to Manzanita Hall to help try to prevent a panic. Miss Sameth also coached us on that. But none of that training was necessary.

And of course, during the war, there was rationing. Rationing, I remember sugar was rationed, and gasoline. Agnes Schmidt Heidtman lived in our neighborhood and we shared our car, each taking a turn weekly. I remember there were stamps for shoes. Some who didn't need that many shoes passed our tickets or coupons on to families in the neighborhood who had children. Also paper goods were very scarce. And the explanation was that they took up so much shipping room that they weren't transported. The stores would save their facial tissues and paper napkins and such for regular customers.

War bonds, I think in those days, were called Liberty bonds, too. I remember, as far as fuel was concerned, we had to get slab wood, which is a fuel my father wouldn't buy otherwise. Even then we had to get it in small amounts; we never could stock up for the winter during that period, as we had been used to before.

In the comptroller's office, too, we had had to put on extra help while I was there. The first person we hired was Mrs. Adelaide Steiner. She was working half time for the state Hygienic Laboratory and so we put her on half time in the comptroller's office. Mrs. Steiner was an

old-time Nevada resident. She was born on the Potts ranch in Monitor Valley near Austin. She was married at eighteen, and her husband, after a few months of marriage, developed pneumonia. In Austin, there were very few medical facilities and no hospital. The doctor had advised her to take him to Winnemucca; he died on the way, on the train. So she went to San Francisco and worked for many years for an insurance company and then returned to Sparks where her family had moved.

Then later, the work increased and we hired Esther Romano, who later was Mrs. Mike Galli. She had gone to school at the University for a couple of years, her mother owned a bakery in Reno—the Dainty Cake Shop—and Esther had had some experience working the cash register for her mother, and had had some experience meeting people. Esther didn't want to go back to school. She came into the office to see if we needed help, and we put her on for extra help during registration. She was exceptionally good, both because she had natural ability and because she'd had experience in business. So since she didn't want to go back to school at all and she liked the job and we really needed someone full time, she quit school and went to work for us. By the time I was ready to leave, she was ready to step in.

I'd mentioned that Mother and I were included in the buildings and grounds social activities but I'd like to say, too, we were included even after I quit the comptroller's office; as long as Carl Horn was head of the buildings and grounds, we were a part of it.

As far as the depression was concerned, in addition to what I had mentioned, we had students in the office on a part time basis, either paid entirely on government funds or matching funds. We were to find work which would permit them to continue their college education—filing, and that sort of thing. And

help was rather short, then, too. And then, of course, during the war there was quite an exodus of workers from this area to southern California where the airplane factories and war plants were. I know several people who left the University community because the jobs down there paid well. And then, of course, after the war, we had the GI Bill. Even before the war was over, students began returning and attending and so the Student Affairs office had to put on an extra person to handle that work. And then, of course, there was the first influx of married students. That meant married student housing. The houses were surplus property from the government.

(And let's see. I mentioned that my father had retired. About six years after he retired, he broke his hip and had a long siege, but was able to walk with a cane after that. About that time, Mrs. Magee was again involved in a lawsuit over water. She had asked him to testify as to water conditions when he was on the ranch and later, following that, had offered him a post back on the ranch, but his health wasn't good enough at that time.)

Suddenly [Dr. Clark's] periods of absence were more frequent, so that someone was put in the office temporarily who didn't always know the procedure. Mr. Gorman was hard pressed to get proper signatures for payrolls and to be able to consult with the president.

And then, of course, we had the investigations from the legislature, which, it seemed to me, had been brewing ever since Dr. Clark and his salary problem occurred. It seemed that the legislature was a little bit distrustful of the University and the use of the funds that were appropriated. There was always just a little bit of pricking, a little bit of digging, until finally they opened a widespread investigation and we had people in the comptroller's office looking over books and interviewing people—Mr. Gorman and

other people—almost to the point of calling them on the carpet, challenging them to prove that they had been good administrators, or even that they had not done something foolish or even wrong.

Miss Beckwith had always said she Wasn't going to work beyond Dr. Clark's term of office, because she had been through one change in administration and they were very difficult. So I had been forewarned.

Mr. Gorman was beginning to get near retirement age, and like all the other departments, there was no one to understudy Mr. Gorman. He had no assistant to work closely enough with him to have taken over. The regents were beginning to urge that a man be appointed in the comptroller's office who had a degree in accounting to understudy Mr. Gorman. Mrs. Metcalf had become married and so it didn't make much difference to her, although she continued to work.

I began to look at my situation then. I felt that if they brought a man in to understudy Mr. Gorman, that there wasn't much chance for my advancement. I was perfectly satisfied with my job, but still didn't want to become stymied. I talked to Mr. Gorman. I don't know that he shared my concern, but he appreciated my feelings. So I offered to go to summer school and take accounting as my vacation, and he agreed, enthusiastically. So I took freshman accounting during the summer and counted [it as] my vacation. And we had a fun class, actually. There were quite a few young men in the class, because they were trying to get as much education in as possible because of the war situation. Clark Guild, Jr. was one of the men in the class. We became very good friends and still are.

The arrangement did not work a hardship on the office because in the summer, the comptroller's office wasn't too busy. In fact, it worked out so well that in the fall, I was

anxious to go on with accounting and Mr. Gorman agreed to work it out with me. Freshman accounting was mostly labs, but second year accounting was theory and more classwork. Three days a week, when I did go to class, I agreed to work overtime so that my work was always caught up. But frankly, it was a hardship on everybody. The time that I was away from the office seemed to be when I was needed most. And it was hard to work enough overtime to keep the work up and then go home and study. Before I started the second semester's work, I consulted Mr. Gorman, but he was very interested in having me continue. The state controller's office and the auditors were now beginning to ask for reports because the state was growing and more reports were being requested by the government, with more breakdowns and details, which involved more control accounts. Mr. Gorman was interested in my taking accounting, thinking I perhaps might bring back an idea or two to the office. So we started the second semester. Then the job opened in the president's office.

Gerry Hardman, the daughter of George Hardman, had been secretary, Miss Beckwith had recommended her, and she was a very competent secretary. I knew that her shorthand and typing were very good. She was a vigorous, healthy young woman who was active in Civil Air Patrol, very active in the various war activities for civilians. I don't remember the reason for her resignation, but believe she was to be married. Dr. Hartman, by that time, was beginning to feel the effects of high blood pressure and felt it was a hardship for him to train a secretary. He approached me and asked me if I would be interested. Frankly, at first, I wasn't. I was very comfortable with finances, I liked handling money, I had spent quite a bit of time taking background accounting, and I had Mr. Gorman's assurances that I had a future in

the field and frankly I—about the last thing in the world I wanted right then was to change directions. So I gave it a great deal of thought.

Then to backtrack a little bit on Dr. Hartman's appointment. I wasn't in the president's office at that time, but since Mr. Ross was in and Out of our office a great deal and Mr. Gorman was really informed about everything that went on in administration, I knew that the regents had had quite a decision to make, following Dr. Clark's death. It was a period in university life all over the country when there couldn't be much academic growth. With the war and depression, education was temporarily sort of stymied. It was very hard to get good people because the government was paying more money than most universities could pay. And the decision had been to promote someone from within the University as acting president, to tide them over and to give the regents a chance to scout around.

As I recall it, Dr. Hartman was selected by a process of elimination. The regents looked over the list of faculty, starting with the deans, and went down the list in order of seniority. I recall they thought Dean Thompson was too close to retirement age, and perhaps the next man had made enemies on the campus, and perhaps the next man had not been a strong enough personality, and so until they came to Dr. Hartman. There seemed to be nothing wrong. He had always attended to his own business, he had never become unpopular by dabbling beyond his department. He was well respected. Character-wise, he had no blemishes. He had enough years to give so that they felt his mind was still active and adaptable. And they settled on Dr. Hartman. Dr. Hartman could have wanted nothing less than to have to leave the physics department, which he loved. He was a scientist by nature and training. The comment I heard most

often about Dr. Hartman was that he was trying to make outstanding students out of even mediocre material. He had produced Dr. Lloyd Smith, and that had so thrilled him, he kept trying to find another Lloyd Smith. But that's where his heart was.

Dr. Hartman was a very conscientious man, a religious man, a good church member, but more than that, he lived his religion. And he accepted the presidency because to him that was a call for further service, a duty that he felt he had to accept. I know from working with Dr. Hartman, that his heart was always back in the physics department. He didn't feel he was a good administrator, he had never wanted to be an administrator. He felt that he was just in the wrong niche, and he suffered. He suffered a great deal from the feeling that he was not successful enough, which was very hard after he had been an outstanding success in the physics department. I'm sure that helped bring on his high blood pressure.

While I was working in the comptroller's office, my personal life underwent some little change. For one thing, my father retired. He'd had surgery for a hernia and should not have gone back to work for the fire department, but he was at the age where there was really nothing else available to him. There was no compulsory retirement age in the fire department at that time. When he retired in 1932, it was at seventy-five dollars a month, half of his regular pay. And of course, there was no group insurance then, so he had no health insurance, accident insurance, no life insurance.

During the time I worked for Mr. Gorman, I made two trips to Canada. One, I toured British Columbia, and then later, I toured Banff and Lake Louise. I also took a boat trip to the Hawaiian Islands with Juanita Lovelock, later Mrs. Ronald Holmes. Forest (her brother) and Edith Lovelock drove us in their

car to San Francisco and saw us off on the boat. When we were in the Hawaiian Islands, Hazel Zimmerman from the Agricultural Extension of the University of Nevada and Eda Carlsen, also from the Agricultural Extension Division of the University, were in the Hawaiian Islands. Miss Zimmerman was on a leave of absence, filling in in the Extension Division there, and she took us on her Extension tour so we met many native families and saw quite a bit of the islands that tours don't include. Eda Carlsen was taking advanced work at the University of Hawaii, and serving in the dormitory as assistant matron there.

Mother and I toured southern California quite extensively and went a ways into Mexico, Tijuana, on a bus tour. The tour started from San Francisco and one of our stops was in San Diego, and at Lindbergh airfield, where we were shown around and also shown the latest developments in airplanes. In demonstrating one of the planes, the pilot got in and started the propeller. There was a young boy on the tour traveling with his mother, and the boy apparently didn't see the propellers whirling around and walked into it. So of course, that killed him instantly. That caused quite a bit of delay because he and his mother were Australian citizens traveling in the United States. So of course, in addition to investigating the death, they had to wait until the foreign office was notified.

Then in Tijuana, one of the men in the group was over-zealous with his camera, was taking pictures everywhere. The Mexican police thought he was especially selecting soldiers and policemen who were on the street. He wasn't at all, but they accused him of [it] and took him to jail. So the bus driver had to get him out of jail. The Mexicans confiscated his film. They did examine the camera and gave it back, but he lost all the

films that were in the camera. I'm sure the bus driver was glad to get us all back to San Francisco.

During one summer, I accompanied my cousins on a trip through the South. My cousin-in-law was a delegate to the Lions convention in New Orleans and he took his wife and two daughters and I accompanied them. We drove through Arizona, Texas, and into New Orleans where we stayed for a week and had a very wonderful time, because of course, we got in on the social activities and tours planned for the Lions convention. My cousin-in-law was from Mississippi and we visited his folks, so I got to see many southern homes and meet many southern people. We went on then through Alabama and into Tallahassee, Florida, and then back up to Oxford, Mississippi, where we again visited his relatives. By then I needed to get back to the office, so I took the bus from Oxford, Mississippi, back through St. Louis, Denver, and on home.

Also while I worked for Mr. Gorman, I had major surgery. And immediately following that, before I got back to work, I had an attack of sinus which the doctor traced to a dental condition. All together I was out for two months. Esther Romano kept in touch with me, but she produced the payroll, and did it well. When I did get back to work I asked Mr. Gorman if my vacation period could cover part of my absence due to my illness, because there were no sick leave policies then. Mr. Gorman presented the matter to the regents with his recommendation, and came back with the news that I could have the two months with full pay and my vacation in addition. So I felt very well treated.

During that time, the Business and Professional Women were organizing in Reno and they took over the Business Girls Club of the YWCA. I didn't follow through because at

that time I was too busy. But also about that time, I joined another group of women, eight of us who knew each other very well, decided that it would be fun to meet twice a month, at each one's house. We took turns giving a book review at the beginning of the meeting and then we played cards, either bridge or five hundred, and ended with refreshments. We decided that eight was the maximum we would ever have in the group, and we kept it to that. We met for about seven years. No one ever resigned from the group except when she moved away from Reno. When replacements were necessary, it had to be by unanimous agreement. So we made lifelong friends; it was a very enjoyable group.

And then let's see. I was offered the job in Dr. Hartman's office. I remember Mr. Gorman saying that if I felt that was an advancement, go ahead and take it. But I felt sure that to him it was not. However, it was the top job on the campus, it had been offered to me, and I would have been foolish not to have tried it.

PRESIDENT HARTMAN AND ACTING PRESIDENT GORMAN

Dr. Hartman recalled that I had discussed with him the fact that I wasn't sure that I would remain in the comptroller's office, so he felt free to approach me. My first inclination was no, I certainly didn't want to change directions. I felt that I had invested quite a little bit in financial work; it had always been one of my aptitudes. Mr. Gorman had dictated to me for about the first two years I worked for him. After that he didn't dictate, because I knew the substance of the letters so he merely indicated what to include and I wrote the letters; he signed them. So my shorthand had not been used. I thought about it a long time; in fact, I thought about it a little too long, because Dr. Hartman asked Mr.

Gorman to talk to me to try to find out what I might do. He was getting anxious to settle his problems. I remember Mr. Gorman telling me that Dr. Hartman had said he didn't even take that long to decide to be president of the University [laughing]! So I talked it all over with Mr. Gorman. He, too, wanted to know.

I then talked to Dr. Hartman. I told him how I felt. I told him about my shorthand, I told him how much I liked finances, and how happy I had been with Mr. Gorman, and that the only thing that made me apprehensive was the future. I thought he might tell me to go back and keep my job. But he didn't. He said that one reason he had asked me to come into the office was because we already knew each other and knew that we could work together. As far as shorthand was concerned, he was willing to be patient until my skills returned. I don't know why I said yes, I did [laughing] anyway, and still wasn't terribly happy. So that was it. Mr. Gorman arranged for me to make the change very quickly.

Mr. Gorman and Dr. Hartman worked very closely together; they liked one another. Dr. Hartman leaned on Mr. Gorman for information about the land grant portion of the University of Nevada, and dealings with the legislature, and with state officials. So I again had a chance to work with Mr. Gorman, and in many respects in a more personal way. Gerry Hardman had already left the presidents office when I took over, and it was agreed between Dr. Hartman and Mr. Gorman that I was to be available for consultation in the comptroller's office during the transition period.

With shorthand staring me in the face, I did have trouble. It would have been possible to go back to business college and take a refresher course. But in the years between the time I had learned shorthand and the present, shorthand teaching had undergone certain

changes. Instead of shortened forms, they were teaching shorthand students to write everything out more completely with the idea that it didn't take much more time to write and was easier to read back. And one more thing: the stenotype machine had come into being and was being taught for court reporting so that the expert shorthand wasn't so necessary. They were teaching special courses in shorthand for legal stenographers, medical stenographers, and other fields, but nothing for educational stenographers. I was afraid that if I had to unlearn something, I would only be more confused than ever. So I decided to do it on my own, and I did. Actually what I did was just live with shorthand. got out my shorthand dictionary and my textbook and concentrated. If I listened to a speech over the radio, I tried to visualize it in shorthand and I carried the book every place I went. And shorthand came back [laughing].

Then also, in the meantime, the catalog had been removed from the president's office, and also the alumni directory. I was fortunate in having a young girl in the duplicating room who had worked under Gerry Hardman, and who knew her job, Katie Little. She worked half time (in fact, that was all she needed then) and was earning her way through college. She lived at the Pi Beta Phi house, was president of the sorority, a very popular young girl. Because that was wartime and all social activities were sort of abnormal, I almost became a Pi Phi. I was invited to all the teas [laughing], special occasions, and that way we became very good friends. Now, her name is Mrs. Richard Kolodziejski.

Gene Mastroianni was graduate manager at that time and I got well acquainted with him. He was a fine young man.

When Mr. Ross was chairman of the Board of Regents, he came up frequently just to see how everything was getting along, and

always was willing to offer advice or to counsel in any way that he could.

At that time, there was less academic work going on on campus than usual. We were training military students, offering short courses to groups of military units. Sometimes they used our own faculty members for instructors and sometimes the military people were used. They used our facilities; the men were housed in Lincoln Hall. Of course, that made many boys available for dances and other social events. Periodically there were contracts to be negotiated between the University and the military. Mr. Gorman would give me the information I needed for facilities and financial matters, and Frederick Wood, who was coordinator, would take care of the personnel portion.

As each group would complete its course, the military men would give a little dinner party for the faculty and administration who had been involved in the programs, and also the students. More often than not, they would have their dinner party in a restaurant in back of a bar. It seemed to go against Dr. Hartman's conscience, to pass a bar. And I don't believe he drank liquor at all (my understanding) and he didn't believe that it was a good thing to expose these young men to that kind of an atmosphere. Mr. Gorman went along and really formed the liaison between Dr. Hartman and military in the social functions. And that led to a little bit of criticism, especially on part of one woman faculty member; I remember she thought it was rather unbecoming for the comptroller of the University to sit at the bar with some of the younger men.

As far as the faculty attitude toward Dr. Hartman was concerned, I didn't detect anything very much pro or con. There were feelings among some of the faculty wondering why Dr. Hartman had been chosen to be acting

president. And Dr. Hartman wondered, too. The faculty, especially those [in] the scientific areas, were so involved in the military, they weren't bothering very much about president's office or the academic area.

I attended a very delightful party at the Hartman home. They lived on the campus, of course. There were mostly young faculty members there. It was a dinner and then just visiting. Mrs. Hartman moved as a hostess should among her guests to see that everyone had a chance to talk with someone, that no group remained too long as a small group, and that each person was comfortable and happy.

I remember, too, while working for Dr. Hartman, there was the cornerstone laying ceremony for the Mackay Science Hall. I remember that Clarence Mackey was on the campus and some of his family—whom I don't recall—but I remember meeting him, and he was very affable and very friendly. We wanted the academic procession to be perfect that year, and I remember Dr. Hartman coming out on the lawn with me and my notebook and we went over together exactly, in detail, exactly how everything was going to be. That was the way he worked.

In the days when Dr. Hartman was president, it was a policy of the Board of Regents to have a portrait of every president as he went out of office. Those portraits were hung in the library, in the study room. Well, of course, when Dr. Hartman died suddenly, they had to improvise. Mr. Hans Meyer-Kassel, who was a very close friend of the Hartmans, was hired to produce a portrait. He looked over the members of the faculty, and found that Dr. B. F. Chappelle was the nearest in build, as far as shoulder structure, to Dr. Hartman. So Dr. Chappelle posed in Dr. Hartman's presidential chair, and Mr. Meyer-Kassel used his memory and photographs of Dr. Hartman to produce the portrait.

That was my first acquaintance with the Meyer-Kassels. Mrs. [Maria] Meyer-Kassel came along frequently. They were wonderful and interesting German people.

Then as I recall, Maxwell Adams was vice president just prior to his retirement. In the absence of Dr. Hartman, he was available for consultation or to sign documents. His secretary was Maizie Ryan [Quilici], the daughter of Colonel J. P. Ryan, who was then professor of military science and tactics.

As I have mentioned, the president's office at one time issued the catalog. When Miss Beckwith left, that was taken out of the president's office. But during one of the war periods when we were hard pressed for personnel, Mr. Gorman asked me if I would be willing to take care of the catalog and I agreed. The state printer had asked that no changes be made that weren't absolutely necessary. He had kept the type from the previous year and he was also short of help, as with everything. With the help of Dr. [Charlton] Laird I got the catalog out. Dr. Laird, in addition to being an English professor, had also had experience in journalism. And with what Miss Beckwith had given me as background and what he had taught me, I pulled through.

While in the president's office as an assistant, I remembered Miss Beckwith's frustrations with the letter files, because they had grown sort of like Topsy, from a very small beginning with just a few folders to getting completely out of hand because there was never time for a revision. The card index file was a topical card file, but the folders were numbered. When I returned to the president's office, I rearranged the folders so that like topics would be near together and then made a second card file, numerical, to show the contents of each folder. That didn't solve the problem entirely but it helped.

Dr. Hartman's health was not so bad that he was absent a great deal, or that he suffered a great deal, but it was bad enough so that obviously, his job was made harder because of it. He worked long hours because he was a very meticulous worker. He checked almost everything. If he wanted to quote something in a letter, he usually ended up by checking his quote, not quite trusting his memory. He felt unsure of himself. And I don't think that was like him, but that he was just beginning to slip physically.

I was glad to work with him. As a matter of fact, after I left the comptroller's office, actually made the break and went into the president's office, I felt as though I were back home. Everything seemed all right. continued to associate with Mr. Gorman in a very fine way. I had my own office, my own responsibility, I had always been fond of Dr. Hartman, we got along very well. I was glad of the background that I had in the comptroller's office and in the college of Agriculture. It just seemed as though the pieces all fit together and that's the way it was supposed to be. After I'd been in there a very short while, Dr. Hartman told me he was satisfied. I was, too. So we relaxed and worked together.

Dr. Hartman and his family, of course, went away on vacation during the summer, usually towards the end of the summer. Dr. Hartman was stricken and died very suddenly in the hospital in Palo Alto the first summer I worked for him. That was, of course, a terrific shock to the campus, and a very bad time of the year for the regents to face a change in administration. Because of the war situation and the help situation, it seemed nearly impossible to promote anyone within the faculty for the time being. It was also difficult to bring someone in from off the campus right then. Mr. Gorman had gone to the regents, not in my presence, but he told

me he had offered his services in any way that they could be used. Mr. Ross called a special, hurried meeting; and in the meeting, it passed unanimously that Mr. Gorman would be named acting president and at the same time retain his position as comptroller. Mr. Gorman had told me before the meeting that this was going to be the action. So I wasn't surprised. That was a heavy year. I get tired even thinking about it!

And on the board at that time, I remember especially Johnny Cahlan and Mary Henningsen. Mary Henningsen, what a wonderful woman and what a wonderful regent!

Mr. Gorman used to make very long reports to the Board of Regents then to keep them informed. And of course, because Mr. Gorman's area was finances and buildings and grounds, a good part of his report was about those topics. Mrs. Henningsen confided to me that they were sometimes rather boring to her. One of Mr. Gorman's problems was that Joe Lynch had died without leaving a careful record of where the underground pipes and conduits were on the campus, so that when the pipe had to be replaced or when the heating plant had to be enlarged, it was very difficult to locate the pipes. And Carl Horn had no idea, either.

Mr. Gorman had a committee of deans to advise him on academic matters; he realized that he needed help in that area. And so we had quite a few conferences and meetings in the office.

Miss Batjer (I believe it was Naomi) was president of the student body that year, and it was very unusual for a woman to be student body president, especially in that day and age. That just shows how short of men the campus was. Mr. Gorman called her into the office, became acquainted with her, offered her his support, and encouraged her to keep in touch

with him regarding student matters. He tried always to get the student viewpoint on all that he did. And they got along very well.

Mr. Gorman was not to live in the president's house. They offered that to the Hartman family for as long as they needed it during the year to make other living arrangements and dispose of what they wanted to, and so on. Also, Mr. Gorman did not have an entertainment allowance. He didn't need it since there really was no entertaining at that time. Most of the entertaining was by the military.

As part of the war effort when Mr. Gorman was acting president, the farm situation had become very critical, especially in southern Nevada. Governor [E. P.] Carville was then in office and he had received from the Department of Agriculture, in Washington, D. C., a request that had been sent out to all of the governors of farm states, suggesting that the Agricultural Extension Division take care of Mexican nationals who were to be brought in to relieve the farm labor situation. They would have to be carefully supervised. The government was to provide temporary housing in the form of quickly constructed surplus units. And it was the proposal that Agricultural Extension Division, through its agents, could handle the program.

Well, the governor got in touch with the University immediately and Mr. Gorman called a meeting of the Dean of Agriculture, the head of the Agricultural Extension Division, and I believe Mr. Ross was there to represent the regents, and also the governor was there, to decide what to do. The decision was that, as far as Nevada was concerned, it was impossible. They felt that the people in Washington, D. C. couldn't know that Nevada was a large state, that the distance between the University in Reno and the farm areas in southern Nevada were so far apart,

and of course, at that time, there was only an Agricultural Extension agent and his staff in Las Vegas, a very small unit. Still, they didn't want the government to feel that Nevada was in any way unpatriotic. So a good bit of time was spent on drafting the telegram. But the decision was that, as far as Nevada was concerned, we didn't have the staff, that the state of Nevada didn't lend itself to that possibility, and so the University of Nevada didn't participate.

Oh, Mr. Gorman did work very hard. At times was unsure of himself, but he never hesitated to consult the deans or Mr. Ross about anything. And the faculty was very cooperative. Mr. Gorman had felt very successful; actually, he was pleased with the way things were turning out. He was so pleased, in fact, that he thought if he could just serve one more year, he could do a great deal for the University. The year following would have been the legislative year. He felt that if he could go to the legislature as comptroller and acting president, he would have quite a bit of influence. He thought he understood what the legislature wanted and felt with his experience and with that kind of backing from the regents, he could do something outstanding for the University. So he really wanted to stay on one more year.

The faculty liked Mr. Gorman personally and were willing to go along with the arrangement for one year, but actually, they didn't want to face another year with a man at the helm who had no college degree and who was not actually an academic person. As I viewed it, it wasn't that they were opposing Mr. Gorman as a person; they were opposing the setup. Mr. Gorman didn't know this, I'm sure. So he went on building his hopes and his expectations, thinking that it was very probable that he would be reappointed for another year. But the faculty had petitioned

the regents to remove Mr. Gorman and provide them with another president. I know this was very hard for Mr. Ross. It was hard for all the regents. They appreciated what Mr. Gorman had done and they realized that he had given of himself very freely. Whether they would have kept him on another year, I don't know. But it was a very difficult situation. Mr. Gorman was very disappointed when he was told that they appreciated what he had done, but some other arrangement would be made for the coming year.

The search for a president was done off campus, in Mr. Ross's office. Mr. Ross with his clerical staff gathered in applicants, contacting various sources. I don't know how many people applied, I don't know how many applications they sought, but Mr. Ross was strong in his recommendations for Dr. John O. Moseley. This was done in meetings off campus in Mr. Ross's office, informal meetings, no minutes taken. They went over the applications together there, to come to an agreement.

Well, Mr. Ross and Dr. Moseley had been very active in the SAE alumni association. Mr. Ross felt that Dr. Moseley was by far the best man that could be secured for the president. I am sure that some regents felt that there was a personal attachment there, and that Mr. Ross's recommendation was perhaps a little strong for the chairman of the Board of Regents. The commencement meeting of the regents passed, which would have been the normal time to vote on a successor to Mr. Gorman. No vote was taken. But shortly after that, Dr. Moseley wrote to Mr. Ross and said that he must have an answer because he couldn't resign from his position much later.

Mr. Ross called a special meeting of the Board of Regents for the purpose of selecting a president, but there was no quorum, and that was quite a dilemma. He really must have an

answer for Dr. Moseley, but didn't have in his presence enough members to vote. So he had me call the absent regents, talked to them, and polled them by telephone. And by that method, he got an unanimous vote.

On the part of some of the faculty, I know there existed the feeling that their deans had a little bit too much power in this setup. There was no way to go past their deans to the administration. Their deans were really the administration. But there was, as far as I can determine, no open antagonism; it was an undercurrent. And, of course, Mr. Gorman had his supporters. Then, too, Ripley's column was quite prominent then and I remember Ripley had an article that Mr. Gorman was the only [university] president in the United States who never attended college for even a day.

Well, it was a bitter disappointment for Mr. Gorman. Mr. Gorman had always advised us not to take ourselves too seriously and I just wondered if this particular time, he didn't. Mr. Gorman's health started going down right then. It was really more than he could take.

PRESIDENT MOSELEY

So Dr. Moseley was selected as president. This upset Mr. Gorman because he felt that should someone challenge the procedure, it would look very bad for the Board of Regents. As a matter of fact, it wasn't against any law or against any by-laws; the situation wasn't covered in anything official, but in Mr. Gorman's opinion, it was a little bit shaky. Whether or not it was true, the whole procedure had the appearance of regents feeling that they were merely being called together to approve a recommendation rather than to have a choice in the selection. And Dr. Moseley accepted, of course.

Dr. Moseley's troubles started [laughing], actually before he ever arrived on campus.

And I do believe he knew it. Mr. Gorman had noted that Dr. Moseley had never served in a land grant college, had never attended school in a land grant college, and supposed that there had been no way for Dr. Moseley to become familiar with land grant procedure. So he felt that he should be ready to counsel with Dr. Moseley on land grant matters, to inform him, and keep him up to date. During the summer, I think about in July, a request was received from the land grant office in Washington, D. C.—received by Mr. Gorman—asking for a decision from the University which required the president's approval. Mr. Gorman wrote to Dr. Moseley, forwarded the copy of the letter and offered to be of service in researching the matter and making recommendations to Dr. Moseley. Dr. Moseley wrote back and said, "Thank you, but I will work it out with my dean of agriculture." Mr. Gorman was disappointed.

Then also, Dr. Moseley was distinctly a southern gentleman. Mr. Gorman was just as distinctly western, casual, frank, open, given to kidding a little bit. Dr. Moseley was a son of the manse, father and grandfather were Presbyterian ministers. He was a handsome man, very well dressed, well groomed always, and he came to the campus feeling that he had a great deal to offer. And actually, I think Mr. Gorman felt that the campus didn't need all that. Perhaps there was a bit of incompatibility between the two men that would have been difficult for either or both of them to overcome. So from the very beginning, there was a little coolness, and this was noticed by the faculty immediately. It was noticed by the regents.

The regents had asked Dr. Moseley to give up his position in the alumni organization of SAE. He had agreed to do it and he honestly wanted to comply. But he wanted a little time to make the transition gradually, so that the

fraternity wouldn't suffer, and the regents had granted him that. But as time went on and he realized that he was going to have problems at the University of Nevada, he felt that he couldn't give up his SAE connection entirely. He tapered it down but he actually did [not] quite give it up.

I have mentioned Dr. Moseley's appointment and Mr. Gorman's hurt and unhappiness. Dr. Moseley was the first president (or acting president) I was to serve whom I hadn't previously known. But he was very easy to get acquainted with. I had it in my mind that the first thing I must do was talk over with him my functions in the office, how executive he wanted me to be, what duties he wanted to retain for himself, so that I wouldn't overstep. But that was the first thing he talked about; he had run an office before. He knew exactly what he wanted, exactly the office setup he wanted. He wanted me to be very executive, to attend some of his lectures, and to sit in on some meetings so that I would know his phraseology, his policy, his approaches, to be able to write letters without dictation. He even wanted me to practice his signature so that I could produce a reasonable facsimile, since he objected to the practice of a signature with a stenographer's initials. He preferred, when he was out of the office, that I handle everything as best I could, keeping in touch with him, rather than to call in outside advice. So my executive wings sprouted [laughing].

Dr. Moseley immediately wanted more office staff. He wanted a full time stenographer so that I could be free to leave the office or to work more closely with him. Dr. Moseley stepped up his letter writing, his entertainment, almost everything. I remember that one of his frequent sayings was that in order to progress, the first thing you had to do was overcome human inertia. And he had overcome it [laughs]!

He had a very definite routine in the office. He wanted a stenographer there quite early in the morning. In fact, she came in about a quarter to eight, and left fifteen minutes earlier in the afternoon. He came in usually about six or six-thirty, stacked his work in order of importance, and when the stenographer came in, he started dictating to her. Later, I went in with the day's mail and received my instructions for the day. Then he went home, had breakfast, and came back about ten o'clock and started his appointments. He tried to end his appointments about eleven-thirty or quarter to twelve so that he could sign any letters that were "rush" or that were ready. He belonged to the Rotary Club and always attended the luncheons. At two o'clock he started his appointments for the afternoon. He didn't require much overtime, unless there were meetings of some kind to prepare for.

As I said, his letters just grew and grew. He wrote to everyone that he left behind in Tennessee. There were eight rooms in the president's house on the campus that could be used as bedrooms, and he included that in his letters, not realizing that nearly everyone who goes to the Pacific Coast goes through Reno. So for the first summer, he practically ran a rooming house.

He was very careful to congratulate anyone for honors or something well done. I wrote many letters and placed them on his desk to sign, but very often he signed without looking at them. And if he wasn't there, I signed them. In one letter I noted that the man was from a neighboring land grant college and knew that they would be seeing each other at a land grant meeting, so in the letter of congratulations I mentioned that, "perhaps we will have an opportunity to meet at one of the land grant meetings." Dr. Moseley came back from the meeting and said one man came rushing up to him and said,

"Oh, I so enjoyed your letter" [laughing], "so glad to get acquainted with you." He said he began to wonder what he had said.

When he moved to Reno, it was obvious that he was a pack rat. He brought enough printed materials, clippings, pictures, and so on, to fill every shelf, nook, and corner in the president's office. He had bound copies of sermons from his father and grandfather and other ministers whom he admired. He had clippings about his immediate family, and his ancestors as far back as he could find them.

He took care of his own file for speeches, and he had a great deal of material. He had been a professional lecturer and had lectured on the Chautauqua circuit. He could talk on subjects such as Grecian art, ancient philosophy, and biblical history, and things like that. And he had a wealth of notes and background material.

He frequently would have me listen to his speech to detect any words that were hard to understand. He didn't lisp, but there were certain words that he didn't pronounce as clearly as others, and he wanted me to pick out those words, so when he delivered his speech, it really was his masterpiece. In addition to that, he had another run-through for the press. He felt that for delivery, his sentences needed to be short, and his words needed to be very easily understood, but for the press, sometimes it would be better if the sentences were longer, more involved and the words could be not quite so ordinary.

I accompanied him several times when he'd give speeches. He had his pointer and his screen, and I used the pointer for him. It really made the job more interesting.

Well, he hadn't been there very long—I'd say maybe a month—when Professor [A. L.] Higginbotham came in and told him that he was using the same photograph of himself over much, and it was time he changed.

But this was a photograph that Dr. Moseley had brought with him from Tennessee and he was very attached to it. It was a smiling photograph, and he continued to use it. He had sent it ahead to the newspapers and he wanted them to use it. But Professor Higginbotham pointed out that a smiling portrait wears off sooner than a more solemn expression. Dr. Moseley didn't take his advice. He said that he wanted this to be a friendly campus, he wanted to lead the way, and this was one of the ways he wanted to do it. He wanted them to think of their president as a man who could smile. But it wasn't very long after that before the Sagebrush came out with an article about Dr. Moseley and called him "Boy Moseley". And that was only the beginning of many similar designations that he was to suffer through, throughout his entire administration.

He believed in smiling. To Dr. Moseley, it was more than just an expression of pleasure. When things went wrong and he could do nothing about them, he believed that one should smile. And maybe that was the trouble; it wasn't always an expression of inner mirth.

He didn't seem to understand western kidding; it didn't appeal to him. The weather was warm when he came in September; it was a warm fall. He had a very, very good-looking cream-colored suit that he enjoyed wearing. And he wore it to Rotary, and was kidded about his "ice cream suit." That didn't hurt him so bad but he wore it downtown one day, and two or three Rotarians on the street called his attention to the fact that he's still wearing his ice cream" suit. They would not have done that in Tennessee.

Help was very hard to get, being war time. We did not have a state personnel system, so we scouted our own help. Veterans were returning and going to school, so we had married housing. Many of the men were

married to women who were clerical workers, and that was a good source of help. Also, we had three or four women who were here for divorces who turned out very well.

Dr. Moseley wanted good work but he wasn't unreasonable in his demands. He was a little bit impatient at times, but not ill-tempered. Only one girl objected to working for Dr. Moseley. She had been a WAC and had charge of a clerical force at the base in Las Vegas. She felt that she could detect in all of his letters a thread of insincerity. To Dr. Moseley, that was merely being hospitable, southern hospitality.

And as I say, the office just kept growing and growing. We had a chance to get an offset press; I believe it was through Army surplus that it became available to us. Dr. Moseley wanted it because the work was more professional. We put it in our duplicating department and very luckily, found an operator. I didn't know when we acquired the machine how scarce operators were going to be. There was a woman in Reno who had worked in an airplane factory in southern California and had learned offset printing, as part of her job. She and her husband moved to Reno and she worked for the Reno Printing Company, running their offset press for a while.

The union complained. She had never belonged to a union, because she had worked for the government and it wasn't required. But now the union demanded that she either join or be replaced. She would have had to serve a complete apprenticeship before she could have been accepted in the union. Under these circumstances, she was willing to work at University salary, which was much less than she was getting at the printing office.

Well, we did have some little trouble. While we weren't under union rules and regulations, it wasn't very long before the

unions began reminding the University that we were cutting in on downtown printers' business. But we stuck through it. We made it a practice not to print anything on the offset press that we ordinarily would pay to have printed, but used it only for material that ordinarily we would either mimeograph or otherwise duplicate. Mr. Higginbotham was a little bit unhappy about it all the time. Eventually, long after Dr. Moseley left, we had trouble getting operators for the amount of money the University could pay. The machine went over to Carson to the state Department of Education. And I think then in the state printing office.

Dr. Moseley did remain pretty close to SAE. He believed in fraternities and sororities as part of the youth movement of the campuses of the day. To Mr. Gorman and to most of the administrators at the University, fraternities were kid stuff. But not to Dr. Moseley. He felt it was a way to develop personality, character, to teach men to live with men, and in the sororities to teach the women to live with women, for one human being to be sisterly or brotherly to another. He believed that every university should have enough sororities and fraternities so that every student who wanted to belong, could belong, and have the experience of living in a fraternity or a sorority house and being a brother or sister. That was so deeply his belief, of course, that when he left the presidency he went into full time SAE work.

Dr. Moseley believed that Nevada had not made good use of its traditions. In the South, of course, they had much more traditional background than in the West. When he saw the Mackay statue, he thought that should have been our symbol, much more than it had been. He felt Nevada was losing a great opportunity by not making the "man with the upturned face" our motto,

our symbol. He had bronze statuettes made of the Mackay statue, which he planned to give to speakers as they came to the campus, and to perhaps outstanding alums as they achieved something in their line of work, or to incoming presidents of the Alumni Association, and so on. And then they were also to be sold.

The idea went over as far as the gifts were concerned, but sales were not so successful. Really, I saw nothing wrong with his ideas and he worked hard at them; they were logical, but they didn't seem to take hold. When I left the University, there were still some statues in the basement of Morrill Hall [laughing].

Because he had been a dean of student affairs, he was especially interested in student activities. Not that all presidents aren't, but he was more aware of them, and believed in them more.

Just another little instance of his efforts—sincere efforts on his part—perhaps just didn't fit in Nevada. We had a drinking problem at the football games (as we always have), and there was a definite group of students who sat in a definite section of the stadium, so they were easily detected. They were always removed from the stadium, but the next football game, they were back with their bottle. Dr. Moseley had a meeting in the office; there were members of the Student Affairs office—no students were there however—to try to solve it. His suggestion was that since the group of boys were well known, as this particular group of boys entered the stadium someone might search them, not too greatly, but if their pockets were bulging, if there was something obvious, take them aside. Well, the dean of student affairs said, "Oh, no, you'd have a riot! That just wouldn't work here." But Dr. Moseley said that he had done that in Tennessee.

He believed that universities should not only educate young people, but also develop

their personalities, which was the basis for his belief in the sorority and fraternity idea. He wanted to do everything possible to make these young boys and girls charming, productive, well-adjusted men and women. When he selected a lecturer, he tried to bring someone who would set an example as a person. Especially, I remember, when the daughter of William Jennings Bryan came to the campus, he had her stay several days and arranged for teas and other informal meetings with her. His idea was to give the young women of the campus a chance to learn how a successful woman could handle herself, and perhaps to pattern somewhat after her. Also, when he had a lecturer in a special academic field, he tried to have the lecturer meet with the appropriate class, perhaps informally for coffee break, so that the young people would have a chance to talk informally with him or her.

I remember one very interesting lecturer (and I can't recall his name) for whom Dr. Moseley had an evening gathering at his home. I was fortunate enough to be included. Professor John Gottardi was there because he was particularly interested in the topic. The man talked about St. Francis of Assisi that evening. And Dr. Moseley had gathered together the people he thought would most enjoy that particular subject. That was the sort of thing he did.

When Dr. Moseley hired people on the faculty, he didn't want any "long hairs." He wanted people who not only could teach students, but who would set a good example. One of the outstanding men that he brought in with that idea was Craig Sheppard. Dr. Moseley especially didn't want an artist who was a "long hair." Other people whom he brought in with that same idea were Joe Moose, Paul Eldridge, and Elaine Mobley. I had heard him say that if a president can make

one outstanding appointment a year, he will build a strong faculty.

Because there were a good many married students with wives working, he instituted the PHT degree, "Putting Husbands Through." Alice Marsh was dean of women at that time and worked with him. Mrs. Moseley and Mrs. [Emily] Ross signed the certificates, and they were presented in a nice little ceremony. He enjoyed doing this sort of thing.

Entertainment in the president's home grew just like the office grew. Mrs. Moseley was one of the busiest presidents' wives I have ever known. She made it a point to accept as many invitations as she possibly could, sometimes going to two or more open houses or teas on one afternoon. I had heard it said of her that even though she stayed only a few minutes, she was very charming and she made her hostess feel that she was glad to be there.

Dr. Moseley felt that every person on the campus should have an opportunity to be in the president's home. In that spirit he entertained the building and grounds people at one time, the clerical staff, and the faculty in a couple of groups. When he entertained the buildings and grounds personnel, he and Mrs. Moseley put on regular cooks' outfits, borrowed from the dining hall, and he and Mrs. Moseley served the buildings and grounds crew.

I would characterize Dr. Moseley as having original ideas. Before I retired from the University, a group of us were discussing previous administrations and I quoted Dr. Moseley a few times. Someone in the group said, "You must have liked Dr. Moseley best, because you quote him most often." But that wasn't it, he was just more quotable. He was what newspaper people would say was "good copy." When he said something or when he did something, it was said or done in such a way that it was news. I wonder if that didn't also

work to his detriment. It meant that reporters were constantly looking for a story, and it seemed that they usually found one. As he wrote back to his people at Tennessee he'd say, "I'm out here in Nevada, the greatest inland seaport in the world. This is where the tide rushes in and the untied rush out" [laughing].

As far as the regents meetings were concerned, his ideas seemed to me to be constructive and he seemed to present them all right. However, he never seemed to have sufficient backing. In one discussion that I recall, some of the regents felt that faculty should be hired with the idea that they would work through the summer session, that that should be part of their contract (our summer session was expanding then). Dr. Moseley disagreed. He felt that summer session should be a matter of choice, that faculty should be free to teach or not to teach. And he made the statement that, in order for a mind to remain productive, there had to be times when it must lie fallow. Well, he won his point.

Another time when someone in the registrar's office was being recommended for a raise by Dr. Moseley and the regents thought the raise was too much, Dr. Moseley pointed out that in that position, that person has to stand the gaff, and so he said, "You have to pay for that, too." As a matter of fact, he won that, too.

One that he didn't win was an appointment in the area of student affairs. The regents wanted to appoint someone from within the campus, and Dr. Moseley wanted to go off campus. The regents argument was that if they got someone who was already on the University campus, he will know the problems. Dr. Moseley's reply was, "I don't necessarily want someone who knows the problems. I want someone so good that we won't have the problems." But the regents won out; they promoted a Nevada man.

The Alumni Association had been inactive for quite a while, and he wanted them to become active again, so he worked on it. I remember a luncheon meeting at the dining hall when Mary Henningsen gave the talk. She was very effective and very charming. She stressed the idea that the University was something to love and not to hurt. Quoting her directly, she said, "It is good to have something to love."

There was some talk of selling the University farm which was out on South Virginia. They hadn't come to it yet but they were beginning to think about it. Dr. Moseley's thoughts were that no university should sell any land, because it's so hard to accumulate anything that valuable. Better to lease, or rent, or trade, but not sell.

Complying with the regents' request, Mr. Gorman had been looking for an assistant. He recommended Perry Hayden, and the regents approved it. Mr. Gorman had offered me a chance to go back into the comptroller's office shortly after Dr. Moseley arrived. But I was glad I turned it down, not that I preferred one man to the other, but that I preferred the president's office. Perry Hayden found the atmosphere was very heavy in the comptroller's office. Mr. Gorman's staff were very loyal to him, liked him very much, and they took on his unhappiness.

Mr. Hayden did not have an office of his own when he first came. Mr. Gorman's office wasn't large enough for two, and Mr. Hayden worked out with the rest of the staff.

One has to understand that at that era, people didn't easily change jobs. To Mr. Gorman, who'd been born and raised in Nevada, the University was more than a job, it was his life. Win, lose, or draw, certain people were part of the University. And that also applied to Margaret Mack, to Sam Doten, to Stanley and Walter Palmer; they didn't

want to live any place but Reno, they didn't want to work any place but the University of Nevada. They certainly weren't scouting to see whether or not their salaries compared with the salaries of other universities. They just wanted to be right here. That attitude made it a little bit harder for Mr. Gorman to break in a man to replace him, I know. It was obvious. And I really felt very sympathetic for Mr. Hayden, as well as for Mr. Gorman.

The athletic situation was getting a little bit out of hand at that time. There were a group of downtown "boosters" who just couldn't [laughs] be satisfied with small town athletics on the campus. They raised money among themselves and among the people downtown wherever they could get it—to provide jobs for incoming football players. They encouraged the staff to scout the country wide. And the University agreed to have a training table in the University dining hall to be paid for by the Boosters, but they never seemed to have that much money. The University finally had to absorb it and it was quite a sizable sum. Jim Aiken was coach then and he was a very popular coach, referred to as "Gravel-voiced Jim."

Sheeketski followed and he was considered sort of arrogant. He was really closer to the downtown Boosters than he was to the University administration. The University had certain rules and regulations they felt they had to follow, and Sheeketski was not about to do that. In fact, I guess he couldn't, and still build the kind of football team the downtown Boosters wanted. I remember Harry Frost was one of the more ardent supporters of the Boosters and certainly spent a lot of time and his own money, too, so that Nevada would have an outstanding football team.

I remember the night we fired Sheeketski. It was a night meeting, started early in the evening. There were so many pros

and cons and many people to hear from. Sheeketski, of course, wasn't there. But, they had documented statements and also called in many people to testify. A decision was reached about midnight that Sheeketski must go. I was pretty weary by that time, taking minutes. The regents wanted a letter written to Coach Sheeketski, to be put in the post office special delivery, so that he would get it before the morning Journal came out, because reporters were at the meeting. [Laughing] I think I wrote that letter four times; I was so weary. But the president signed it and I did get it down to the post office, special delivery and hoped Sheeketski would get it the next morning—he did, before the paper came out [laughing].

Towards the end of Dr. Moseley's term of office, he wanted to arrange for all the regents to be on campus for Homecoming. More often than not, the local regents had been in the Homecoming parade but the out of town regents didn't make the trip to Reno just to be at the Homecoming activities. Dr. Moseley thought that if he could get a regents meeting scheduled over Homecoming, that would solve the problem. He succeeded in getting the regents meeting, with the idea that the regents would meet on Friday and be here for the Friday evening activities. He arranged for tickets for the Wolves Frolic and for all the other activities. This again was the sort of thing Dr. Moseley tried very hard to accomplish. The plan was for the regents to meet a short while Saturday morning and then join for the parade. Dr. Moseley didn't have the complete backing of the regents by that time and they got arguing, and talked all the rest of the morning and all afternoon, so they missed the parade and the football game [laughing]. Dr. Moseley just looked out the window and heard the cheering, and the band, and couldn't get out of there [laughing].

It was painful; one of his most unpleasant experiences. And I just can't help but reiterate, that for some reason or other, that was Dr. Moseley's pattern. He arranged these things carefully, tried hard, did the very best that he knew how, only to see his plans flop.

He did accomplish many things. He did reactivate the YWCA, he did reactivate the alumni, he did the best he could for the students. He didn't have the support of the students generally. A group of them, yes; the SAEs, yes. But he wasn't invited to speak to the other fraternities as much as other presidents. It just seemed that from the very beginning there was a reluctance to accept him and his ideas.

[How about his faculty meetings?] I never went to one. I don't know. He didn't seem to be disappointed in them. I think they more or less rolled along. He administered more right from his office, and he did play rather close to his chest. If he was out of town, he didn't want me to go to someone outside of the office and ask, "What shall I do?" or, "What do you think Dr. Moseley would want me to do?" He wanted me to handle it, and to keep in touch with him.

Just a little while before he left, he was away for Thanksgiving, attending land grant or some meeting. Dr. Moseley was such an accomplished lecturer that whenever he went to any of these meetings, he would write ahead and offer to talk to fraternities, or to churches—he was very willing to give lay messages in church affairs or civic groups. He had many friends, of course, throughout the South and the East and he sometimes contacted them. That meant, of course, that his travel arrangements were very tight; we not only had to get him on line to and from the place of meeting, but he frequently had stopovers. They had to be handled very closely because he didn't want to be away for too long

a time. On one such trip he spent so much time in the airport that he missed his speaking engagements. There was bad weather and the plane couldn't fly.

At one time, near Thanksgiving, the students were getting the Sagebrush out early because of the Thanksgiving recess, and they came in the first part of the week for a Thanksgiving message from Dr. Moseley. His university meeting was over, I knew he was merely lecturing and I kept thinking he would call back, but he didn't. Well, the students called a couple of times a day for the Thanksgiving message, and I took the idea home with me, what would I do? I looked in his file of speeches and didn't find anything that fit the occasion. I finally decided that nothing I could say in a Thanksgiving message would do him as much harm as not having a Thanksgiving message from the president. And if I did locate him by telephone, it would have to be a rush message to me since the students were there frequently. So I wrote the message myself and when the students called again I merely said, "Well, yes, I do have a Thanksgiving message for you" [laughing]. They came and got it and printed it. I made it very short; that we in the United States, of course, were thankful for our blessings and our bountiful tables, but we would be more thankful if the world could share in our good fortune.

When Dr. Moseley returned, of course, the Sagebrush was on his desk. He looked at it, called me in, and asked me who wrote his Thanksgiving message. I told him that I had. He didn't comment and neither did I [laughing]. He merely said, "I thought perhaps you had!" [Laughs.]

Let's see, about the most far-out thing I ever did working for Dr. Moseley (and there were some), Dr. Moseley was due in from a trip during the evening, and I was to prepare

his itinerary and have a train ticket for him to leave the following morning. The itinerary was prepared and I had confirmation. I went to the Southern Pacific Company to pick up his ticket, with a tax exempt certificate, which I had offered to sign in their presence. This was not acceptable. I took it back to the University, thinking Mr. Gorman would be available to sign it, but he was in Carson and wasn't due back until after working hours, so I was in a dilemma. Dr. Moseley was to be in that very evening, he was to leave the following morning, Mr. Gorman wasn't available. I had to have a ticket. I finally decided that since Dr. Moseley had wanted me to be able to write his signature so that it could hardly be detected from his own, I would sign the tax exempt certificate. I went back to the Southern Pacific and got the ticket.

Dr. Moseley was very proud of his own family background, especially proud of his father, his grandfather, and also of the family traditions. He—more than most people that I've worked for—looked to your family background for inspiration and his beliefs. If his grandfather or his father had expressed a particular thought, that carried quite a bit of weight for Dr. Moseley.

[The AAUP was organized on the campus during Dr. Moseley's term.] Of course, that was the beginning of the faculty desiring to have more control of their own lives on the campus, their own jobs, and working conditions. As I said, before this time, the campus staff had consisted of people who were rooted in. They were surprised if offered a job in another college and the administration was just as surprised if they took it. Society wasn't very mobile. Well, the war did a great deal to change that, of course. Moving the soldiers from one part of the country to another and then their marrying women where they were stationed and returning to home with

them made a great difference. And airplanes. Society was becoming more mobile because of them. And AAUP was [the] first such organization on the campus. Dr. Moseley went along with it, he didn't seem to have any objections. But it certainly was the beginning of change in faculty attitude. They wanted to be on more committees, not just committees for lecturers, or committees for faculty meeting—they wanted to be on committees to recommend policy, and to investigate salary and other matters in other universities. They wanted to be able to tell the administration what they thought about campus problems, and this sort of thing. I don't remember that this affected Dr. Moseley a great deal, one way or another.

Before I left Mr. Gorman's office, Mr. Gorman had started negotiating with the government for a University post office substation. It took several years of negotiations and inspections and correspondence back and forth, but he finally did succeed in getting a substation in the basement of Morrill Hall. I remember the University agreed to provide rent-free quarters, janitor service at no cost to the government, and the night watchman was to include the post office on his rounds throughout the building. So then the mail boxes that had been in the comptroller's office were moved downstairs in Morrill Hall, for interdepartmental mail. The duplicating department was moved downstairs at that time and the girls who handled the duplicating work also handled the interdepartmental mail, and the campus secretaries deposited their outgoing mail for stamping and sealing and depositing in the U. S. Post Office department.

Then we acquired an addressograph machine from government surplus property, from Reno Army Air Base. The University received it absolutely new, uncrated. And

the University got it for practically nothing. We set up the addressograph machine on the second floor of Morrill Hall and that led to no end of possibilities. We mailed out everything to everybody. We started a regular mailing to all donors we could find addresses for, alumni and other groups—we had an extensive mailing list. The trouble was, I was to supervise the addressograph machine and I'd never touched one, but there was one in Washoe County courthouse and I went down there and learned enough about it (theoretically) to pass on my information to an operator. We hired student help, for the most part. It wasn't entirely successful. Inexperienced help bent the plates and we didn't have a plate-making machine on the campus. It happened that the girl who could run the offset printing press was also adept at the addressograph, so we were lucky to have her services.

I think the funniest occasion of student help happened when I hired a student to work upstairs in Morrill Hall to address envelopes for a large mailing job, directories, nine by twelve envelopes. She used the addressograph machine as far as we had addresses, but we had some more recent ones on a card file. I brought the card file home the day before, to go over it thoroughly to be sure there were no "Mr. and Mrs." when it should be one or the other, or that no one had died that was still listed in our file, because I was to be too busy to answer questions during the day. I gave her the card file and she called down three or four times to check on accuracy. I finally told her that I had gone over the card file and I knew it was correct and she could follow it absolutely. So down came about half a dozen nine by twelve addressed envelopes, "Mr. (So and So), Address Unknown" [laughing].

I remember also that for about thirty dollars, Mr. Gorman was able to get a whole

truckload of surplus property from Reno Army Air Base when it closed. And that included about everything: typewriters that were almost beyond use, stenographers' chairs, and a large supply of wastebaskets—I don't know how we can ever run out of those—and desks and a great many little tables that evidently had been used for typewriter stands. There was some paper supplies, pencils that were not very good quality, actually. And they were stored in the basement of Morrill Hall. The deal was that the University had to take the whole truckload for thirty dollars, or take nothing.

It was Dr. Moseley who first composed and sent out letters of appointment, salary increases, and so on. Before that, the president's office had issued them individually, but Dr. Moseley had a regular duplicated form. A little bit later, we had letters enclosing a copy for the recipient to sign and return, indicating that he had been notified and that it was satisfactory.

The president's office still conducted the search, in the main, for new faculty members, regardless of the departments. The faculty, however, especially the department chairmen were beginning to want more authority vested in them and their departments. Of course, Dr. Moseley, before he hired anyone for any department, consulted the chairman and the dean. But the department chairmen and the deans were now beginning to want more to do with the actual search and with the qualifications of the faculty members who were to work in their department.

In the earlier days, faculty members were mostly from the West. But Dr. Moseley felt it better for the University to have a variety of backgrounds. In fact, he felt the University of Nevada had too much inbreeding already. When AAUP became an organization on the campus, some faculty members didn't want to join feeling it was too far out, other

welcomed it feeling that this was a chance for more self-expression. I'm quite sure that Dr. Moseley must have been familiar with AAUP at Tennessee.

Dr. Moseley, after a time, was becoming noticeably discouraged. He had fought his way through and maintained some degree of optimism. But it finally was quite evident that he was not only disappointed, but that he had partly given up trying to further his program. The faculty became disenchanted with him; in fact, he lost their support. Fred Wood (dean of Arts and Science) sort of emerged as the "strong man" of the campus. He was a mathematician and nature had even built him that way. He was short, square shouldered, round faced, had very blunt fingers, typically a mathematician. And his thinking was just as straightforward and blunt, but kindly.

Dr. Wood was very adept in meetings and would let the conversation rattle on until he determined a trend and then he could jell it, or rather, draw it together. If it was completely off base, he could pick Out the fallacies and point them Out. As Dr. Moseley became weaker in the eyes of the faculty, Dr. Wood became stronger. Many of the faculty went to Dr. Wood for counseling, but I know Dr. Wood was loyal to Dr. Moseley.

Most of the faculty couldn't go to Mr. Gorman, because Mr. Gorman was one-sided. But Mr. Gorman had a great many loyal followers, friends on the faculty who had been lodge associates, or who had known him for a long time, and they never ceased to go in and to sympathize with him. And you see, that naturally would divide the campus. Then the newer members of the faculty drew towards Dr. Wood. And that made it hard on Dr. Wood, especially later.

I thought of a little incident which I think might illustrate Fred Wood a little bit. He was chairman of the committee which was

to set the University calendar for the coming catalog. The calendar had been accepted by the president, the Board of Regents, and printed in the catalog. There was one vacation period—I believe it was Christmas that caused student concern. Apparently the students hadn't paid very much attention to the University calendar until it was approaching the vacation period, which had been changed, shortened a little bit, as I recall. So the students asked for a hearing, and wanted the University to change the calendar back to the old form, because they hadn't made plans for the new calendar arrangement. Dr. Moseley called Dr. Wood in, because he was chairman of the committee. Dr. Wood allowed the students to express themselves fully. Their complaint centered on the fact that they were inconvenienced because this was thrust upon them, that they hadn't been informed. And Dr. Wood came back with the argument, "How would you like to attend a university that was so vacillating that it couldn't even make a calendar and stick to it through the year? You wouldn't be very proud of it. And how would we arrange the rest of the year's calendar?" I don't think they bought it, but at least they had no comeback.

Dr. Moseley had appointed Dr. [Meryl] Denting, who was in the chemistry department, to be director of admissions. The University was growing very fast and our incoming students were really more numerous than one per son could take care of. Mr. Clarence Byrd was the registrar, and Meryl Deming became the director of admissions. I believe about this time, he was also made the chairman of the scholarship committee. He handled the commencement activities then, and I became secretary to the commencement committee, mostly for continuity. There was a certain amount of commencement work which always had to through the president's office.

Dr. Deming had the job of setting up the academic procession, securing marshals, and setting up the stage and such things. It was still the president's office staff who did all the clerical work, sent out the letters of invitation, chose the speakers, and that sort of thing.

Mr. Albert Hilliard was then a member of the Board of Regents. And he and Mrs. [Emily] Hilliard became very good friends of the Moseleys. The Moseleys always had people who were very friendly with them, they weren't isolated at all; they weren't the type of people who would isolate themselves. Most people didn't seem to be antagonistic towards the Moseleys, especially socially, or I didn't feel that it extended socially. The Moseleys and the Hilliards were very compatible. They attended social events together, frequently.

The faculty parties the Moseleys had at their home were very well attended. They were very informal. The Moseleys sort of opened up their house, the guests were free to roam around upstairs or downstairs at will. There wasn't the attempt to see that one group talked to another group necessarily; they left their guests sort of on their own to circulate. They seemed very successful, everybody seemed to have a good time. I went to the home and assisted with most of the faculty receptions and teas.

The arrangements for the faculty parties were made in the president's office—the guest list, place cards, and such other details. President Moseley (a little different than some of the other presidents), in placing place cards, would sit people together who associated with each other day in and day out, rather than to mix them up so that they would broaden their acquaintanceship.

And of course, in those days we had Baccalaureate services. I went up on Sundays and helped gown our guests. And the Moseleys entertained at a luncheon following

Baccalaureate services, at which they included all the university platform guests at both commencement and Baccalaureate services. I had the job and the pleasure of participating, too. These luncheons were always held at a downtown hotel dining room. [I] went down and arranged the place cards, and saw that the flowers were in order, and enjoyed the luncheon with them.

One of Dr. Moseley's firm beliefs was that when someone gives something, the donor will benefit more than the recipient. He knew people in nearly all the foundations, and started approaching them for scholarships, fellowships, or whatever he felt that they could or should offer. The fact that he was turned down a good many times was just part of the game; he expected that.

Of course, Max Fleischmann was alive at that time and he was very generous. He visited the office. I remember him as a small man, a very happy, busy man. He moved very quickly and seemed to enjoy the fact that he had something he could give away. He really was a personification of the fact that it's more blessed to give than to receive. And of course, through the Fleischmann generosity, the College of Agriculture was able to come into its own.

Eldon Wittwer had been dean of agriculture for some time. He died about the time the college needed to grow. Dean [C. B.] Hutchinson had retired from the University of California as dean of the college of agriculture there. He was still young enough to work and desired further employment. Dr. Moseley brought him to Nevada to reorganize the college of agriculture here. And he was a very fine choice, I would say. He was a very personable man, he had come from a big university, and he seemed to be above the pettiness that existed on the University of Nevada campus. Because of his experience

and background, he joined Dr. Wood in being very valuable at meetings. So the college of agriculture had new quarters and expanded. Oh, yes, Sam Doten had retired by that time, and Mr. C. E. Fleming took over the Agricultural Experiment Station. That sort of dissolved the link between the two agricultural divisions, as it existed when I was secretary to the college of agriculture.

I don't know whether Arthur Orvis came into Nevada right then or not. But by the time Dr. Stout came, Arthur Orvis was well entrenched [laughs]. So I think he must have started about the time that Moseley was there. He was a financier. He made his money from the stock market and in that field and he was very experienced. He had a brother and other members of the family in the East who were in the same business, and he kept in touch with them. And he wanted to give his money away, too. He had said that he was near death at one time and had promised the Lord that if he could be spared, he would do a good turn for someone every day. And he did [laughing]. I don't remember his associations with Dr. Moseley somehow, though. I'm quite sure it was Mr. Ross who first told us that Mr. Orvis was interested in university participation.

Then there was Mr. Noble Getchell, who had a long time connection with the state of Nevada and through his father, with the University of Nevada and with the legislature. The Getchell scholarships were established. He was very interested in the Mackay School of Mines, along with George Wingfield and Roy Hardy, and was often a guest of the University and especially the Mackay School of Mines. I believe about that time, Mr. Wingfield gave the money for the wall, too, by the Orr Ditch. Mr. Getchell was a friend of the University and I don't remember any particularly large donations at the time, but they were "to be forthcoming."

That was about the time that I dabbled in personnel work, too. Dr. Moseley felt the campus was getting too large for the system that we had been using as far as clerical employment was concerned. Each dean or each department who needed a secretary was conducting his own search and interviewing people for the job. They were beginning to feel that they were spending too much time doing that, too. Still, we had no central personnel on the campus. The state had no personnel system at that time, so Dr. Moseley thought we should.

So I devised some application forms for clerical jobs on the campus, other than Agricultural Extension and the Agricultural Experiment Station (because they were partly government funded). I conducted a preliminary interview, to be sure the applicant had the necessary experience in shorthand, typing, whatever was required. If I were in doubt, I'd set them down to the typewriter and listen to them type for a few minutes without actually timing their typing. As openings occurred, I went through my file and asked the girl most qualified to be interviewed by the department chairman. I think it worked out fairly well; I got a little bit busy, but it was all interesting. That was really the beginning of our personnel system.

I secured Mary Moulton that way. She had written from Massachusetts and from her letter of application (a very good letter), she seemed a good prospect. I wrote to her references and they were all very high in praise of her work. Clara Farnsworth in education was another girl that I placed. She later became secretary to the president.

Then let's see, our retirement system had been very hodge-podge, very sketchy at the University. When Miss Beckwith and Miss Sissa retired, actually there was no University retirement policy. They retired

when they themselves felt that it was time. Their retirement income was very meager, and it was paid out of state funds, based somewhat on their salary. They're not the only two; all the people that retired at that time retired on insufficient retirement income.

Then we went into an arrangement with Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association. The University matched equally the contribution of the individual. That lasted for only a very few years. In 1950, we went from TIAA to a state retirement system. Dr. Moseley worked then on retirement policies and retirement ages for the University. And then the TIAA was discontinued as far as University payments were concerned. Those who wanted to continue were permitted to make payments directly to the Association.

The state retirement policy blanketed in people like myself, who had worked without a retirement policy. Mr. Gorman had predicted that that was going to cause financial trouble. I was interested in the fact that just recently, it did happen. Dr. Moseley was interested in developing a retirement plan policy that would attract faculty members who would be willing to stay, to receive retirement.

My personnel duties encouraged the girls to come into the office with some of their questions and problems so that I did become closer to the clerical staff. That led me to think that they should have some sort of get-together, occasionally. The campus was growing, the secretaries didn't all know each other. So I decided we would have a little Christmas get-together. The first two were off campus; one of them in the home of Bertha Aiken on Sierra Street, a professional cateress. And then one in the restaurant which was called the Wolf Den on the corner of North Virginia and East Ninth Street. We also had one in the basement of Stewart Hall in the YWCA quarters. After that, I think we went right to the dining hall.

We had very good attendance. We exchanged gifts. And each new girl was asked to get up and introduce [herself]. We tried to keep it within about an hour and a half. It was a starter and the girls did appreciate it.

The S Bar S ranch at Wadsworth became available to the University. Mr. Gorman had quite a little bit to do with that. I remember Mr. Gorman going out and looking it over. The owner was Helen Marye Thomas. [That] was offered to the University after her death. It was a very fine piece of property and a very wonderful gift. Not only that, Mrs. Thomas was interested in the University, and gave herself to many of its activities, especially agricultural activities.

Mrs. Emily Hilliard became interested in the library. She gave of herself and her support to the library continually.

About the Alumni Association: Dr. Moseley employed Dr. Robert Griffin, who was in the English department, to be an assistant in the president's office. And part of Dr. Griffin's job was to reactivate the alumni records, the alumni addresses, and to help reactivate alumni chapters. It was an irregular job, irregular hours, irregular assignments. I know that there were times when Dr. Griffin was not entirely happy.

In keeping with Dr. Moseley's desire to keep track of everything, he subscribed to the two Reno newspapers. And it was the assigned job of the girls in the office when they had a few minutes to spare, to clip out articles about the University. We had quite a complete scrapbook for that particular era.

The first campus directory was issued under Dr. Moseley's administration, when we had the multi-lith machine. That was a chore I continued until we had a regular publications office.

This was the time, too, when the faculty were beginning to want more security on

their jobs; tenure was quite an issue, as well as a more formulated promotion policy, more regular salary schedule based on definite requirements rather than left to the judgment of dean, president, and then the regents. I know Mr. Hayden was approached about tenure for himself. For the faculty, tenure was a must. They had it, but they also wanted to encourage the administrative staff to seek tenure. Mr. Hayden's reaction was that, why would any person in the administrative department want to work for an administration that preferred not to have him?

We were having coffee breaks by that time, which was something unthought-of when I started at the University. At first I wasn't sure that I approved it, either. But after we had them a while, I believed it was a very good thing. That little fifteen-minute break gave people a chance to let down. I think we got to know each other better. We had a coffee pot in the office, and paid for our own coffee and snacks.

And then came the thought of closing the campus on Saturday mornings. The first time that was presented to the regents, they didn't like it. I remember the argument was that the University was a public service department, more so than any business could be, and [if] people wanted to see someone at the University on Saturday morning, it should be open to them. For awhile, we did stagger our help. We arranged for one person to work Saturday morning and take half a day off during the week. It turned out to be a very poor arrangement. The one person who worked on Saturday morning usually was not the person that a visitor wanted to see, didn't have access to all the information in the office, and frankly, were not very effective.

As the University grew, Dr. Griffin was put back into the English department and I know he was glad to be returned to his field

of work. The University was beginning to think of extending its services throughout the state along about this time. Dr. Harold [N.] Brown of the college of education had been appointed by the president to look into the possibility of extension courses, some method for the University to better serve throughout the state. Through his work with the college of education, he had traveled a good bit to visit Nevada high schools.

This was also the time when scholarships were beginning to build. When I first went to work at the University, scholarships were very small and very few. A hundred dollars was considered quite a windfall. Scholarships were awarded on recommendation of a faculty member or a dean, or someone concerned, and based on grades. Miss Sissa helped quite a bit. But the scholarship was awarded to the student, much to his surprise, as a rule. But about this time, a new system developed. Students were asked to apply for scholarships. We had regular forms for them to fill out, indicating that they were interested in a scholarship. The Fleischmann scholarships for high school students came into being about this time. I remember the meeting when Harolds Club scholarships were presented to the University. Pappy Smith was there himself, and Tom Wilson was his publicity agent or business agent. It was Tom Wilson who made the presentation on behalf of Harolds Club. And it was in the spring towards the end of the spring semester. The idea of these scholarships was quite new to the University, of course.

Pappy Smith said he didn't want the scholarships to be used only to students who were outstanding; he felt that they would get to the University anyway. He wanted it to help the student who was a good student (not necessarily outstanding), but who might not have the incentive to go on to the University, or might not have the money. I remember

that the University committee asked if they couldn't consider it, let them know later. The answer was "no." Harolds Club wanted to plan their outgo of money for the year for tax purposes. The scholarships were accepted.

When I first went to work at the University, the WCTU gave an annual scholarship, and one of the requirements was that the recipient had to totally abstain from liquor. One year, it was awarded to a boy but the scholarship check lay in the comptroller's office; he didn't pick it up, although he was in school. When Miss Beckwith called him to ask him if he knew that the scholarship was available, his reply was, "Yes," but he wasn't going to ruin his reputation [laughing] by accepting a WCTU scholarship! [Laughing] Then it was given to his alternate.

A couple other of his little items, that seemed to typify Dr. Moseley's thinking, I believe. The question continually came up, not so much on the campus but in the public schools, whether or not to employ married women to teach or whether to permit teachers to remain on the staff if they married. And, of course, nowadays that's no question, but then it was. Dr. Moseley's thinking was, yes, keep them on because he felt that that indicated they were well-rounded persons who could better direct and counsel our youth. In fact, he went so far as to express the thought that if a woman teaches in the same position for many years, and doesn't get married or show signs of personal growth, it's time to advise her to move on, because she's going to be in a rut and she's going to be a detriment to the school system, no matter how brilliant she might have been when she started. He was a little bit ahead of his time, actually, in that respect.

And then a phrase that he used very often in his speeches and in his writings that—again—typified his thinking was, "Go hang yourself, d'Artagnan. The battle has been won

and you were not there." It was typifying his urge to get people into the stream of life—to really live, and not be bystanders.

Of course, now they were talking about another gymnasium. I have talked so much about the old, Old Gym which was the center of social, athletic, and almost any other activity at the University. Then along about that time—we were to have a new gym without any other name except the "new gym." I remember how pleased everybody was, and of course, it was quite an improvement over the little Old Gym. When the first commencement was held in the new gym, it was a joy. It had stage possibilities, it had various seating arrangements, and it was spacious. The old gym had outgrown the commencement exercises. But I remember, too, that we discovered the acoustics were poor in the new gym. And they had to put up drapes hither and yon, every place they could. Later, they mechanically corrected it, or at least they improved it.

Doc Martie was in the athletic department then. He had quite an outstanding war service record, a very fine man, very well liked, very calm for an athletic director.

Dr. Harold Brown of the college of education was the chairman of the scholarship committee for many years. He was chairman when I worked for Mr. Gorman and it just seemed that his chairmanship was permanent. He was a hard worker, very conscientious, very cooperative, not only on the scholarship committee but in everything he did.

And then Dr. Moseley wanted to reactivate the YWCA. It was one of the things he wanted as part of the campus for the personal development of the young women. Alice Marsh was then dean of women and I had had previous experience with YWCA work at the downtown Y, and so he appointed the two of us to see what could be done. We researched

a little bit and found that the YWCA when it was previously active, had a hundred and four members, and I believe Helena Schade was the secretary, and Mabel Mariani (now Mabel Brown) was student president at one time.

Well, we had no money, but Dr. Moseley offered space in the basement of Stewart Hall for office quarters and a meeting place. Help was still very, very hard to get, so he proposed that if we could find a suitable person, he would hire her as an assistant to the dean of women and house her in one of the dormitories, so that she would get some pay plus room and board. Dean Marsh did find such a woman. Her husband was in the Navy, she was glad to have this kind of employment. And while the pay was very small, I think that didn't make so much difference to her; she had some income. At one time later, we had a woman work in our office as a stenographer, who had a college degree and Dr. Moseley made arrangements with her to stay in the dormitory and I believe she got room free for the services she could perform there. What I am trying to indicate was his flexibility.

And so we got a group of students together and did start a YWCA. We also got a group of women who were willing to serve on the advisory board. And it did grow, and there were many activities. They had Sunday afternoon vesper services, I was on that particular committee and attended, and I would say they were very successful. They had speakers from downtown churches, and opened the services to all students on the campus.

To raise money, the girls sold soft drinks and so on at the football games, they had candy sales, and such things as that. Then too, they handled the caps and gowns for the faculty, as part of their activities.

When Alice Marsh resigned and Dean Mobley took over, Dean Mobley had not

had the same experience with YWCA. She didn't approve of the fund raising activities, especially selling soft drinks at the games. She didn't believe that this was really conducive to YWCA ideals. And through Dean Mobley, we eventually got some money from Community Chest. There were also some private contributions. We paid no rent for the space on the campus, and we got by. Then we had a little snack bar in the basement of Stewart Hall; the first on the campus. And while it was very modest, it produced some income.

I had mentioned that the YWCA girls did help children in Sun Valley. In addition to that, they gave Christmas parties for the children whose parents were on welfare and who lived in the University area. The girls would pick up the children and walk them home. And of course, they had presents and refreshments. The girls enjoyed that very much. They also offered their services as ushers at various University events, and were accepted many times.

I noticed in the paper last night [June 26, 1973] that the United Fund had budgeted for the University YWCA in the forthcoming drive, for \$4,500. I thought this was quite a bit of progress.

When we launched the YWCA, we were in no way able to hire a trained YWCA secretary. We merely filled the job with young women who had some experience dealing with other young women, some YWCA background, or someone that seemed like a likely prospect and could learn from our guidance. But we were under constant pressure from the regional YWCA in southern California to try to get enough money to employ a trained YWCA secretary. And really it was quite a nuisance, until Dean Mobley came. With Dean Mobley's tact and firmness, she was able to convince them that we were just struggling along and if

they bothered us too much more, we'd have to do away with the whole thing. As a matter of fact, one of the traveling secretaries stopped by the University of Nevada, and spent quite a bit of time with Dean Mobley, and from then on, they understood our situation. That was one of Dean Mobley's traits. She could be kind, but she could be firm.

Some of the people I remember as early members of the Board—I don't remember the makeup of the original board necessarily, was Margaret Ernst, June Broili, Alice Jane Chism Frazier; Alice Menu, who daughter was a member of the Y; and Mrs. Lewers, whose daughter Diane [Buckman] was also a member of the Y (I don't remember Mrs. Lewers's given name). They were all fine, interested women.

I didn't mention, and I should have, that Mrs. Moseley, while she wasn't a member of the YWCA board, she attended all the teas and social functions to which she was invited, was always interested, and was always available for anything that we wanted her to do. We used her home for some of our teas, etc.

After Dean Mobley was successful in getting some money from Community Chest, we were able to do better as far as secretary was concerned. Dean Mobley found Barbara Thompson, who was graduating from Stanford University and who could have had a much more lucrative job with her ability, but who wanted to do this kind of work. Dr. Moseley gave her room and board in the dining hall and dormitory for the services she could perform there, and with the money that we were able to get from the Community Chest and some raised by the girls, we were able to pay her a salary which wasn't large but which satisfied her. She was an excellent young woman, the girls liked her, she pitched right in and worked with them. When the girls sold refreshments at the football game, she

was right there at the supply center. While at the University, she married Paul Pinjuv.

The duplicating room was in the basement of Morrill Hall by that time. The head girl in the duplicating department was quitting and another girl was to take her place. I was amused when the girl who was leaving warned the new girl that there were two people on the campus that she would have to watch out for, Dean Mobley and Barbara Thompson. I couldn't imagine why, but her reasoning was, they are so nice, that you'll find yourself working for them when you should be doing something for somebody else [laughing].

Dean Mobley worked well with Y, but she wasn't as much a YWCA enthusiast as was Alice Marsh. however, she and Barbara Thompson made a good team, they were both level-headed, they were both energetic, and they became very good friends. One of Dean Mobley's questions about the y was, why weren't the churches doing more of the work that the campus Y was trying to do? Another one of her arguments, which I finally went along with, was that the girls were already busy and often this was just another activity which they were trying to squeeze in. We did take a survey of the girls who were members of the Y. We asked each one of them to give us a list of their activities, so that we wouldn't crowd them. It was amazing how many activities they were trying to carry, some at the urgency of the sororities. So Dean Mobley did have a point there. As a matter of fact, when Dr. Moseley and Alice Marsh instituted the YWCA, it wasn't our thought that we would appeal so much to girls who belonged to sororities, but rather to the girls who hadn't been able to afford a sorority ox' hadn't made a sorority, and who needed the kind of companionship that the YWCA could offer. We thought that with the group leadership of faculty wives, women faculty members, or

women from town, the student's personality and their scope would be broadened.

Mrs. William C. Miller was one of the board members, not one of the first, but she came in one of the early periods, and was most helpful.

I have noted some of Dr. Moseley's colorful sayings, and thought of one more. The war ended during his term of office, so we were having readjustment problems, as was the whole country. It seemed that everything was in a state of transition. He heard that until he had enough of it. So he, to express his feelings [said], "When Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden, they probably said to each other, 'We're in a state of transition'" [laughing]. Then he would say, "That's been going on ever since!"

We did not have a news service department in Moseley's administration. Professor Higginbotham wrote the articles which Dr. Moseley wanted for the newspapers. Of course, they were submitted to Dr. Moseley for his approval. I was always amused at the amount of editing he did, even though Professor Higginbotham was a professional news writer.

Well, too, we had motion pictures on the campus in Moseley's administration. And that was quite a bit due to Dr. Moseley's efforts. He was a man of many projects, you see. Filmed on our campus were: ["Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble" (1944)], "An Apartment for Peggy," and the third one which I can't recall. Mickey Rooney, [Lewis Stone, and Bonita Granville] starred in [an] Andy Hardy picture, and [Jeanne Cram] in the "Apartment for Peggy" [1948], and Jean Simmons in the third picture, which I can't seem to name. So the campus was quite a-buzz with movie stars. And of course, we gazed out the windows and enjoyed it very much. They sometimes set up temporary dressing rooms for the stars in mobile units around the campus.

Morrill Hall fell heir to venetian blinds through one of these ventures, I believe it was the "Apartment for Peggy." They wanted scenes of Morrill Hall, with venetian blinds; of course, with those windows the size that they are, venetian blinds would fit no other. So they left them there.

The regents finally decided that filming wasn't the best thing for the University. For one thing, it seemed that no matter what arrangements the University made with the motion picture industry, the University always had some cleaning up after them. They were supposed to leave everything as they found it and sometimes it was hard to agree with them on that.

When I first went to the University, no one heard about group insurance. My brother was working for Chism Ice Cream Company and they instituted group insurance about that time—it was Blue Cross. My brother paid only a very few premiums when he had his first surgery case. And I do know how much that helped my brother and sister-in-law. And the University had already started on a group insurance plan. This was a new movement throughout the country.

When Mr. Carl Horn retired, Robert Poolman of the engineering department was made University engineer and had charge of the buildings and grounds department. The regents felt that now it was time to employ a man trained in the field of engineering. Carl had risen from the ranks.

And also, we had the state planning board then. The state government was enlarging its scope considerably, and the state planning board worked with the University (or rather the University was expected to work with the state planning board [laughs]) on all its building programs, its requests for funds from the legislature for building. And the state planning board had one or more

representatives at every regents meeting, and they participated freely.

Then also—seems to me about this time—the Legislative Counsel Bureau was created by the state legislature, which was an interim body between the legislative sessions, to do research work, to keep in touch with various state agencies, to inform them of legislative acts that pertained to them. Actually, they interpreted the legislative acts to the University. Jeff Springmeyer, who was the head of the legislative counsel bureau, attended every regents meeting and sometimes his associate, Art Palmer, with him. Well, it appeared that they were there to listen and to be sure that the regents didn't pass a motion that would be contrary to the intent of the legislature. Many times, Jeff Springmeyer participated in the meetings as much as any one regent. Of course, he didn't have a vote. But he acted as sort of a watchdog.

The regents meetings grew, not only in numbers of meetings, but in people that attended meetings. The newspaper reporters were attending by this time. And the Sagebrush was permitted to have a reporter, usually they didn't—they were welcome to do so. Now, too, the regents were beginning to invite members of the administrative staff, student affairs personnel, anyone who might have pertinent information or who might wish to attend a meeting.

As far as Dr. Moseley and Mr. Gorman were concerned, I would think that maybe the last straw was during the legislative session when Dr. Moseley and Mr. Gorman each tried to sell the University program to the legislature, not as a team, but as separate representatives of the University and the Board of Regents. I know that Mr. Ross, the chairman of the board, felt that that had done a great deal of harm. Mr. Gorman had always

been the official representative, but because of the situation in the University, the regents felt that he wasn't a good salesman for them at this time. But see, Mr. Gorman couldn't give up.

I have wondered if Dr. Moseley didn't feel that Mr. Gorman's lack of a college degree made him less acceptable as a University representative. Dr. Moseley thought a great deal of degrees, religion, and status. Mr. Gorman, too, he had his religion. He was a religious man, but he wasn't formally a church member. He actually felt that he could express his religion just as well through the precepts of the Masonic lodge as through church membership. But Dr. Moseley stressed very much, church membership, and church participation.

Well, anyway, no one was happy during that legislative session. The University didn't fare very well, either. The legislature was quite unhappy.

Well, then of course, it became very evident that Dr. Moseley would have to go. It was just as evident to Dr. Moseley. He knew he couldn't continue that way. Mr. Gorman had expected to stay on until his retirement which, I believe, was about a year more. I know he wasn't ready to retire. When the regents asked for Dr. Moseley's resignation, Dr. Moseley refused willingly to submit his resignation, unless Mr. Gorman submitted his resignation at the same time. He expressed himself as believing that no president would succeed so long as Mr. Gorman were there.

I sensed in the meeting that this was not a complete surprise to all of the regents. I think Mr. Ross knew about it and perhaps others, but it was a surprise to Mr. Gorman. The regents instantly asked for Mr. Gorman's resignation. If they hadn't been prepared for it, they would have retired in executive session and discussed it, I'm quite sure. So Mr. Gorman submitted his resignation.

The regents made financial arrangements with Mr. Gorman so that he suffered no financial loss. And so he was to pack up and go home. The atmosphere was most unhappy.

Well, when Dr. Moseley got ready to leave, of course, he had to pack up all these clippings and magazines and [laughing] sermons [laughs], photographs [laughs], and family relics that had been stored around the office all of these years. He asked me to try to locate a young boy, probably a high school boy, to come up and help him pack these things, which he was to pay for out of his own pocket. I did locate a high school boy. His job was just to bundle these materials and box them. The reason I'm mentioning it was that he worked one full day with Dr. Moseley and the next morning, he didn't show up. I called his mother and she said, well, perhaps he was a little too young for the job. I asked her if it had been because he perhaps was discouraged and she said, "Well, that had something to do with it." Actually, by the end of the day, the boy was noticeably frustrated, because Dr. Moseley shot orders at him faster than a high school boy could absorb them and carry them out. That was one of Dr. Moseley's characteristics.

And a little bit more about Dr. Moseley and the high school boy. That wasn't important in itself, but it was the sort of thing Dr. Moseley bothered other people with—his impatience. Before the day was over, the boy was so nervous, he couldn't even tie a knot that would hold. Now, he probably was self-conscious when he came to work there. He probably was overawed with the University and nervous to start with. But when he felt that he wasn't pleasing Dr. Moseley, he became so nervous he was practically of no use. I talked to Dr. Moseley the following morning and told of the conversation. Dr. Moseley immediately made the remark that he didn't think anything that he had done discouraged the boy, which

of course, is what I had on the tip of my tongue [laughs]. But that was a little bit typical.

When Mr. Perry Hayden was appointed comptroller of the University, he was appointed with the understanding, specified, that he would be responsible to the president and through the president, to the Board of Regents. So, they did away with the direct line from the comptroller to the Board of Regents.

Perhaps in justice or explanation to Mr. Gorman, I would like to say that the acting presidency and a chance to work with the legislature was really his last chance at a fling for further success. He was approaching retirement, he had actually brought himself up by his bootstraps. He was as near a self-made man as anyone could be, and this would have culminated a very satisfactory career. And, then to have it snatched away from him when he was nearing the end of his career. He was used to succeeding, and all of the years that he had been at the University, he had enjoyed the confidence of the Board of Regents and the administration, this was a final blow that he apparently couldn't take. What made it even worse for the campus was that the whole office, as I mentioned before, took on this unhappy atmosphere. It wasn't jovial any more, it wasn't fun to go in there.

When Mr. Hayden took over, he had a personnel problem. It just isn't humanly possible to transfer allegiance that quickly from one person to another. Mr. Hayden did have to reassign some duties, and he ran into some difficulty. In one instance, he asked me if I couldn't help him transfer one of his employees whom he knew he would never be able to win over. In no way did he want to ask her to leave the University. And I did help him. An opening occurred on the campus in the student affairs office and I did arrange for the transfer. I asked her to take a walk with me and we ended up in the student affairs

office where the job was offered to her. This I had prearranged. They were very happy to get her. So then Mr. Hayden was able to get at least one more person of his own choosing.

Throughout the time I worked for Dr. Moseley, I didn't feel that the faculty at any time were antagonistic to Dr. Moseley. I felt that they just weren't willing to accept him as their president or as their colleague. They attended his social functions and enjoyed them. They never minded poking fun at him or pointing out his human frailties, which we all have. And of course, the faculty is a very unforgiving group of people.

He became impatient with the girls in the office occasionally, but as I say, in only one case did I ever have a problem. I usually could explain to them that his load was great (and it was), his burdens were heavy (and they were).

Dr. Moseley had a son, John, who was called into the Army during the war. He was wounded in battle, not seriously, but he did spend some time in the hospital in England and then was shipped home. Of course, Dr. Moseley worried about him as any father would about his son. I remember one of the janitors coming in one evening to clean up and said he thought Dr. Moseley was making too much over the fact that his son had been wounded, forgetting the many thousands of boys who had been maimed or killed. I just mentioned that because it was the general attitude toward Dr. Moseley.

One of the very nice occasions during Dr. Moseley's administration was Margaret Moseley's wedding. She had a very beautiful outdoor ceremony in front of the president's home. I attended. It was a very happy occasion. Dr. Moseley was always very fond of Mr. Newman, the son-in-law, and so approved Margaret's choice.

When Dr. Moseley left the campus and took up his job with the SAE fraternity in

Illinois, which was a full time paid executive position, he wrote back to me and thanked me for my services to him. I remember that the last sentence in his letter was, "You were always very good to me." I'd like to say that he was always very good to me. We got along quite well.

My father died in January, 1945, while I was working for Dr. Moseley. In April of the same year, my sister-in-law gave birth to what was to be their only child. In the latter part of May of the same year, my brother was taken to the hospital for an appendectomy and the doctor found internal cancer. So, for those months, I was really under great personal strain. Dr. Moseley was very sympathetic and understanding. Then two and a half years after my brother's surgery, and two more operations, my brother died. Dr. Moseley was very concerned and helpful.

I never saw Dr. Moseley after he left Reno. I don't believe he ever returned, but Mrs. Moseley did. Margaret lived at the Getchell mines and later moved to Reno. Mrs. Moseley stopped in the office to see me and we had a good visit.

Mr. Gorman remained at home after his retirement and his health deteriorated; he developed heart trouble. His son had an afternoon reception at his home for Mr. and Mrs. Gorman's fiftieth wedding anniversary. I was on vacation and out of town at the time, but Mother accepted the invitation and represented me. When I returned, we visited the Gormans. And Mr. Gorman followed his old policy; we did not talk shop. But we had a most pleasant evening. That was the last good visit I had with Mr. Gorman.

Well, then the regents were faced with an emptiness, actually. The campus morale was low. They were faced with a new man (Mr. Hayden) in the comptroller's office. Mr. Hayden, he had been there for quite a little

while, but because of the circumstances he had never been able to become familiar with the office. There had really been little progress in the latter part of Dr. Moseley's administration, which led to a feeling of unrest. In fact, we were losing faculty members for no reason except that they could see no future there.

Thinking back on Dr. Moseley's administration, I wouldn't say I could analyze the situation sufficiently to say why a president would succeed or not succeed. But as secretary, I would have some thoughts and observances. Faculty members are not apt to confide in her because of her position, but they are very apt to ask questions—especially leading questions—and these questions are worthy of thought.

But the question always bothered me as to why Dr. Moseley, with his idealism, with his experience, his academic background, his work with human beings, couldn't find it in himself to work with Mr. Gorman amicably enough to further the interests of the University, or at least not to treat Mr. Gorman in such a way that each one destroyed the other, which is really what happened. It isn't necessary to like a person to work with them; it helps, but it isn't absolutely necessary. It's possible to put the cause above the individual. And actually, neither Mr. Gorman nor Dr. Moseley had done anything to the other that was beyond forgiveness. I always thought one or the other should have been big enough to come to the conclusion that this isn't going to work and it's going to hurt the University, and, for the good of the cause, I will make an effort. That didn't happen, so a continual deterioration of relationships occurred. And each one of them had friends and supporters (at least a few). The newer faculty members didn't admire Mr. Gorman the same as the older ones did. He became less jovial. He had quit kidding, which was one of his earlier ways

of winning friends. He was nursing a grudge, a hurt. Faculty members who favored Dr. Moseley sort of sank into limbo.

Looking back on Dr. Moseley's administration, I really feel that he brought the University out of smalltime, into at least semi-big-time operation. The retirement, the more businesslike letters of appointment, and salary increases, the starting of a personnel system, and contacting various organizations and foundations for help; even though he didn't get a favorable response always, he opened the doors to these things. In his faculty appointments, I feel that he was quite successful.

ACTING PRESIDENT PARKER

So the regents were faced with filling the president's position, and with a demoralized faculty, they were sort of bewildered. I honestly don't know how Colonel Parker first came to their mind, but I was told that he was to be considered at the next regents meeting. Colonel Parker had been professor of military science and tactics and was retiring. So he was available. He had an engineering degree from, I believe it was Cornell, and I believe it was a master's. So they felt his educational qualifications would fit him for a temporary assignment. He had been very well liked, had taken part in faculty activities, accepted invitations to social events, had served on campus committees, and he had become acquainted with the faculty and had sort of identified himself with them. When the regents appointed him, it was with the understanding that he would accomplish some of the things which they felt Dr. Moseley had left undone, that he would settle the faculty down a little bit, that he would give them some sense of direction, and still not initiate any new programs. Mostly, there were certain

responsibilities on the campus which the regents felt should be cleared up before they offered the job to a new president. Colonel Parker didn't mind doing that because it was a temporary assignment. He had received his retirement from the Army and had quite a bit of experience doing just that sort of thing.

I had known Colonel Parker very well, of course, before that, so there was really no adjustment period. But he hadn't been in the office more than a few days when he wanted the stenographer who had served Dr. Moseley very well transferred and someone else in the job. So I transferred her and replaced her with a girl that apparently was all right. I mention this as typical of him. She was all right, but not quite sharp enough.

I really took the bulk of dictation from Colonel Parker, which I had not been accustomed to doing. So then I started dictating to the other girl.

Colonel Parker was easy to work for. He was very congenial. He took time to stop and visit occasionally, which Dr. Moseley had not allowed himself to do. Colonel Parker had served in the war in Germany, had seen evidences of German atrocities to the Jews. Also, [he had] served in other areas, and was an interesting conversationalist.

Colonel Parker kept quite a division between the home and the office. He never brought anything to the office to be done that was at all "home." Also, when they needed domestic help in the home, Colonel Parker got it himself. I was quite interested in the skill that Mrs. Parker showed in handling her domestic help.

Faculty accepted Colonel Parker all right. But he wasn't permanent. I think they did settle down, but they went to Dr. Fred Wood, dean of Arts and Science, rather than to Colonel Parker, to consult about academic matters.

The buildings and grounds people were very fond of Colonel Parker. I think more so because they had been a little displeased with the Moseleys. Carl Horn and Colonel Parker had been very, very good friends.

He didn't bring his entertainment problems to the office, either. We got out the invitations, but the guest lists and the plans were all made in the home. Colonel Parker did have me come to his home occasionally for dictation in his study, because it was much quieter than the office.

Mrs. Parker was a very charming woman, and very accomplished in entertaining. I went to one of their faculty parties where her experience really showed. Also, one Sunday afternoon my niece and I dropped in on the Parkers for some reason—I can't remember now—and they served us ice cream and cake, in the dining room with all of the grace and charm of special guests. That was the way the Parkers lived.

Oh, yes, at this faculty reception in the Parker's home, too. They didn't crowd their house; the Moseleys, when they had a reception for the faculty, the place was practically packed. In fact, once when Dr. Moseley gave a dinner to the faculty, he outgrew the house and we had to go to the dining hall. But, the Parkers kept their receptions, not small, but not crowded.

Of course, I still had my extra activities. I still had the clerical staff, the YWCA, duplicating department in the basement, and the commencement committee. But he didn't add anything to it.

Colonel Parker was willing to have YWCA on the campus, but he felt that during the war, the YWCA had tried so hard to be broad-minded that it had gone overboard and really encouraged some thoughts and people that were not to the best interests of the United States.

About that time, the local [downtown] YWCA had a Negro woman coming to Reno as one of their guest speakers and had made an attempt to secure a room reservation for her in the leading hotels, and had been unsuccessful. And they let that experience be known, publicly. Colonel Parker felt that this was needlessly aggravating the racial problem.

When Colonel Parker was acting president, there was a little incident with the Wolves Frolic that was kind of amusing. Of course, it was his only experience with the Wolves Frolic. The students had prepared all of their skits with the proper direction from faculty people. And the night before the Frolic, they had their dress rehearsal and the officers from the student affairs department and others who were on the committee had to pass censorship. All agreed that all of the acts were in order and approved them. But on the night of the Wolves Frolic, the students injected their own little [laughs] addition. A boy and girl came out from behind the wings, which was made to look like bushes, and the girl had a roll of toilet paper unwinding behind her [laughing]. We had quite a few meetings about that.

Colonel Parker's travel was not extensive. He went to the land grant meeting in the fall. It was the policy of the University to send several delegates to the land grant meetings, because the meetings were divided into divisions, so that someone needed to be there from agriculture and other departments as well as administration. And then Colonel Parker attended the National Association of State Universities, which we always belonged to.

Now, very early in Colonel Parker's term of office —this was election year—he became concerned about the Hatch Act: Did it apply to the University of Nevada? It did apply to the University of Nevada, because being a land

grant college, we did receive federal funds. So he talked to the regents, or at least to Mr. Ross, about it, but it was not brought up in meeting. The answer was yes, the University came under the Hatch Act. However, not all those at the University were covered in the same way, depending upon whether or not particular jobs or positions were federally funded.

Colonel Parker got out a directive—a faculty bulletin that sounded like a directive—calling attention to the Hatch Act, informing them that the University of Nevada came under it, and listed the things in which they should not participate. And the faculty became very upset. They weren't used to directives in the form of a military document. The faculty took this to heart, of course, and had meetings about it. It finally ended up with Colonel Parker issuing a bulletin retracting himself. And that seemed to cause the faculty to lose confidence in him. He never was able to quite get back where he started at the beginning of the year.

Later in the year, one of the spots that he was to clear up was in the music department. A faculty member there was to be looked into. He was to clear it up in some way, perhaps encourage the man to find another position. Well, he handled it perhaps a little bit too military-like, also, because the man hired an attorney, and we had a hearing on that. The man did leave, but not until after it had created quite a stir, some publicity, and some feelings among the faculty of dictatorial handling. Colonel Parker really didn't recover from that, either.

So when Colonel Parker was away in the spring at the meeting of the National Association of State Universities, the regents met and decided that perhaps one year would be all they should let Colonel Parker serve as acting president. They didn't think they were

going to accomplish what they had looked forward to. So when Colonel Parker returned, they gave him the news. Like a military man, he didn't flinch [laughing].

So then the search for a new president began and I did the clerical work. I wrote the letters to various state universities, land grant colleges especially. Followed through on recommendations. But a good many recommendations were handled by Mr. Ross himself by telephone. We had quite a sizable stack of folders of applicants, and still not too many, because we did not go beyond the land grant colleges and state universities, as I recall, for recommendations.

Colonel Parker served through the academic year, of course. And when he left, he left a great many friends behind him. [He] took a trip to Canada right after school was out and brought back a very lovely jacket to Carl Horn. He brought me a tea set of English china. The Parkers then made their home in San Diego. When he returned to Reno, he came into the office, and we chatted.

PRESIDENT LOVE

Then Dr. Love was selected during the summer. I didn't sit in on the deliberations of the regents, but waited in the outer office for them to call me to record their vote. So I don't know how many applications they considered. Sam Arentz, Jr. was on the board at that time. He was the one who handed me the folders of all the applicants. I remember his remark was, "Maybe the man that we should have selected is still right there in the folders." I want to go back a little bit to Mr. Arentz's statement in the selection of a new president. It would seem as though his remark might indicate that there was someone else he might have preferred. I remember that my first thought, when he made the remark, was

that he was appreciating the awesome task facing the regents, in choosing a president for the University.

Dr. Love was a very mild-mannered man, a very sincere, likable man, friendly in a natural way. When he was ready to leave, one of the regents remarked that the University was losing a Christian gentleman. I think that said it. He had a little shyness about him at times, which made it difficult for him to get rid of an unwelcome [laughing] guest. I usually had to go in and interrupt.

He invited me to attend the first faculty meeting when he was to greet the faculty, and I went. And he did a very beautiful job. He told the faculty something to the effect that, "With the amount of the accumulated knowledge before me, I or any president should stand in awe." Throughout the meeting, he made the faculty feel very important to him and to the University, and especially to their students. He said that he was going to look to them for ideas (and he did), and that he wanted them to feel free to come to his office, he would be open at any time to suggestions. Most of the faculty stopped and shook hands with him, said they were glad he was there. He came back to the office and [I] think he was satisfied, too.

He did try to give the faculty more opportunity for expression. He wasn't dictatorial. So faculty relations did improve. And, I believe, student relations—I didn't go to the student meetings but the students always seemed to enjoy coming in. He always welcomed them with an easy manner.

He was satisfied with the help we had in the office. He dictated to me, too. I still followed the same pattern, I took the president's dictation for the most part, and the letters that I normally would have dashed out on the typewriter, I dictated to the other girl in the office.

Shortly after the Loves moved into the house, Dr. and Mrs. Love invited Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, Clarence Byrd, and me to the house for a luncheon. Their daughter Joan was there, too. It was just a get-acquainted affair, because we were going to be working closely together. Mrs. Love was a very charming person, and this was the kind of entertaining the Loves preferred; the small groups, small enough so that conversation flowed easily, so that people became acquainted.

The large parties were a problem for Mrs. Love. I might say here too, it was noticeable that the large parties were getting too large for the president's home and the president's wife. Mrs. Parker did it successfully because she had the means to employ outside help, and direct them herself. The buildings and grounds people were willing to help, but they weren't trained in that kind of service, and then they were busy with their regular duties. The house on the campus was not so convenient to the Loves, because they liked more privacy. They enjoyed evenings together with just the family. I know Mrs. Love remarked to me after she had been there just a little while, how few evenings they were able to have, just she and Malcolm together.

She preferred to be called "Maude" by her friends, rather than "Mrs. Love." Joan, the daughter, was a college student and she and I were to become quite good friends because together, we assisted Mrs. Love with nearly all her social activities. Dr. Love was very glad to release me from the office duties to help with the parties at home, and I enjoyed it very much.

They had close personal friends. They were the type of people who liked certain people because they enjoyed them personally, and were more apt to reinvite those people [than] just a group because they happened to belong to a certain department or a certain

committee, or some such category. It wasn't long after Dr. and Mrs. Love took over that there was some little criticism about that.

When Dr. Fred Wood retired, Dr. Ralph Irwin of the department of psychology replaced him. Dean Wood left a little bit disappointed. I believe he was really a victim of circumstances. He was thought of by some of the faculty as assuming a role that was more influential than a dean should have and that certainly was not his intention; it just had happened. I heard him discuss it in the office one day and I clearly remember his statement that, "Just as in Washington, D. C. when the administration is weak, Congress becomes strong, so in a university when the administration is weak, the faculty becomes strong." He had been the person to fill in the administrative void. He wasn't disloyal, I'm sure, at any point.

Parker had gone, and the first meeting in the fall, after Dr. Love had taken over, the regents expressed appreciation for Colonel Parker's services, realizing that if had been a hard year for him, and asked that a suitable resolution be prepared for their next meeting. Dr. Love, of course, didn't know Colonel Parker and the regents hadn't designated anyone to write the resolution so I fell heir to the job. I was pleased with the assignment. Colonel Parker had mentioned to me at one time that Mrs. Parker had done an outstanding job, and that while there was one salary, he felt that the University was really employing two people, and that any success that he had, Mrs. Parker would share. Knowing this, I included her in the resolution. I worked on the resolution till I was quite satisfied with it, and was pleased that it was adopted as I had written it. That led to my doing quite a bit of original writing for Dr. Love. We still had no department of news service.

One of the nice little things that Dr. Love did that no other president has done was write a birthday note to each person on the regular payroll, regardless of rank. We wrote them ahead, with the date of each person's birth. I changed them every year so that no person would get the same letter twice. Dr. Love felt that the birthday is a special day to an individual, one that they share with no one else, and he liked to do things like that.

He and Mr. Hayden got along very well. They were both mild in manner and seemed to like each other right away.

Colonel Parker frequently had coffee with the staff. Dr. Love, if he were free, usually invited me to coffee with him in his office, and then we had time for conversation. We invited him out to have coffee with the girls, but it seemed to make him self-conscious.

His relations with the regents were very good, right from the very start. He was very good at preparing material for regents meetings. He was very good at giving them enough background. And he had the ability at the regents meetings to sense the attitudes of the regents before the vote, so that he knew when to push and when to pull back. He kept the regents informed between meetings with sort of newsletters—progress on building program, student activities, and things in general. He sent the regents a copy of every faculty bulletin that went out from the office and of course, they were already receiving the Sagebrush. So by the time they came to the regents meetings, they had quite a little bit of background, not necessarily on the matters that were to be voted on, but at least they felt better acquainted with the campus.

And Dr. Love constituted several new committees. Not standing committees so much, but when something was to be brought up before the Board of Regents, he frequently asked a committee to consider it and give him

the results of their thinking and some advice. He finally had so many committees that it became burdensome. As the committees filed into the office, I couldn't help but hear remarks such as, "My goodness, all we do is go to committee meetings," and, "There're too many committees." Especially this seemed to be true with the student office personnel.

I really think part of the trouble was that the group of faculty people who really wanted committees were in subordinate positions. But on nearly every committee there had to be a dean or a director, or at least a department chairman. And there are fewer in number of those, so that they were the ones that felt that they were being burdened with too many committee assignments. Associate professors, assistant professors, and instructors were the ones who were quite anxious to get in on the running of the University. And, of course, I'm sure the AAUP urged the faculty to be more active as far as participation was concerned. There was always the threat hanging over the president's head that AAUP could censure the University. And sometimes it did [laughing].

I had mentioned committee work with Dr. Love. Dean Mobley and Dean Basta of student affairs were the most overworked in that area, and probably could spare their time the least of anyone, because they were short of counselors; and in addition to the faculty committees to which they were appointed, they had to attend most of the student committees, as advisors or as participants. Each one remarked at times casually that it was a little too much. But neither made an issue of it. Dean Mobley, in addition, was very active in the entertainment functions of the president, too.

Then it was during Dr. Love's administration that Lincoln Hall was in need of repair or reconstruction or demolition. Dr. Love was anxious to preserve the exterior of

Lincoln Hall, for sentimental purposes. It was the traditional old style men's dormitory building. The regents went along with him, not wholeheartedly at first, but they unanimously decided to present the matter to the legislature with their recommendation. And the legislature appropriated the money. So the interior of Lincoln Hall was gutted and rebuilt. It was more of a project than had been anticipated, but the exterior of Lincoln Hall was preserved.

I am sure Dr. Moseley would have approved that, too. He always like to preserve tradition. And that was about the last instance that I can remember that the University was able to hold onto anything old. From then on, the architects that were hired had very modernistic ideas. And they were very good salesmen. I remember when the library building was to be built. The regents held off for months approving the architect's drawings and recommendations and also the location. But the architects were from Los Angeles, and were very skillful in presenting their case. And, of course, the regents were fairly local and they were made to feel that they were a little bit nostalgic. Then, too, there was the matter of building materials now available. If the regents had stuck to brick buildings and followed the traditional architecture of the University, the cost would have been out of reach. The architect could show that with modern materials produced in modern factories, the building could be within the amount of the appropriation.

By this time, the regents had decided to sell the University farm on South Virginia Road, and appointed a regents committee to handle the matter. Newton Crumley was chairman. The University farm was considered inadequate, and quite a distance from the University over a busy road, and not too easy for the students to go back and forth

for classwork. The committee took a great deal of time for deliberation, thinking and discussing it with the board.

In due time, they had the farm appraised and advertised for bids. The bid opening was really very dramatic. Mr. [LaVere] Redfield appeared with a series of bids; he not only had an original bid but he was prepared to present a series of bids, to top any bid that was made. And that's what happened. When the bids were all opened, he topped the highest bid. The attorney general's office was represented (it seems to me it was Mr. Walsh). Of course, Mr. Redfield wasn't acting according to plan and certainly raised a legal question. So it was referred to the attorney general's office for study and recommendation.

It became quite a controversy and went to the governor for ruling. There were all sorts of rumors—more than rumors—it was even hinted in the newspapers that the governor was being pressured. Unfortunately perhaps, one of the members of Mr. Crumley's staff at the Holiday Hotel, Mr. Hicks, was the highest bidder. I'm sure there was nothing dishonest, but the very fact that one of Mr. Crumley's colleagues was the highest bidder promoted all sorts of suspicions. Well, after many months and many meetings, Mr. Wicks was declared the successful bidder. Mr. Redfield then came to the University and told the president that he had evidence that Mr. Hicks had inside information prior to the bidding. Mr. Redfield said that he was going to sue the University, the regents, and Mr. Crumley personally, and claimed that he had proof and an attorney.

Mr. Redfield was a very unusual character. When he came to the regents meeting, he rode a Reno city bus, got off at the gates, and walked up to the office.

Well, Dr. Stout (then president) was concerned because Mr. Redfield was so

positive and sure. Immediately when Mr. Redfield left, Dr. Stout called Mr. Crumley, who came up immediately. They then got in touch with Governor Russell, and with the attorney general's office. While everything worked out all right, I know that it was worrisome for a while.

I remember that the house that was on the University farm was needed on the new University farm on Boynton Lane. So they moved that house and purchased another house, one formerly owned by a druggist named Weck. It was for sale and was moved out on the South Virginia farm.

I'd already mentioned a little bit about the president's entertainment problems. One of the difficulties was that, of course, the house wasn't any larger and the faculty continually grew. Also, it was a three-story house, and that meant a lot of stairs. There were so many innovations and conveniences in homes that, of course, the president's house didn't have, that entertaining on a large scale was become more difficult.

Student relations with Dr. Love seemed very good. The students were always welcomed to the office. I don't know of any time that he was in disfavor with any of the student groups. He was not chummy with them; he always was pleasant, they always had his attention, and he was really interested in what they had to present to him. It was his nature to maintain a certain degree of reserve, which led to respect, I believe. He was very friendly at faculty functions, but again, not overly friendly.

He was very conscientious about his appointments. He wanted his appointments to be long enough to talk the matter over with the person, and if the person was new to him, he would want to get acquainted also. And he always tried to end a conference with a feeling of good will.

This was the time that special projects were being offered to the University, too. There

were the V and T papers. The V and T had gone out of business and Gordon Sampson, who had had a very important position with the Virginia and Truckee railway, and had an accumulation of documents, weigh bills, tickets, and material from the V and T, was most anxious to get it stored safely, preferably at the University. So we had many meetings with him. He wanted the University, if possible, to take the material, sort it out, and to make it available for researchers.

Then also, there were the Doten diaries. Sam Doten had retired, and his father had left extensive diaries, which were very, very valuable. The University was being pressed to accept the diaries, to sort them out and to make them available for research or writers.

Then also, there was the Nevada Art Gallery. Mr. [Charles F.] Cutts, who owned the building on Ralston Street, which now houses the gallery, had died and had arranged that the house would be available to the Nevada Art Gallery Association. Dr. J. E. Church was very active in the Nevada Art Gallery project, and so was Mrs. C. C. Taylor. We had many meetings with Dr. Church and Mrs. Taylor, as well as other members of the group. They were asking that the University take over the Nevada Art Gallery.

Well, let's see. We did end up with the V and T papers; they were stored in the engineering building, safely. And we did end up with the Doten diaries. But the Nevada Art Gallery seemed to have legal and technical difficulties.

I might say about Dr. Church here, that he was certainly a man of many qualities and many interests, and each one of them absorbed him. He not only was head of the department of classics, but he was a pioneer in the snow survey work in Nevada and went to Greenland on such a project, as well as in Russia. He was no less interested in

the Nevada Art Gallery. I remember when he left the University and his room had to be cleared out, there were many boxes of valuable prints and photographs and other art objects that he had accumulated. Well, with his intense interest in art, he just never could understand why the University had to be bound by legal restrictions which would prevent them from accepting something as valuable to the city of Reno as the Nevada Art Gallery.

When I mentioned Dr. Church in connection with the art gallery, I don't know that I brought out sufficiently a very strong characteristics of Dr. Church's. He was such a humanitarian by nature, that he just couldn't understand why the University couldn't take over the art gallery if it wanted to. He couldn't believe that it was right to be bound by rules, regulations, budgets, and so on, when something so important was at stake. His one concern (and he really grieved because he couldn't get his point across) was that the art gallery be made available to the people of Reno. And he felt that he was giving the University an opportunity. The Board of Regents felt it was an opportunity, too, but they had other aspects to consider. And Dr. Church could not understand it.

Then Arthur Orvis was active at the University during Dr. Love's administration. They were good friends, but they didn't become as close as Mr. Orvis and Dr. Moseley, and later with Dr. Stout. Mr. Orvis was a very dynamic personality, and Dr. Love didn't seem to find in him an easy relationship. Arthur Orvis was very generous with the University, first in little ways. He gave many anonymous donations that are not even recorded, for small special projects. I mentioned before, his accident, and his vow to do a good turn for someone every day. And it was almost amusing sometimes. If you happened to be

the person to be helped that day, there was very little way of getting out of it [laughing]!

The regents decided about that time to reestablish honorary degrees. At one time, the University had given honorary degrees and then it was discontinued. Probably because of the war, and perhaps other things— - But now they felt that honorary degrees were of real value to the University. It was a means of honoring influential people and interesting them in the University, and then it was being done throughout the country. Dr. Love so recommended it. The honorary degrees were to be limited, I've forgotten exactly how many; it seemed about three a year. Then they instituted also the Distinguished Nevadan awards. That, too, partly to interest Nevada people in the University and more than that, to let Nevada people know that the University was interested in those who contributed to the growth of the state as well as the University. Although some recipients of honorary degrees were Nevada graduates, or had attended the University of Nevada, it was not a requirement. I had the pleasure of writing the citations for all of these people.

Frequently, the recipient of an honorary degree was the commencement speaker. Very often then, the recipient did not accept an honorarium.

The honorary degree recipients and the Distinguished Nevadans were, of course, selected by the Board of Regents. But they solicited suggestions from the faculty, alumni, students, and even received some suggestions from downtown people. They considered them very carefully, and of course, had many times the number of recommendations that they could honor.

The degrees and the Distinguished Nevadans were never given lightly. They tried in both instances to divide the honors so that

they were not over-balanced in favor of any one area, such as education, or industry. And also, they tried not to have them all from one area of Nevada. So that many times, as far as worthiness was concerned, if there were two or more who were equally worthy in some one field of endeavor or some one part of the state, they'd choose only one. That led quite often to the faculty and even the public later saying, "Why not So-and-so?"

It had been decided by the regents that no honorary degrees would be given in absentia. The only one I know that was offered and not given was Bernard Baruch. He was a very close friend of Roy Hardy's and recommended by him. Bernard Baruch didn't decline; he just didn't ever find it convenient to come to Nevada.

Governor and Mrs. Russell and Dr. and Mrs. Love were very close friends. Another very close friend that Dr. Love made was Mahlon Brown of Las Vegas. I remember that Senator Brown was very disturbed when he learned that Dr. Love was to leave the state of Nevada.

It was Dr. Love's practice to invite the legislators to the campus during their session, so they could see firsthand what the campus was like and meet some of the people. This was something that Dr. Stout carried on, too, even more so. Dr. Stout frequently, when something was coming up pertaining to the University, would invite the committee most concerned to meet at the University and talk the matter over with him.

I had mentioned that [Dr. Love] and Mr. Hayden became good friends. As far as Mrs. Love and Dr. Love were concerned, it was Dean [Stanley G.] Palmer and his wife who were close and early friends. The two women found something in common immediately. Dean Palmer was a very mild-mannered man and also a Christian gentleman. That

friendship lasted as long as they were in Reno and I'm sure it followed them later.

And then there was the student union. Roy Hardy was a member of the Board of Regents at that time, and through his friendship with the Travis family, he had interested Mr. Travis in the University of Nevada. This resulted in his giving a student union upon his death. I might say here that the University of Nevada had no student union at the time. The nearest they had was the little snack bar in the basement of Stewart Hall. And, of course, the students were more than anxious for a student union. In fact, we were one of the few universities without one. Well, we knew that Mr. Travis had included in his will a provision for the student union building and Roy Hardy kept in touch with the Travis family. Dr. Love was ready to go away on a trip, when he found out that Mr. Travis was very ill in San Francisco. The various newspaper reporters were called in, from downtown and the Sagebrush, and briefed because upon Mr. Travis's death, the story would break.

Well, Dr. Love did go away and Mr. Travis died. His death occurred at the time of day when it was too late to include it in the death notices. Rather it appeared in a small item in a San Francisco paper. I didn't know it, of course. But the following morning Jim Hulse, who was the Sagebrush reporter, brought the paper in, showed it to me, and asked me if that wasn't the Mr. Travis who was to donate the money for the student union building. I was quite sure he was right. I called Roy Hardy, and he verified the fact that it was. I called Dr. Love, although he had already told me to release the story, but I wanted to be sure. He told me to go ahead.

Jim Hulse was the only reporter who found the item in the San Francisco paper, and so he was the first reporter to be in a position to release the story. Jim Hulse wanted to get

out a special edition of the Sagebrush and I wasn't sure that was right, so I got in touch with Dr. Love again, and he said if it was all right with Roy Hardy; and it was all right with him. So the Sagebrush went ahead.

Mr. Len Savage, who was chairman of the student union building committee, felt that he should have been consulted; in fact, he came in before the Sagebrush went to press. But there was really nothing I could do. Jim Hulse helped to explain to him. That incident gave me a little insight into what an administrator is up against continually.

One little additional comment as far as the Sagebrush edition was concerned. I was so fearful that something might be so worded that it would be unfavorable or that someone would object to it, that I insisted that the editor read me all the copy before he put it on the press. I stayed home all evening and every so often, I would have a telephone call—he had written more copy. He finally reminded me that it was costing them five dollars an hour [laughs] to continue the practice, but he did keep it up at my insistence. And so far as I know, everything printed all right.

I want to give credit to Jim Hulse for being very level-headed. Being a student helped the situation considerably. And after the discussion with Savage, Jim Hulse merely said, "Well, I don't think anyone has been hurt, or any damage has been done." Coming from a student, that carried quite a bit of weight.

Also, the newspaper gave credit to Mr. Savage and his committee, credit which was due because the committee had worked with Dr. Love. Their function mainly was to find out from student groups what the student union should include in order to meet student needs.

One room in the student union building was dedicated to Roy Hardy, the Hardy Room. I was invited to the luncheon and was very pleased that Roy Hardy was so honored. Roy

Hardy and Mr. Ross were classmates in the University. And I don't know that one had the University more at heart than the other.

The administration was now thinking of the Las Vegas branch, and working towards it. They were also laying the groundwork for extending the University throughout the state in extension courses, correspondence courses, or whatever service the University could offer.

Then there was the faculty oath of office. From the time I started at the University one of the jobs of the president's secretary was to see that each new faculty member signed the oath of office. The secretary notarized it and it was filed with his personnel papers. When I first started at the University, subversives were hardly ever mentioned. But by this time, there were fascists, communists, and subversives of all kinds. I don't remember that anyone objected to the wording of the oath, which not only asked that they be loyal to their job at the University, but that they uphold the government of the United States. The faculty finally objected. It wasn't the wording the faculty objected to, it was the fact that they had to sign something. Well, they did succeed in having it referred to the attorney general and it was declared unconstitutional. So everyone was glad.

The U. S. Bureau of Mines was built on the campus about this time. The University had been requested quite [awhile before] to provide grounds. I remember the University did debate the matter quite a while, because they could see themselves wanting to expand and at some time, needing the ground. But the necessary arrangements were made, and the building became a reality. It is a beautiful building and an asset to the Mackay School of Mines, and the state in general. I know Dr. Love was very pleased with it.

Under Dr. Love, the YWCA went along quite well. We were fortunate in having a very fine secretary, Catherine Ryan Harris

(Mrs. Hugo Quilici now). We still received some money from Community Chest and she did not ask a very high salary. She was more interested in a pleasant occupation and pleasant surroundings. She had two daughters of her own who were teenagers and they were very charming young women; she was very successful in her own family life. She had been secretary to Dean Maxwell Adams before she was married at all. Her father had been professor of military science and tactics at that time. So she had a great deal of University background. Her brother was Jack Ryan of the mechanical engineering department.

Chairman of the advisory board at that time was Mrs. Ronan, whose husband was then professor of military science and tactics. That presented an unusual situation in YWCA. Both Catherine and Mrs. Ronan were of the Catholic faith. And we had had presidents of the Y—students—who were of various faiths, including Catholics, but Catherine felt that she should go to her priest and receive his permission to continue. He considered our constitution, our by-laws and program material and approved.

By this time the Y had gotten rid of some of its activities that Dean Mobley had not been happy with. They had increased their volunteer work and welfare work. One of the members of the Y had a mother who taught school at Sun Valley. That was considered a poverty area then. She told about the children coming to school with torn clothes, and of their need for soap. The girls did contact their friends and for used children's clothes and sent them out. And I remember, we bought soap, and sent out also.

I wasn't able to attend meetings as regularly as I should have. Catherine came into the office frequently and we discussed various things. But I was finding it more difficult to keep up my position on the Y

board. So the Y went along very well with very little attention from me for quite awhile.

My next contact with the Y was after we had the student union building and the Y offices were moved into that building. Catherine was no longer secretary. Dean Mobley was still very active. By that time, Winifred Holstine (wife of Garold) had come to the campus. She had Y experience previously and was very helpful in the Y program. I attended a survey meeting of the Y board. We discussed Y activities, the past and future of Y, and decided that Y needed an entirely new pattern. With money from the Community Chest and private donations, we were able to hire a part time secretary. By that time Helen Fulton Peterson of Gardnerville, who had been active in Y, was now active again. She had become a widow.

From then on the Y changed. Instead of having a student advisory committee that lasted throughout the whole year, they had several small-term advisory committees among the students. I learned later that they had sort of advisory committees for each activity. The whole arrangement was much more fluid—much more modern. Both Mrs. Holstine and I recall that in the early days of Y, girls needed the experience of giving teas, attending teas, attending camps together, etc. But now, there're all kinds of girls' camps and all kinds of opportunities for girls to learn the social graces that we hadn't experienced.

Sometime later, I was invited to pour at a tea. Mrs. Peterson was still active. Miriam Clark Chism poured also, Mrs. William C. Miller, and Mrs. Ed Slingland. I believe Mrs. Dodson was Y secretary at that time. For quite awhile someone contributed a thousand dollars a year, but then the donor felt that she could no longer continue that. So Mrs. Guss, wife of Professor [Cyrus] Guss, and Mrs. Peterson visited me and other people who were interested in Y. For

awhile, we each contributed small amounts. Now the Y receives money from United Way funds, and from their reports, I believe they are doing all right.

We had a very, very good year. But Dr. Love came back from a trip to San Diego and gave me the news that he had accepted the presidency of San Diego State. I don't know whether or not they approached him or whether he sought the job, because my first information was when he announced it.

So I was very sorry, and I'm sure the campus was sorry. He certainly was very well liked. I know that the campus was disappointed that he didn't stay on.

What led him to accept the position at San Diego State, I'm sure, were partly the entertainment problems. The University of Nevada wasn't equipped to help with the president's entertainment beyond the financial entertainment allowance. The campus was growing. The crowds were getting larger. The dining hall could be used for certain dinners, and the kitchen staff would then prepare the dinners. But it still was the president's wife who had to see to decorations, and seating, and so on. That seemed to be a burden.

Then also, they were to live off the campus in San Diego, quite a ways from the campus. And that appealed especially to Mrs. Love. One of the things that had bothered her in Nevada was that they had so little opportunity to have an evening together, just the Loves. At San Diego, the entertainment was provided for. She said the dining hall staff were available as cateresses. She merely had to let him know what she wanted to serve, and they took care of the details.

As far as Dr. Love was concerned, he explained that many of the rules and regulations pertaining to faculty matters were handled in Sacramento, in the state department of education, such as salary brackets, promotion policies, and working

conditions. Those rules applied to all the California colleges, so that faculty unrest as far as those matters were concerned, was directed at the board of education instead of at the president. The trend throughout the country for faculty people, like most other professional people, was to insist on a higher standard of living. As far as the Nevada faculty was concerned, there had been no absolute unrest, but the potential was still there.

There was a group of the faculty who were anxious to have more of a part in the administration of the University than Dr. Love felt could be granted to them. The legislature at that time was keeping a very close watch on the University. In fact, it wasn't long after that before they had another investigation. So he felt a little bit bound by all these circumstances. We were very sorry to lose him, to put it mildly.

He had mentioned several times that he had always thought a perfect life would be to be an educated fanner, to have a Ph.D., and then live close enough to nature to be able to contemplate and to enjoy your education. I think San Diego might have offered something a little closer to that ideal.

Mrs. Love, when they were leaving the University, made the remark of an adoring wife, "Well, anyone who follows Malcolm is going to have a hard time" [laughing]. And that was almost prophetic. Maybe Dr. Stout was unfortunate in being his successor.

Dr. Love did not have to deal directly with the California legislature for funds. He'd present his budget along with other state colleges and it would be presented for him. From my observations, that has always been a nerve-racking job for the administration of the University of Nevada.

The regents were faced with selecting another president. Dr. Harry Newburn, who was president of the University of

Oregon, had been one of the references given to the regents by Dr. Love. The regents approached Dr. Newburn; he gave a strong recommendation for Dr. Love. When they needed a replacement for Dr. Love, they got in touch with Harry Newburn. Dr. Love, Dr. Stout, and Dr. Newburn had all taken their graduate work in Iowa from a Dean Parker, who was very beloved of his students. Dr. Stout told me that he not only educated his students, he tried to bring out their personal potentials. He tried to develop people, not just educate them. Well, he recommended Dr. Stout. Dr. Stout was at the University of Minnesota, they got in touch with him, and before fall, he had accepted.

PRESIDENT STOUT

Well, let's see. Then Dr. Stout was about ready to come to Reno. Mr. Gorman had developed me, I felt, by giving me assignments that I wasn't quite ready for and then seeing that I carried them out with a little bit of help from him. Dr. Moseley had developed me, I believe, by just simply going off and leaving me with the "ranch." Then I had to dig into my own ingenuity when I ran out of instructions. But I did gain self-confidence. He always stood behind me when he came back. If he wasn't pleased, he didn't make an issue of it. Dr. Love then sort of polished it off, by giving me more special assignments and then his appreciation. So by the time Dr. Stout came, I think I was ready for his kind of administration, and it was a good thing.

I remember when Dr. Stout first walked into the office. He was vibrant, had a sparkle in his eye, seemed very enthusiastic and glad to be there. He had a very ready handshake. We greeted each other, he walked in the office and I suppose, looked around. In a few minutes, he came out, pulled up a chair beside

my desk and made some remark to the effect that perhaps in time, he would learn the office as well as I knew it. My reply was, "All right, I'll go ahead and do everything exactly the way I've been doing it and the first time I do something you'd rather I did otherwise, tell me." We shook hands on it.

The thought crossed my mind when he came in, that I was going to have to be an alert secretary for this man. And it was true. But he was interesting, he had a great many ideas. As far as the office staff was concerned, he was very successful with them. They liked him. He could kid very easily and agreeably. Sometimes he would have coffee break with the girls, and entertain them with a little kidding. We frequently worked overtime and I can't remember that the girls ever objected. When we worked overtime, he always stayed to work right along with the girls, even sometimes gathering, stapling, and such.

At his invitation, I attended his first faculty meeting. He greeted the faculty but he didn't seem to be as jovial as usual. In fact, he was blunt. He told the faculty that he knew how it felt to be a member of the faculty and to look on a new president, and assumed that all faculty members felt that a president had to be some kind of overbearing character to get to be president. He said he wanted them to know that, while that might be true, they would still find him to be consistent, he would try to be fair, he would try to make himself clear and understood at all times. He admitted that to be a president, you might have to be rough at times. It was a short meeting, he didn't go on from there to soften his impact or to compliment them, or in any way try to draw them towards him. I don't know why. And as soon as it was over, he didn't wait for them to shake hands with him, or try to get their reactions, but left immediately for the office.

The faculty were definitely shocked. I was sitting among the faculty and heard quite a bit of grumbling. "What does he mean?" "I feel as though I've been dressed down." "What kind of president is he going to be?"

I went back to the office for no reason except that I was disturbed. He was already in the office. I didn't ask him what he thought of the meeting. Neither did he approach the subject. I don't know whether or not he was satisfied with himself. I was to learn later that he was impulsive by nature.

Well, I was sorry, because that was a bad approach considering the mood of the faculty. They hadn't yet recovered from the neglect of Dr. Moseley. Dr. Love hadn't been there long enough to pull them back, actually. And I think the faculty as a whole had a chip on its shoulder, anyway. He had almost accused them of being antagonistic to the president, no matter who might be there. Well, it almost seems that each president has to start out with one strike against him!

This was, of course, in direct contrast to Dr. Love's first meeting. He was very complimentary, not only in words but in his attitude towards the faculty. Dr. Love always worked up to a point, but Dr. Stout sort of hit people with it.

I'm mentioning a good many things about Dr. Stout because the side of Dr. Stout that came out in the newspapers and in his various difficulties was not always the Dr. Stout that I saw, day in and day out in the office, at close range.

Dr. Stout was active. He was, at times, impulsive. And he didn't make life easy for himself. He was subject to a little nervous trouble, which he really brought on himself by creating situations that were hard to solve. He wanted to do a good job and I think in many ways, he did do a good job. He liked Nevada, he liked the people here.

At the first regents meeting in September, Dr. Stout wanted the regents to go to his home for lunch and to become acquainted with Mrs. Stout. He called the dining hall. Mrs. Nellie Nelson was then director. He asked if the dining hall would serve a luncheon at his home for the regents and family, and she agreed. She and some of the dining hall personnel brought it over, already prepared. When she got there, she sensed that she was going to have to serve it. No other provision had been made. After it was over, she remarked to me that she hoped he wouldn't do this very often; she was really needed in the dining hall at noon. Anyway, the luncheon was very successful, everyone enjoyed it, and Dr. Stout was very pleased.

After the meeting was over in the afternoon, Dr. Stout asked me how I thought everything went. He mentioned the luncheon, and I told him that it was a good arrangement for the one meeting, but that the dining hall was not equipped to give that kind of service. Well, he thanked me for being frank, and never again repeated that mistake.

He had a strong philosophy of education, which must have been the same philosophy of Dr. Love, Dr. Newburn, and later Dean [Garold] Holstine. It was that each department of the University, each division, should pursue its own field without interference from any other department, person, or division of the University. If there was to be any criticism of a department, he felt that proper channels had been established and that criticism should go through the proper channels. While Dr. Love apparently had the same philosophy, he didn't stress it to that extent. He worked at it much more quietly.

Then too, let's see. It wasn't long before we had the academic council, composed of deans and administrators. Then we had the University council, composed of faculty

members, elected from each faculty. The president presided over the academic council and I took the minutes. The University council selected its own chairman and one of the other girls from the office took the minutes.

Dr. Stout did govern with a tight rein. He watched over the entire campus, and if anything went wrong, he wanted to stop it right then. He made a practice of going around the campus occasionally, especially his first year. If he had an appointment, for instance, he'd say, "I'll come over to your office."

His purpose was to walk into the office and to see how he was received, to see how the office functioned. His thought was, if the office staff didn't greet the president properly, what on earth would they do to the general public.

He was very friendly though, as I stated before, and very outgoing; he had a sense of humor, and it was his own sense of humor. He frequently entertained the office staff with stories about his family—impossible stories—and the University. As for instance, there was some talk of looking for a home for the president off campus. He remarked that he didn't know whether he wanted to move or not, because his wife and mother-in-law could take their sunbaths on the roof of the front porch and no one could see their tattoos! A joke, of course.

Also, he was very well liked by the buildings and grounds people, because he could entertain them with a kind of stories they could appreciate. His father had been on the maintenance staff of a school when Dr. Stout was a young boy. So he knew what type of stories they would like. I met Dr. Stout's father and mother. His mother was Scotch, obviously. And a very strong woman, obviously. She was outspoken, not in an unpleasant way, but like Minard—she spoke

her piece, and expected to be understood. It was not her intent to hurt anyone.

Dr. Stout's mother visited them in Reno sometime later. He took her to a floorshow at the Riverside Hotel. His mother had a good singing voice at one time, he said, and had sung in the church choir. Her favorite song was "Whispering Hope." The King Sisters were entertaining at the Riverside and he called and asked if they knew the song. Well, they didn't, but they learned it and sang it that evening. He said his mother hummed along with them. This was the tender side to Dr. Stout.

To Dr. Stout, Committees were appointed for a specifically needed purpose. He recognized that we had to have standing scholarship committees, commencement committees, and so forth. But as far as committees to advise the administration were concerned, he felt they should be temporary, and once they served their function, that they should be dismissed. I think he sometimes was a little abrupt in discontinuing a committee—he thanked them, but he let them know that was all.

He was very careful in selecting his committees, and tried to select people that he felt could really contribute. He had no patience with the idea that every college should be represented, or every department, for instance, unless the matter under consideration affected all of them. His idea was that only the people who really can contribute should be appointed. As he expressed it, "You can't pool ignorance and come up with knowledge."

He had an artistic side to his nature, too. The pictures in the president's office had been there for a long, long time, of course. He felt that pictures should do something to the room, to the people that came into the room, and to him as the chief occupant. So he got

in touch with Craig Sheppard and offered to exhibit pictures of the art students, that would be something current. One of the pictures that appealed to him the most and that he wanted near his desk, was a man trudging up a snow-covered hill; the tow rope had broken. And he—the man, climbing against odds. It had an especial meaning to Dr. Stout.

In hiring people, he believed that motivation was much more important than education and background. He used to say, “If you can find someone who is hungry for success, get him.” And as far as a Ph.D. was concerned, he felt that there was such a difference in Ph.D. recipients that he should look beyond the degree and find out what he did in getting a Ph.D. He said sometimes the degree meant only that he spent that much more time getting an education. One of the things that I heard him say, from the beginning of his administration to the end, was that “reason is but a speck on the sea of emotion.

Another little instance in the office, which was typically Dr. Stout. We had state personnel by this time, and I had a girl in the office who was especially good at keeping track of the monotonous little things in the office that other girls were apt to let go. She was a very attractive girl, and as a receptionist, she was successful if there were no problems. But she became self-conscious if she were pressed for an appointment that she couldn’t make, or if the person were especially well-dressed, or had an eastern accent, or in some way made it difficult for her to relate to the caller. Dr. Stout came into the office one day, and in one glance could sense her uneasiness. So he mentioned it to me.

I thought he was underestimating her worth, so I pointed out to him that she took care of certain chores very well, and she handled some things in the office that the

other girls tended to let go. I said, “In addition to that, she lives alone and lives within her income, she has a horse of her own, which she grooms. She can build her own fences or repair them. She can even change an automobile tire, which I can’t do.”

His reply was, “Well, of course, that’s all right, but it isn’t Very often that we ask our secretaries to ride in the student rodeo or change automobile tires.”

In his first presentation to the faculty, he said that he would treat everyone alike. And I believe he did. I remember one time, something came out in the newspaper from the student affairs office that he felt should not have been given to the reporter at that time, and he called Dean Mobley. It turned out that Dean Mobley’s secretary had inadvertently made a remark that was picked up by the reporter. So Dr. Stout asked to have the secretary come to his office, and he talked it over with her. Now, most presidents would have asked Dean Mobley to please ask her secretary to—. But Dr. Stout wanted to explain his thinking to her personally. At one time, after we had a news service department, I said something to a reporter that appeared in the newspaper. It was about the budget being presented to the Board of Regents. The reporter asked me if this was the first presentation, and I said it was. This was true, but when it came out in the newspaper it was so worded that it could have been interpreted to mean that this was the first time any budget had ever been presented. And Dr. Stout reminded me that giving news articles was no longer my function; we had a department which handled that. I’m saying these things to show that he did try to be consistent.

Dean Holstine came to the University as dean of education, and Dean Carlson came as dean of student affairs. Now, these were close friends to Dr. Stout. He had known both of

them prior to his coming to the University of Nevada. But I remember one summer, Dean Holstine thought he would have a summer school newspaper, something on the order of the Sagebrush. He really was too busy to supervise it carefully and it went to press with some errors, and not exactly misstatements, but poor journalistic work. Instantly, Dr. Stout called Dean Holstine on the phone and told him in no uncertain terms that if he couldn't get out a better paper, he'd better stop trying. I asked Dr. Stout if he didn't think that Dean Holstine might consider him rather abrupt. Dr. Stout admitted that he might, but then he felt that Dean Holstine, being a grown man, should be able to take it.

Dr. Stout came back from a faculty meeting one afternoon, where Dean Carlson had said something which displeased him. He called Dean Carlson and asked him to come over. I don't know what it was about, but Dean Carlson went into the office and it was apparently settled without feelings.

But that was Dr. Stout's method, he instantly settled things. And neither Dean Holstine nor Dean Carlson showed any difference in their relationship with him.

The regents were very active during Dr. Stout's administration. Of course, we had quite a building program going on, and not only that, there were plans for more buildings in the foreseeable future, that the University was going to grow. An executive committee of the Board of Regents met between meetings. The executive committee was composed of the local regents, since it was very easy for them to get together. If something was of sufficient importance, I would poll the rest of the members of the board. Confirmative action, of course, would have to be taken at a regular board meeting.

It was Dr. Stout's policy to work very close to the Board of Regents, to let them

know what he intended to recommend with some background thinking. Some of the meetings were held in the Holiday Hotel (Mr. Crumley was the owner then), sometimes we'd meet in the Napes Hotel, sometimes at the University. I was there always with my notebook. It seemed that nearly every time we went into a hotel room to have a meeting, there was a reporter in the lobby or someone who told the reporters that we were having a meeting. Almost without fail, we would get a call the following day from one of the newspapers, wanting to know if any action had been taken at the meeting. The meetings were purely discussion, but the fact that I had a notebook and I went into the meeting was sufficient to raise suspicions. Reporters were more watchful than they had been before—more concerned that the University might have meetings to which they were not invited.

As far as the Las Vegas meetings were concerned, Bob Laxalt covered for the Reno newspapers, and called back by long distance.

During Dr. Stout's administration we had the regents minutes put on microfilm. The films were stored in the comptroller's office. I believe now they're in the library.

When Dr. Stout came, one of the first things that he wanted to do was to raise the salary schedule. He didn't feel that he could fill jobs with good men unless he could offer a better salary. He was able to go to the legislature and with documentation, the background information that he had accumulated, and he was able to sell his point of view. He did do more than any president I can remember in trying to bring the salary scale up. My own salary took a healthy jump, and I was very grateful.

Dr. Stout had sufficient sense of humor to laugh at himself occasionally. I remember especially, after he had been giving a speech, he came back to the office and I asked him

how it went. "Well," he said, "it went on a little too well. You know, I found myself talking too long, and I was enjoying myself. I had to say to myself, "Now, Minard, that's enough!"

Dr. Stout had another little saying which I think is worth recording. My reason for mentioning what the different presidents had said repeatedly is that to me, it is sort of an indication of their thinking. It helps to understand why they did certain things. Dr. Stout used to say that, if you want a quick and decisive answer to anything, go to someone who knows a little bit about the subject, but not too much. Because based on the information he has, it surely wouldn't take him very long to sift it through and come up with a quick, decisive answer. But on the other hand, if you take your question or your problem to someone who has depth in the subject matter, and who has more experience, it's going to take him longer and perhaps his answer won't be so decisive because he will know what the possibilities are for success or failure.

In addition to Dr. and Mrs. Stout, the household consisted of Mrs. Stout's mother, and their two boys. I would say it was a very happy family setup. Dr. Stout could leave the office with someone whom he wanted to take home, and Mrs. Stout always had coffee on or made coffee, and she had time to sit down and meet the guests, also. I was in the Stout home casually more often than with any other president and their families, sometimes to talk about something pertaining to the office in the privacy of the home, or to talk with Mrs. Stout about something pertaining to social activities. My contribution to their social entertaining amounted only to helping prepare a list, or suggesting guests, or getting out invitations.

Mrs. Stout had been a nurse before her marriage. She was very capable and apparently

in good health. She was Norwegian and Dr. Stout liked to poke fun at her Norwegian expressions.

The two boys seemed very well adjusted. The younger boy, Rex, always seemed to know exactly what he wanted to do in life. The older one was not quite so sure, but Dr. Stout was confident that he would find a career for himself. Dr. Stout had said that he wasn't a good student until he became motivated, so he was very patient. Craig joined the Marines and while he was in the Marines, decided to go on to college, and became successful in the field of teaching.

The Stouts were absolutely not class conscious. A member of the clerical staff or a member of the janitorial staff could have coffee in the Stout home and feel just as comfortable as anyone else. I don't mean by that, either, that other presidents were class conscious; it was just that it was more noticeably not there with the Stouts.

I know that Dr. Stout's parents had struggled to put their two sons through college. I know that Dr. Stout appreciated it, and I'm sure his brother did. Dr. Stout's brother was with the Red Cross in Washington, D. C. His function was to visit disaster areas, to see how much Red cross aid was needed. Mrs. Stout continued her nursing profession while Dr. Stout was getting his Ph.D.

One of my first instructions when Dr. Stout took office was to try not to sign him up for a breakfast appointment. He said when he got up in the morning, he liked to dawdle and groom himself at his own pace, and the rest of the day, he didn't mind how busy he was. I would say Dr. Stout enjoyed his day-to-day life. He belonged to a local church, Protestant, but he didn't attend regularly because the pastor didn't inspire him. Dr. Stout was much more interested in a good sermon than he was in any particular denomination.

I soon learned that if I wanted to ask for something or to discuss something with Dr. Stout, I'd better have all the answers, because he could shoot [questions] at me faster than I could think. So if that was my experience I'm sure the faculty and others found it to be true. In Dr. Stout's mind, that wasn't to make it difficult for anyone; it was just to see how well the person had thought it out, and how deep his concern was.

I noticed, too, that if Dr. Stout had to call someone into the office to discuss something he disapproved of, Dr. Stout always felt better if the other person explained himself fully, and even scrapped a little bit about it. He felt then that everything was out in the open, and that it was all over. The only thing is, I'm afraid sometimes the other fellow didn't think likewise.

In the meetings of the academic council, if the members felt they were too busy, Dr. Stout would kiddingly say, "Well, what do you do between ten at night and two in the morning? Not very much that is productive."

As for the regents, certainly at the beginning of his administration, Dr. Stout was very well received. He had plans to present, he had logical views about the growth of the University, and I would say that he presented his material well.

Likewise, with the first legislative group. I remember one meeting held in the president's office about married student housing, and when the legislative committee wondered if the University should go further into married student housing, and Dr. Stout had some of the leading real estate people in on the meeting. Also, I remember, he had some of the people who were trying to rent to University married students, to prove to the legislative committee that rents were out of reach of married students, unless the University provided something for them. I

mention this to indicate his thoroughness of presentation.

When Dr. Stout came to the University, we already had electric typewriters and, at Dr. Stout's request, we bought a dictaphone. I used the dictaphone myself long enough to get used to it. By that time Dr. Stout had decided that, without changing my title, I should really be more of an administrative assistant. I took very little dictation from then on. I dictated then to the girls or to the dictaphone. We also had a copying machine by then and that made it possible to send out many more items to many more people.

Dr. Love had kept the regents pretty well informed with sort of newsletters. Dr. Stout carried it even further. He informed the regents by mail of recommendations that he planned to present and his background thinking. He also kept them informed about actions of the academic and university council[s]. In addition to that, they received a copy of everything that went to the faculty. They had already been receiving the Sagebrush and Artemisia.

Many times on the day before the regents meeting, we would be busy in the office duplicating last-minute material, and sometimes Dr. Stout and I would be running around after office hours leaving the material in the hotel mailboxes or the homes of the regents.

Sometime before this, I had joined the National Association of School Secretaries, which was a division of the National Education Association. I had learned about it through the publications of the NEA. There were no local chapters in Nevada, but I did benefit from the literature and news bulletins, which told about national legislation pertaining to education and also some state legislation.

One of the activities of the Association was summer regional institutes at various

universities. First one I attended was at Salt Lake City, the University of Utah. They were a week long and very beneficial because I had a chance to talk with other women who were doing the same kind of work as I was. I was able to compare notes on working conditions, and just everything pertaining to secretarial experiences. There were general lectures and, of course, many social activities. Following the morning lecture, the rest of the day consisted of classes. One of the most interesting classes in Utah was headed by a member of the library staff who supervised the filing system for the whole campus, so that every office on the campus of the University of Utah had the same filing system, which was quite convenient. Of course, there were always demonstrations of new office machines and such things as that.

One of the other courses I found particularly helpful was handling office situations, in which we took turns acting out the situations, followed by comments and suggestions from other secretaries.

The next year, the institute was at the University of Denver; I attended that. We were all housed in a dormitory and that was most helpful, because we could have evening get-togethers and get better acquainted. They also had a very good course in supervision and I specialized in that. The professor discussed what we had a right to expect from those whom we supervised, and also what we owed to our superiors; exactly where we should fit into the whole scheme. There was one difference in attitude from what I had learned in business college: in that day we were taught that you leave your problems at home. The professor at Denver believed that was not humanly possible. If, for instance, someone had a problem finding a baby sitter, it was within our realm to sit down and talk to her, and try to help her solve her problem;

that it was too much to expect her to leave that problem at home.

By the time Dr. Stout arrived, I was gaining quite a bit from the organization. I talked to Dr. Stout about it. One of Dr. Stout's characteristics was, if he approved or agreed with something, he would go all out. The next institute was at the University of Oregon, and he was more than glad to arrange my vacation so that I could go, and even offered, if any of the other girls on the campus were interested, to provide a University car so that transportation would be taken care of. One girl did go, but others who were interested were not willing to take the time out of their own vacation. So, the University paid the bus fare for the one girl.

At the University of Oregon, I took a class under Dean [Paul B.] Jacobson of the college of education, who knew Dr. Stout. Of course, that was Dr. Newburn's college, and Dr. Stout had many friends there. I remember that Dr. Jacobson predicted that, in Congress, there was bound to be a pull for available money to solve the problems of the elderly, and at the same time, there would be a need to solve the problems of the young. He further predicted that the problems with the elderly would come out ahead because they were voters, they were mature, and they could organize. He was not too far wrong. Later, Dean and Mrs. Jacobson visited Nevada and Lake Tahoe.

The next year, the institute was at the University of California, Berkeley. They had very outstanding speakers, because, of course, they had a wide range of speakers to choose from—the various universities in the area, and businesses, and so on. I think the outstanding speaker was from Stanford. In his talk, he pointed out that women were especially suited for the secretarial profession. Women, he believed, were more apt to sense a situation than a man because they are more intuitive.

I now began to feel that the seminars were beginning to be repetitious, and so attended no more. I did do a little bit of ground work in Nevada to see if I could start a chapter here. I really didn't have the time to put in on it. Didn't find that the girls were much interested.

Going back to Oregon (in thought) at the time I was there, Oregon was experiencing an influx of migrant workers from California. Families that had originated from the South, especially the "Dust Bowl" area, and other poverty areas, and had come from California up to Oregon. Oregon was having a very real problem feeding them, absorbing the children in school and taking care of them generally.

I mentioned in Berkeley that the dean from Stanford had been very flattering to women secretaries. Might sort of recall a little incident that he gave, to represent his viewpoint, which he said was true. When he was superintendent of schools and had called a meeting of his teachers, and had invited the district superintendent to talk to them, when he called the meeting to order, the district superintendent hadn't shown up. So he killed time for a while and finally went into his private office, spoke to the male secretary and said something to the effect, "Call and find out what the heck is keeping that guy. I'm getting tired waiting for him." The secretary called and repeated almost verbatim what he had said. So he said when he got another secretary, he was very careful to get a woman. He said she would have handled the same situation by calling the other secretary and saying something like, "What's keeping your boss? My boss is all ready for him." I used this incident as part of a talk I gave to the clerical staff of the agricultural division. They seemed to like it.

At all of these institutes, I talked to the girls about clerical organizations. Where they had them, they proved to be very beneficial. From my experience at Woolworth's, I

believed that employee organizations were very helpful. Woolworth's, of course, hired a great many inexperienced girls and the store meetings lasted for only fifteen minutes, following the closing of the store. The girls were notified quite awhile ahead of time and the meetings were mandatory. In the fifteen minutes, they were able to present to the girls some background of the store operation and what was expected of the salesladies. It really inspired them and made them feel that Woolworth's was a good place to work.

At some universities where there were clerical organizations, meetings would be held at different buildings on the campus, so that the girls had an overall view of the campus, not of just their own department. I talked to Dr. Stout about it at U of N and he gave me the go-ahead. But there seemed to be no way to provide the necessary time. I would say that I left that as unfinished business. Then, when the state merit system came into being, that changed the picture quite a bit. Mary Clark then took over the University personnel work, because with a number of reports to the Carson office, and the increased work procedure, it was more than I could carry on as a sideline.

The clerical staff still invites me to their Christmas parties, as founder of the group. I would like now for them to set aside a table for the retired clerical staff at their Christmas parties.

The Agricultural Extension Division held statewide conferences of their workers, with a session for clerical workers. Dr. Edward Vietti of the department of business administration was asked to talk to the girls, and he asked me if I would go over and share the meeting with him. Together, we presented about an hour's discussion, followed by questions from the staff. He talked from his academic viewpoint, and I tried to talk from just my experience.

This was the time that I used by little story from the Berkeley institute.

I had two meetings of the clerical staff before I gave up the project, or before it was transferred to Mary Clark. At one meeting, I invited Mr. Ross, then chairman of the Board of Regents, to talk to the girls. He was very interesting, and very glad to be invited. The meeting went a little bit over time, and I think I was more nervous than the girls. I knew that that was not good. I called another meeting to discuss with the girls whether or not they wanted meetings. Some of the offices were reluctant to give the girls the necessary half hour off. At the present time, the clerical staff has its own organization. They elect their own officers and have their own program. I'm really very glad that they have gone ahead, and very proud of them.

Mary Clark continued the Christmas parties with the clerical staff, first just exactly as I had carried them through, and then, as the staff grew larger, she had to change her format.

Well, let's see. The regents about this time were very active with the building program. They had decided now to name buildings for people whom they wanted to honor, who might have died recently or were still living. This was a change in thinking. Before that, they had named buildings only after donors. After a long discussion about naming dormitories, they came up with the conclusion that the men's dormitories would be named for the counties of the state, and women's dorms for native plants.

Dr. Lombardi, after he completed his first term and was going to run for a second term, had scheduled a trip to Europe. In his absence, Louis Gordon, who was an associate of Roy Hardy's in the mining association, decided that that was leaving a little bit too much to chance. So he called the president's office for

a picture of Dr. Lombardi and he and Roy Hardy had cards printed for Dr. Lombardi and distributed them. They carried on the entire campaign for Dr. Lombardi in his absence. Dr. Lombardi gathered the most votes of any regent running for office that election.

Of course, when he went to Europe he viewed the campaign as previous elections for the Board of Regents had been conducted. Actually, all the men ever did was file, and trusted to newspaper articles. But in this particular campaign, the candidates were beginning to campaign for themselves. And that's what prompted Louis Gordon and friends of Dr. Lombardi to campaign for him. In addition to the cards which they had printed, they saw to it that the newspapers carried articles about his activities. He was very popular throughout the state. For one thing, he had been team physician for many, many years without any remuneration.

Dr. Stout was very interested, too, in reactivating the various alumni chapters. Dr. Moseley had worked at it, but there was still much to be done. Chris Sheerin was working with the alumni in Elko. Dr. Stout took a University car full of people, including Dean Mobley, the secretary to the Alumni Association, and others, including myself. Chris Sheerin had arranged for the use of the gymnasium at the high school in Elko and we had a dinner and a meeting there. Mr. Sheerin gave the main talk, Dr. Stout gave a very good talk, telling the alumni about the University and what he wanted to do.

Then also, we made a trip to Las Vegas. Dean Mobley was along then, and Mrs. Bankofier (Laura Mae), who was president of the Alumni Association. She knew many people, of course, and was very successful at this sort of gathering. A luncheon meeting had been arranged at one of the hotels, by the Las Vegas alumni. I remember that Dean

Mobley and I decided to wear our best to the luncheon, including hats. So when the MC introduced the people from Reno, he said, "You can easily pick out the women from Reno, they're the only ones with hats." The Las Vegas people were more informal.

Well, then, let's see, some of the appointments Dr. Stout made. Bob Laxalt for news service. He was really the only one considered. When he learned that we were going to start a news service, he was so anxious for the job he really applied before the University started searching. He was so interested, and had ideas, that Dr. Stout, with very little consideration, recommended him to the Board of Regents. I had known Bob, of course, as a student. It was rather logical, his being a University graduate and a Nevada person for him to have the job. Obviously, he was very talented. I remember when one of the girls in our office, shortly after he took his office, remarked that even his interoffice memos were good reading.

While the president's office was still in Morrill Hall, we did finally get air conditioning. Mr. Rogers was superintendent of the building department at that time, as University engineer. I remember that it was really a difficult job, because the ceilings were very high and so we had to have room air conditioners. So we had a choice between noise or heat. The noise was very troublesome to the president's conferences.

When the student union building was completed, the post office moved from the basement of Morrill Hall to the basement of the student union building. We had employed a purchasing officer for the University and he was stationed in the basement of Morrill Hall with paper and other supplies, which the offices could get by requisition.

Robert C. Poolman became University engineer. He was busy because we were

planning buildings. The state planning board had always to be considered. And frequently, the state planning board interpreted state regulations and legislation just a little bit differently than the University. Mr. Poolman was caught in the middle. When this happened Dr. Stout would advise Bob to "keep a cool tool." I remember Bob always came out and said, "Look who's advising that."

Dr. Stout employed Ramona First for a short period of time, and she was an expert statistician. He wanted her to gather information concerning salaries, both at Nevada and other universities to aid him in bringing the salary brackets of the University up considerably. She was able to show that the University lagged at that particular time, and that it always had.

Also, we were getting a good many questionnaires. There always had been three or four important questionnaires a year, but now they were growing in number and she handled those.

Dr. Stout relied on the academic council quite a bit. The council considered recommendations for tenure, for promotions and change of status in faculty, for the proportion of ranks within a department, i. e., the number of full professors, and so on that would be desirable. They also acted upon any new courses, course changes, and credits to be given for various courses so that there would be consistency. Dr. Stout presented something to the academic council which he didn't need to present to them before presenting to the Board of Regents, but he wanted the thinking of the members of his administration. The University council could consider anything that the faculty wanted presented. Dr. Stout attended the meetings, but he didn't have a vote.

After the first faculty meeting which Dr. Stout called, I don't believe I attended any

meetings until toward the end of Dr. Stout's administration. I attended that with my notebook to take notes. Dr. Vietti was also there, and the two of us were to do a thorough job of the minutes. I don't remember what the controversy was about, but it was something that had come up in the University council which Dr. Stout wanted brought before the full faculty for record and consideration.

The Fleischmann Foundation were very good to us. And the University continually presented proposals. One that Professor Higginbotham wanted very much and which did not get approved—and I believe we presented it two or three times—was a course in journalism that would increase a person's awareness of his citizenship and make him more proud to be an American.

Dr. Stout became very good personal friends with Jay Bergen and his wife. Kr. Bergen was very active on the Fleischmann board. Their friendship [was] not only through the Fleischmann Foundation, it was a personal friendship. Also, by this time Lester Summerfield's health was not very good.

There was need for more room for the College of Agriculture. Also, the buildings which had housed agriculture were needed for other purposes. The president's home was getting to need repairs, so they started searching for a new home. The regents had decided that the president's home should be off campus. And when Mr. Sam Ginsburg learned of it, he offered his home to the University at what he said was less than he would take from anyone else. I went out with Dr. Stout and others to look at it and I remember with what pride Mr. Ginsburg showed his home, and said that he would leave many things in the home if the University purchased it which he would remove if it were to be put on the open market. One such item was a beautiful bedroom, which Mrs. Ginsburg

had had decorated as a "Wedgewood" room in Wedgewood blue and white trim. And so the home was purchased, the Stouts moved in, and seemed to be very happy with it. It seemed to suit the needs of the president as far as entertainment was concerned, both for indoor and outdoor entertainment—and the backyard had a very lovely setting. Then they tore down the president's home on the campus.

One amusing little thing comes to mind which sort of pinpoints Dr. Stout. When the buildings and grounds people from the University were preparing the home for the Stouts to move in, they constructed a clothesline in the backyard. One of the neighbors wrote to Dr. Stout and said that perhaps Dr. Stout didn't know that a clothesline was being erected in the back of the home, and perhaps the buildings and grounds staff didn't know that in that neighborhood, people didn't have outdoor clotheslines. Dr. Stout ignored it; his comment to me was, "Ruth likes to hang her washing out, and that's that."

Arthur Orvis was very active about this time. He and Dr. Stout seemed to get along very well. Arthur Orvis was very expressive, he seemed impulsive, whether he was or not. He was very candid, frank, and Dr. Stout was able to take it and to dish it out a little bit. When the Loves were here, the Orvises frequently invited them to a social event without very much notice. The Loves usually went, not wanting to hurt Mr. Orvis's feelings. Dr. Stout handled it differently; if Dr. Stout had something else, he frankly told Mr. Orvis that he already had other plans. And there were no hard feelings between them.

Mr. Orvis occasionally came into the office to ask me if I would get out a few letters for him, which I never could work in—for him or for anyone else. Then his next proposition

was for me to come to the house and he would pay me to do some of his clerical work. I knew that this would not be a good thing to start, so I would try to explain to Mr. Orvis. Then his second come-on was, "If you'll do this for me, I'll donate something to the University." I still couldn't be persuaded and I don't think that I ever lost a donation for the University.

His wife, Mae, was a very attractive and capable woman. She had been an accountant and served actually as his business manager. One reason why he liked to have his clerical work done at home, was because Mrs. Orvis could look it over and detect any errors. Even when the work were done in the office, he'd take it home for Mae to look over.

I think I mentioned before, Mr. Orvis made money on the stock market. His brother was in the same business in the East, and so he had connections there. He came into the office one day, I remember, and said that he had just made a large sum of money because he had bought Penney's stock when it was down, and then it went up more than he thought it would. He was quite anxious to give some of it away. He ended up giving the president's discretionary fund a sum of money.

The president's discretionary fund was money that had been donated for that purpose only. It was not state controlled because it wasn't state money. It could be for any purpose the president saw fit, such as to entertain a guest where the president's entertainment allowance might not be adequate. He could buy books for the office when the library funds happened to be inadequate. He could even take a trip, a side trip perhaps from a University trip where the University funds could not be used. Mr. Orvis contributed frequently to the fund.

I know also that Mr. Orvis contributed to the Episcopal church, of which he was a member. He told of one particular instance,

when the Episcopal church was raising money for a building program, and it had suggested that the members who could afford it donate three hundred dollars apiece. Mr. Orvis had donated three hundred dollars, and he was willing to donate another three hundred dollars, but he didn't want to donate the further gift in his own name. He said other people would say oh, Orvis is trying to show off. So he said he was going in to ask Dr. Stout if he could use his name and donate another three hundred dollars in the name of Dr. Stout. I don't know what the outcome was, but I thought it was interesting and significant of Arthur Orvis.

Mr. Orvis took a course in journalism at the University at one summer session. His class got out about noon and he usually would come into the office to tell us about his course and occasionally to ask the girl who stayed at noon if she would type his next day's lesson for him. She told Dr. Stout about this—and here again, I think this is typical of Dr. Stout; Mr. Orvis was a contributor to the University, a heavy contributor at that, he was a very good friend of the University, but this was a matter of principle. Dr. Stout called Mr. Orvis and explained that, no matter how much he would like to accommodate him, he couldn't possibly do so in this case.

Mr. Orvis had a greenhouse at his home on Marsh Avenue, and he hired Herb Preuss, who was the University greenhouse manager to take care of his orchids and his greenhouse; especially, he liked orchids. He employed Mr. Preuss even after Mr. Preuss retired.

Mr. and Mrs. Orvis, of course, were always guests of the University for Homecoming games. At one particular Homecoming, we were holding tickets for them, but they had been out of town, so we hadn't mailed them to him as usual. The Orvises returned just before Homecoming, he called the office and

of course, wanted to attend the football game. We had a short regents meeting that Saturday morning, so I was at the office and offered to personally deliver the tickets. I rapped on the door and Mr. Orvis escorted me into the living room.

He had just purchased a very fine organ for Mrs. Orvis. It was a special organ he had selected from out of town and he had it shipped here. It had just arrived and he was so very proud of it that he wanted to show it off. I went in and looked at it. It was beautiful. Mrs. Orvis was in the kitchen and he tried to entice her to come in and play the organ for me. She was far too busy. So he sat down and played the organ. And he didn't do a bad job. But I sat there knowing that my mother was home getting lunch so that we could go to the football game, Mrs. Orvis was in the kitchen preparing lunch so that they could go to the football game, and Mr. Orvis could nonchalantly play the organ.

Mr. Orvis's birthday was July 20, and unfortunately, that was also my mother's birthday. Mr. Orvis gave very elaborate parties for his birthday. One that I did not attend but which Dean Mobley did attend, was held at the Holiday Hotel. The Orvises had two of their nieces in from out of town. It was a very dressy affair, and a large crowd, a sumptuous meal, and then dancing followed. The following day, they came to the University with a piece of birthday cake for me. They were that kind of people.

The birthday party a year later, I did attend. That was given at his home, out of doors. They had a large yard. It was a "Hawaiian night." He had asked all of his guests to wear something Hawaiian if they had it. He had leis imported from the Islands, he had a Hawaiian orchestra flown up from San Francisco, and he had authentic Hawaiian food. He had the roasted pig in a pit, had the dried fish—everything

typically Hawaiian. It was served out of doors on long tables. Hawaiian torches that stick in the ground provided the lighting. I would say there were hundreds of people there. Many people from the University, many people from his church, his doctor, his dentist, his barber even, the sales people with whom he did business, people from the buildings and grounds staff at the University, people who lived in his neighborhood, some people from out of town, and of course, all the members of the Board of Regents. I sat next to one of his neighbors at the feast and she remarked, "No one in this neighborhood will want to give a party for a long time after this."

Following the meal, he had dancing. He had a cement square on the lawn and the Hawaiian orchestra. It sprinkled a little rain unfortunately, and made it hard to dance on the cement. He was dressed in shorts and the combination of dancing on the cement and a little drizzling rain caused rheumatism in his knees to flair up before the evening was over, and he had to go to bed without saying goodnight to his guests.

A girl who worked in my office on a temporary basis did go out and work for Mr. Orvis in his home occasionally. She told about the first evening that she had worked for him. He got upset over something (not her) and his language became offensive to her. So she closed her typewriter and picked up her bag and started out, after which he called her back, wondered what was the matter. She said she replied to him, "You don't even know the fear of God!" So she said he told her that he liked someone who could talk to him like that, assured her that it would never happen again. And she went back to work for him.

At another time, he asked me to try to get someone to work for him in the evening. I did ask another secretary on the campus whom I know wanted a little extra money,

she did go out and work for him. She was a very charming young woman. She and her husband were divorced and she was raising two young boys. Mr. Orvis liked her so well that later he bought the boys each a bicycle. He ended up being godfather to the two boys at their baptism in the Episcopal church. He also offered to take the boys on a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, where he also had a home. The mother did not let the boys go, but appreciated the offer. They were that generous.

Mr. Orvis was very interested in steambaths at Steamboat Springs; in fact, he believed they were helping him a great deal. He thought he had never found anything quite so beneficial for his rheumatism. One Saturday he arranged with Steamboat Springs for Dean Mobley, Ruth Russell, and myself to enjoy the baths at Steamboat—and he was to pay the bill. He wanted us to experience the benefit of the baths.

When he was ready to establish the Orvis School of Nursing, he came into the office—suddenly as he usually did—and told Dr. Stout he wanted to talk about making a donation to the University for a nursing school. But first, he said he wanted Dr. Stout to come out and take a steam bath with him and to try the waters at Steamboat Springs. So while taking a steam bath and drinking the mineral water at Steamboat Springs, Mr. Orvis made his proposal, and Dr. Stout accepted it for presentation to the Board of Regents. Upon his return to the office, Dr. Stout remarked, “There’s no end to what I’ll do for the University.” We both laughed.

Mr. Orvis had proposed \$20,000 a year for five years to make \$100,000. He had specified that it must be called the Orvis School of Nursing. The regents did hesitate a bit because \$100,000 was not enough to provide for a school of nursing. They reasoned that if they agreed to the Orvis name, they couldn’t expect

another donor to contribute. So they held off until they were sure of additional sufficient funds.

Mr. Orvis frequently would sit down in the front office and just talk. On one occasion, he said that he and Mae were willing to give up what they would have to give up so that the University could have \$20,000 a year. I remember looking sort of puzzled, and I think he saw it. I was wondering what they could possibly give up. He said, “Well, Mae and I could go around the world every year for \$20,000.” I hadn’t thought of that.

By the time Dr. Stout was out of office, Mr. Orvis’s health had begun to fail. And by the time Dr. Armstrong came, Mr. Orvis was just accepting invitations, but was not so active. So again I’d say, I think that Dr. Stout and Mr. Orvis knew each other at about the right time for the good of the University. Dr. Armstrong would have handled Mr. Orvis quite differently.

Well, then the Orvis School of Nursing was established. When Mr. Orvis died, Mrs. Orvis donated furniture from their home to the reception room of the school of nursing. The first dean of nursing was Helen Gilkey. She had the task of organizing and getting the school started. She worked very hard and I think did a good job until she had medical problems and the regents had to make a change.

The next dean, I don’t recall her name, was from Baltimore, Maryland. Apparently she didn’t know very much about the West, because she just couldn’t get adjusted here. She had brought furniture from Baltimore that she had owned for a long time and there seemed to be no housing in Reno suitable for her furniture.

Dean Marjorie Elmore then took over and my impression is that she did just a fine job. I know that she was very well liked. She worked

with the Cancer Society too, while I was also working for them. She was on the Cancer board, and they valued her services highly.

One of the important appointments made by Dr. Stout was Dr. William R. Wood as academic vice president. The regents, on Dr. Stout's recommendation, had authorized him to search for an academic vice president. Dr. Stout knew Dr. Wood previously. When Dr. Stout recommended Dr. Wood, I was interested in the comment by the regents that Dr. Wood had applied previously for the presidency of the University. The regents felt that he had been in government work—in Washington, D. C.—so long he might not be adaptable to a university. However, that seemed to be unfounded. He was very much at home on the University campus, and I'm sure would have been on any campus.

He was very energetic, very outgoing, a very genial man. He was brilliant. His office was in Morrill Hall, upstairs. Bob Laxalt of the news service had an upstairs also, just across the hall from Dr. Wood.

One of Dr. Wood's assignments was to find a person to handle University personnel clerical work. Of course, by now, we were under the state merit system and had to go through the Carson personnel office for clerical workers. The University needed someone to handle that part of personnel work as well as the personnel files for faculty members. Mary Clark was hired. Her office was upstairs, as an adjunct to Dr. Wood's office. Mary Clark held that job all through Dr. Wood's administration. Later when Dr. Armstrong took office and we moved over to Clark administration building, Mary Clark moved along with us. Then she was directly responsible to the president's office.

When Dr. Wood first arrived on the campus, Dr. Stout was most anxious to accompany him on a trip around the state.

The purpose was to study firsthand the needs of the various communities in the state, as regards University services, such as correspondence courses, extension courses, community colleges, whatever would best serve the needs. Part of the job was to find out how many prospective students there might be, and what the community leaders and the school superintendents thought of the University coming into their areas. They met with the service clubs as well as the school people, to become thoroughly acquainted.

I had the privilege of mapping the statewide tour, which they made by automobile. I know Nevada very well, of course, and planned their trip so that they hit every community that had a school. I tried to learn the regular meeting dates of service clubs, although in some communities the service clubs were willing to rearrange their meetings or even to combine meetings to coincide with the visit of Dr. Wood and Dr. Stout.

Dr. Stout was very pleased with Dr. Wood on the trip. I remember him complimenting Dr. Wood to the regents, saying that Dr. Wood could think of more pertinent questions than anyone else he knew. Knowing Dr. Stout, I know that would appeal to him.

Dr. Wood relieved the office of many of the things such as commencement exercises. The president's office still invited the commencement speakers, and special guests.

Starting in Dr. Stout's administration, we typed all of the procedure for commencement in absolute detail. Before that, we had a little squib for each dean or for each participant, but Dr. Stout compiled it all into regular typed, book form, so that everyone who participated had all of it before him. It was quite an improvement. When Dr. Wood came on as vice president, he took over a good part of that work.

His second secretary was Mrs. Alice White [Haseltine], who was an unusually competent person, because she had a college degree in business administration. She had also taught shorthand and typing in the Reno Business College. She was a great deal of help to Dr. Wood and to us, too, and to Mary Clark, she was a very good counselor.

Another appointment of Dr. Stout's was Dr. Robert Weems. I remember he wanted him especially because he felt the University should begin now to offer courses in business administration that were especially suited to Reno and to Nevada: hotel and restaurant management and tourism. He had known Dean Weems before, or he had known of Dean Weems and he felt that he was especially capable.

When Dean Weems arrived and I had a chance to talk to him, I thought it was interesting that he was very willing to leave the South where he had always taught, because he could foresee that the South was going to have almost unsolvable problems to provide equal education for blacks and whites. He pointed out that they simply did not have the financial resources and it didn't look as though the government was going to subsidize it sufficiently. And so he predicted rather an unhappy situation for the South.

Then the president's home was torn down and the home economics building was erected there. Dean Adams was then head of agriculture and Marilyn Horn was head of home economics. The home economics building provided another place for entertainment. They had a very fine lounge, and occasionally Dr. Stout used that for small receptions.

During Dr. Stout's administration, too, we had a reevaluation of the University by the Northwest Association of Secondary and

Higher Schools. Dr. Wood was very valuable in that work.

Dr. Dean McHenry was one of the people sent to the campus as part of the Northwest Association team. They had different teams to reevaluate different portions of the University work. Dean McHenry had also applied for the presidency of the University (according to the Board of Regents remark). But we came through the reevaluation with some recommendations for improvement.

Dr. Dean McHenry was with the University of California when he visited the University of Nevada. I think it's noteworthy that later he became president of a state college near Santa Cruz, one of the brand new colleges in California, and apparently was a very successful president there, although [they] did have a little bit of controversy, not serious. He had new ideas, perhaps a little bit more forward-looking than the thinking of some, but nothing that ousted him.

I'd like to mention a couple of Distinguished Nevadan awards that were given, that seemed especially appropriate and timely. One was to Eva Adams, who was director of the Mint at that time and had served as an assistant to the dean of women on the campus of the University while she was in Reno.

As I have previously said, I had known Eva Adams when I was in high school. Eva Adams was one of the young people who always seemed to have a definite direction. She never seemed to be floundering; she always knew what to do. Her sister and I occasionally enticed her to play three-handed bridge, but Eva didn't want to stay at it very long. To her, it was almost a waste of time. Eva wasn't apt to engage in the silly little teenage talk that her sister and I were. She was a little bit younger than we were, but I don't remember Eva ever going through the silly teenage stage. She couldn't know

she was going to be director of the Mint, but she always seemed to be headed toward something important. Her sister and I noticed that, of course. Her sister predicted that she probably had a career in YWCA work ahead of her. For teenagers, that wasn't meant as a compliment. A friend of mine in Washington, D. C. told me that Eva was as well thought of there as here.

Then, of course, there was the honorary degree to Mrs. Irving Berlin, who was Ellin Mackay. She was one of the most charming women who ever came to the campus. Arid one of the most appreciative, as far as degrees are concerned. I attended the commencement luncheon at which all University guests were honored. Mr. and Mrs. [R. Z.] Hawkins were there also, of course. I remember Mrs. Berlin remarking that while the Mackay family had done a great deal for the University, it was really her sister Katherine who had done the most, because she had come to Reno and had given herself. Later, Mrs. Hawkins received a Distinguished Nevadan award, which was most deserved.

Mrs. Berlin had invited Dr. Stout to visit their home sometime when he was in New York, and he did, and met Mr. Irving Berlin. They were very gracious to him. Dr. Stout had hoped that Mr. Berlin would find it possible to come to Nevada and to appear before the students at the University. But he was getting along in years by that time, and his health didn't permit it.

But we did get the beautiful Mackay silver, and that came during Dr. Stout's administration. When we opened it, I—none of us—had ever seen anything so beautiful.

Also, through the efforts of the Mackay family, the University received the Ghiberti doors, which were an exact replica of the doors in Italy. They were from the home of one of the Mackay friends, the [Cornelius] Vanderbilt

home, which was being dismantled, as the Mackay home was dismantled. I believe the doors are now in the library. They were so huge when they came, we wondered where we would find a place for them.

Before this time, the regents had always met in the president's office in Morrill Hall at the University of Nevada; I don't think it had ever occurred to any one of them to call a meeting for any other place. But Mr. Ross became quite seriously ill and had a very long convalescent period. He had a very beautiful, comfortable home at Lake Tahoe. He was still chairman of the board and wasn't able to make the trip from Lake Tahoe to Reno for the meetings. He had asked the attorney general if there were any reason why the Board of Regents meeting couldn't be called at some other place beside the president's office. The answer was that it was perfectly legal, so long as it was in the state of Nevada; and Mr. Ross's home was in the state of Nevada. So for one entire summer we had the pleasure of meeting at Lake Tahoe.

Then Dr. Lombardi was ill shortly after that. He had had a blood clot form in his leg. He also had a convalescent period, and we met at his home for one of our meetings.

That seemed to be the period of illnesses. Mr. Crumley had picked up some rather rare disease on a safari in Africa and was confined to his home in Elko. And we had an Elko meeting, but Mr. Crumley wasn't able to get out of bed. He could not attend the meeting, but we all went to Mr. Crumley's home after, to inform him of the actions of the board.

Mr. Ross retired while Dr. Stout was president. Mr. Ross had been chairman of the Board of Regents for eighteen years, which took in all the time that I had been taking their minutes. So I had served no other chairman. Mr. Ross was undoubtedly the most devoted person I have ever known. Devoted to the

University, devoted to his lodge, and devoted to his business, devoted to Nevada.

When I first started taking minutes of the Board of Regents meetings, Mr. Ross took the trouble to ask me to come down to his office so that he could talk to me about the minutes and what the regents expected. He wanted the minutes copious.

The minutes of the Board of Regents were always typed in our office and then duplicated, mailed around to members of the Board of Regents as soon as possible, so that if they had any corrections or questions, they could write into the office, so that by the time the regents came to the meeting, the minutes were in shape for approval, either as submitted or as corrected.

I remember Mr. Ross also taking the trouble to tell me the importance of greeting the faculty members cordially, but dignified, and so on. I might admit I was a little tense at that time. This was a big step for me, and I was feeling the tenseness of it, and I think he noticed that. He was a man of absolute perfection. I always felt if the regents minutes were satisfactory to Mr. Ross, I was safe.

A girl worked for me while Dr. Stout was president who was a member of the Eastern Star lodge. When funerals were Eastern Star-conducted, Mr. Ross being an Eastern Star and a Mason, was very careful to see that they were conducted in perfect order. As a member of the drill team she had to serve at some of the funerals. She said that Mr. Ross would always give the team a sort of briefing before each funeral. He would tell them they must keep both feet on the floor, they must keep their hands in their laps, they must sit quietly, and so on. They jokingly called it "Mr. Ross's charm school."

Following Mr. Ross, Archie Grant of Las Vegas was elected chairman of the board. He was very businesslike and devoted. His

devotion was a little less personal, but just as real.

Then we were about ready to dedicate the first building in Las Vegas, for the campus there. Mr. Grant was chairman at that time, and that was our first regents meeting in Las Vegas.

The dedication ceremony was on a hot summer afternoon. At that time, the campus seemed like a long ways from town, and it was very dusty with no shade and too many cars. Some of the cars got off the road and got stuck in the sand. Also, there weren't enough chairs for everyone. Many of the spectators had to return to their cars because of the heat.

Mr. Bunker of Las Vegas—I believe it was Wendell Bunker—gave the main address. He had been a long standing friend of Mr. Grant and Mr. Grant had asked him to serve in this way.

Following the ceremony, we went to Mr. Grant's home for a small reception. The Grant home was a most interesting home. They had been to Europe on many trips and every picture in the house had been bought for some special reason. Also, all of their knick-knacks had special significance to them. They enjoyed telling their guests about them.

Dr. William D. Carlson of the student affairs office in Reno was then transferred to Las Vegas to head the Las Vegas campus. Dr. Stout had a great deal of confidence in Dean Carlson and believed that he was especially suited for that job.

Sam Basta then became dean of students. He was sometimes required to attend the regents meetings in Las Vegas, give reports, or to work with the administration there on student matters.

One particular trip to Las Vegas by automobile, I rode with Bob Laxalt and Sam Basta in a University car. Our arrangement was that Sam was to drive as far as Tonopah

and fill the car with gas; then Bob was to drive the rest of the way. But when it was getting about dusk and we were nearing Las Vegas, Bob happened to glance at the gas tank; we were about out of gas. The explanation for that was that as soon as Bob took the wheel, he also started telling us about a book he had in mind. He was so interesting that none of us thought about time or gasoline. Near the outskirts of Las Vegas, we pulled into a service station and hurriedly opened the glove compartment to get the proper credit card out and, lo and behold, we had credit cards for almost every gasoline company but this one. Afraid to go on without any gasoline, we each put up a quarter, got two gallons, and went on to the next station.

At one of our meetings in Las Vegas, Mr. and Mrs. Grant entertained the entire group at a very fine dinner-floor show. In their reservations, they had their tables selected, and they grouped everyone very skillfully; it was a very beautiful evening. Mrs. Grant was very well-liked among all of the regents, as well as with all of the University people. I remember Dr. William Wood saying that she was the kindest person he had ever met. I know most people thought that way, too.

By this time the attorney general's office was always represented at the meetings of the Board of Regents. So see, we were getting quite a sizable group!

Las Vegas was unusually pleased to have a campus down there. They had been able to raise quite a bit of money among the citizens, especially the casinos. I had never seen such absolute enthusiasm, such acceptance for a university—they were most eager for it. They seemed willing to put on a fund-raising campaign for almost anything. Dr. Carlson had wanted Sunday afternoon concerts at the University, and had no money for them. They were able to raise money to provide the

concerts. The students, of course, had almost no facilities at all. The clubs offered their dance halls free of charge, so the students could carry on regular dances and other student activities.

From then on, we went to Las Vegas for meetings frequently. Later, meetings were alternated between Reno and Las Vegas. I guess like children let loose from school, the glamour atmosphere of Las Vegas seemed much more attractive than the clubs in Reno and Sparks. Usually, it was impossible to catch an afternoon plane back, because the meetings were not over in time. So we sometimes had Saturday night in Las Vegas. Dr. Stout was usually able to get a last-minute reservation for a floor show.

We stayed at the Thunderbird Hotel because they gave us more favorable reservations. Also, that was quite a favorite gathering place for politicians. We always saw many people from Reno. I remember on one of our occasions we ran into Ken Johnson, the legislator, and Cliff Jones.

Dr. Stout, in securing floor show reservations, included not only University people who were there at the meeting, but sometimes members of the faculty or the office staff of the Las Vegas branch, if they happened to be around, or anyone from Reno who happened to be in the lobby and whom he knew. One evening Jordan Crouch of First National Bank joined us, because he had been down there on bank business. This kind of entertainment wasn't chargeable to the president's entertainment allowance, so the men paid the bill, usually Dr. Stout paid a big portion of it. So the trips got a little expensive. Robert Poolman was University engineer then and I remember Mrs. Poolman saying that usually when Bob went to Las Vegas on a regents meeting, the family had to live on hamburgers for the rest of the month.

She was tied down with children and wasn't able to make the trips. On one occasion, too, I remember Bill Elwell, who was a member of the Board of Regents, entertained at a reception at his hotel, the Elwell Hotel, he and Mrs. Elwell.

Dr. Stout felt that it was good relations for the University if I became well acquainted with the office staff of Las Vegas. He suggested that I invite the girls to luncheon and he agreed that he and Mr. Poolman would keep track of any minutes that I might miss until I got there. I mention this because I think it was unusual and expressed a bit of Dr. Stout's thinking.

First, we traveled in University cars to Las Vegas and that took quite a bit of time. Later, we traveled by plane, the little Bonanza plane which didn't fly very high and was a little bit bumpy at times. On one of the flights, I sat next to Roy Hardy. Of Course, he had been connected with the mining industry throughout Nevada and was familiar with almost every inch of territory. It was a most interesting flight back, because the plane was low enough so that he could pick out early mines and he entertained us all the way back, telling about mining incidents, who owned which mine, what ore had been brought out of the mine, and whether it succeeded or failed. Also, he knew the names of all the roads we could see.

There was now a change in educational philosophy, not University of Nevada only, but there was a general trend to expand facilities. The WICHE program (Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education) was being considered. This was designed to help universities which had no medical, dental, or veterinary schools get their pre students into professional schools in other states which would belong to this same program. The University administration was quite

interested in it, especially the premedical faculty members. But it was not a university function, particularly; it was to include students of the whole state of Nevada, no matter where they attended college.

When it was first presented, the legislature was not interested because the initial fee was quite sizable—I don't remember Just what, but it looked like a large amount for the few students that we would want to place. The University presented it three or four times as a recommendation—not as part of its budget, but as a separate recommended item. Finally, I believe it was in the early part of Dr. Armstrong's administration, the legislature did appropriate money, but they included the provision that students who received benefits from WICHE would have to either return to Nevada and practice in a community of 3,000 or less, or else repay the state the amount that the state paid for their tuition. I know the University hoped they wouldn't do that, but that was the only way the bill would go through. The members of the legislature from small communities were hurting so badly because of lack of medical and dental facilities that they saw this as a way to meet their needs. Anyway, it did go through and for a few years, we operated under this plan.

I mentioned one of the regional cooperative educational programs, WICHE, but there were two others about the same time, which seemed to follow the trend. One of them was a cooperative program carried on in southern Idaho concerning experimentation with sheep. Our Agricultural Extension Division participated in it, and it was for the whole western area.

Also, there was a research program comprising the intermountain states. They had a meeting at the University of Nevada in the president's office under Dr. Stout's administration; I took the notes. At the time,

Arizona was considering going into the association, but was somewhat hesitant. New Mexico, on the other hand, was very, very strongly pushing the association. They had hoped that their university could become the center. They had quite a bit of government property and government equipment in the area, with Sandia nearby, they felt that the government workers and some government equipment could be made available for them. Also, Colorado wanted the center very much, and Colorado got it.

The purpose of the association was to be able to carry on research projects that would be too large and too costly for any one university to enter into. Equipment could be loaned from one university to another. Also, personnel, so that an expert in one particular field might be drawn from one university and another expert from another university. Nevada just sort of let the matter lag, although I know Dr. [Joe] Moose attended an out-of-town meeting of the group. Perhaps our Desert Research Institute sufficed for Nevada, and made this project less attractive.

Dr. Stout brought Richard Evans to the campus as a baccalaureate speaker. Richard Evans had spoken on the Mormon Tabernacle program on television for many years, and Dr. Stout admired him because he preached a sermon that Dr. Stout felt was down to earth and still spiritual enough in quality so that it could be grasped and lived. One reason why I mention this is because, following the baccalaureate service, Dr. Stout received a letter from the pastor of his Reno church calling attention to the fact that Richard Evans was really a lay person and not an ordained minister, and that that faith did not belong to the ministerial association. I don't believe Dr. Stout ever answered it.

One of the other nice little things I had an opportunity of doing was accompanying the

University band when they gave a concert at the Stewart Indian School. Professor [Felton] Hickman had asked me to accompany them, just to have somebody from the University who was not a band member. The band gave a very fine concert, and the Indian students were most attentive. The Indian school faculty had a reception for the band. I enjoyed very much being among that many fine Indian students. At that time, we were told that they had some Indian students brought in from Arizona, also.

One of my interests in student affairs at the University was the University band. I seldom missed a concert and I think that led to the invitation to accompany the band to Stewart.

Mr. Gorman died during Dr. Stout's administration, and I attended the funeral with Dr. and Mrs. Stout. I had a chance to talk to them, I remember, about my admiration for Mr. Gorman and my experiences with him and Dr. Moseley. I was sorry, again, that circumstances had made my contacts with Mr. Gorman less frequent than they would have been otherwise.

Harry Newburn and his wife visited our campus, and I could understand why he was so admired.

The regents were beginning to feel that they had to have more land. They could see that the University would be expanding and no place to go. They were beginning to scout the area around the University to see who owned it and what might be available. Mr. Ross had lived in that neighborhood so long that he had most of this information already.

By this time we had a state purchasing department, and we weren't always satisfied with the quality of paper that we got, but the prices were cheaper. State government was expanding, too.

I think that pretty well does Dr. Stout's administration up to the time he really started getting into deep trouble. Actually, I know

some of this trouble had been brewing from the very first faculty meeting. Faculty are not a forgiving lot. I'm sure they looked on that experience as foretelling what was going to happen and were anticipating it.

And so there was, of course, the unfortunate Richardson case. As far as I was concerned, that was a complete surprise. In my mind it's still just sort of a muddle, although I sat in on the conference and took notes verbatim. The meeting occurred in the afternoon. Dr. Stout came into the office quite disturbed, and when Dr. Stout was disturbed, he didn't need to say that he was disturbed; it showed on his face. He called me into the back office and told me what was wrong; it was that Dr. Richardson had injected himself into someone else's teaching area on the campus and Dr. Stout felt he had no right to do so. The area of teaching was education and Dr. Harold Brown was the victim. To Dr. Stout, it was very bad. And typical of Dr. Stout, he had to get Dr. Richardson over that very afternoon. I think if he could have slept on it, or if he could have walked around the block and thought it over, he might have handled it differently. So he called Dr. Richardson to come over as soon as he was free from class, which was rather later in the after noon. Dr. Stout asked me to have my book ready to take notes; he evidently knew it was going to be tense. (However, he did this frequently. Sometimes if he were going to engage in a telephone call where he had to be very firm, he'd ask me to get on the line and to be sure to take what he said, so that he'd have a definite record.)

Dr. Stout, very brusquely, I will say, and with a disturbed expression on his face, called Dr. Richardson to task for going beyond his realm of activity by injecting himself, really, into an area that was not his. Dr. Richardson, naturally, was hurt, and somewhat disturbed; he was very quiet. He answered only the

questions that were put to him, he didn't offer anything in the way of defense, he didn't enlarge on anything, he merely answered questions. And when he got up to leave, his expression was very dejected. I don't know whether Dr. Stout was relieved or not; he reacted somewhat the same as he did at the first faculty meeting. As nearly as I could read him, it seemed to be that he felt he had to do it and it's over. But of course, it wasn't over.

I'd like to interject a personal reaction. It's always referred to as the "Richardson trial," and actually it wasn't a trial, it wasn't a legal, nor court trial, there was no designated judge, nor any jury. It was more like a public hearing, although each side had its own attorney. It's referred to sometimes as though Richardson were on trial, but actually, he and his associates were bringing the Beard of Regents and the president to account. And it was not the Board of Regents who wanted the public hearing or "trial," it was a portion of the faculty, including Dr. Richardson.

After Dr. Stout's meeting with Dr. Richardson in the office, he confirmed his decision by sending letters to the entire group concerned. Besides Dr. Richardson, Dr. Hume, Dr. Laird, Dr. Gorrell, Dr. Little. The letter was widely circulated immediately, and drew no end of sympathy because, not only did the letter sound curt and decisive, but Dr. Stout had already built a reputation for being curt at times, so that the letters easily found certain faculty members ready to be sympathetic to Richardson.

If they wanted to do battle, Dr. Stout was ready to champion the cause of Dr. Brown; he was ready to stand by Dr. Brown, and felt that that was what Dr. Brown would want him to do, he felt that it was the right thing to do. But when he contacted Dr. Brown, Dr. Brown wanted to drop it. He did not want to make any public statements, any public

appearances, or appear before any faculty group or any regents' group. In fact, he just wanted to go back to his own job and do his work in his own conscientious way.

Dr. Stout took this as quite a blow. He had a deep frown when he told me about it. I had always known Dr. Brown as that kind of a man, too; a conscientious worker who wanted to cause no one any trouble. Dr. Brown was more conscientious than most people and might occasionally show up a faculty member who was less conscientious. But this was never his intention.

Attorney Leslie Gray was hired by the faculty group. He already had many personal friends among the faculty. Mr. Ross was notified and he got in touch with the other members of the Board of Regents. It was necessary for them to have legal counsel and they employed Harlan Heward. Mr. Heward had been a long time friend of Mr. Ross's, and he was known as a good, solid Nevada citizen. A court reporter was hired, and he used a stenotype machine to take the minutes. The only involvement I could have had was minutes of the interview with Dr. Richardson, and Dr. Richardson had declared that my minutes were accurate and the two attorneys accepted that, so I did not have to testify.

I sat through the entire hearing. Dr. Stout and I sat in the wings of the stage in the education building auditorium. I had my notebook in case anything was said that Dr. Stout wanted me to record for his use. Sometimes someone would join us. Dr. William Wood would come in and sit for a while, or Mr. Ross occasionally. Actually, the regents weren't there very much. Dr. Stout was very attentive during the hearing, but he didn't seem to be especially nervous. I believe he agreed that what was said was technically correct, it was the interpretation of his actions that was different.

In retrospect, I would say that the conference that Dr. Stout had with Dr. Richardson, and my recording of it, were probably the most detrimental material that the opposition had. My notes were first given to Harlan Heward, our attorney; he had requested them. He made them available to Leslie Gray. And when they were read from the platform with all of the expression that the attorney could put into them, there was just a great big, "Awww!" from the audience.

Well, the "trial" went on for quite some time. Finally, all of the testimony had been given. Dr. Stout was never called to the stand. It definitely was an airing, or hearing. And when they ran out of ammunition, it just ended.

But it was in the lap of the regents then. They had been on trial in one sense of the word, and they had lost. Mr. Ross told me how deeply affected he was over this whole thing. Even to the extent of taking it to his pastor at church, for prayer. We all suffered. No one was unaffected. I think it was very obvious then that Dr. Stout could not mend fences. He simply had to be replaced. He didn't say so himself, but I think he must have known that he couldn't remain.

One of the reasons that the regents didn't present a stronger case, so I was told by one of the regents himself, was that Mr. Heward thought perhaps there had been a Communist strain in the incident. At that time in our national history, Communism was the big bug-bear. Of course, Mr. Heward wasn't familiar with the beginnings of the trouble between Dr. Stout and the faculty. He immediately wanted to investigate the possibility of Communist influence. The regents were sure that there was no such thing. And they didn't even want it pursued. Mr. Ross mentioned in one of the later meetings that he felt that that weakened

the regents' position; that is, the lawyer was deprived of what he felt was his strong weapon.

Just before the trial, I remember Dr. Stout had talked with Mrs. Helen Wittenberg, who had let him know of her support for Richardson. Mrs. Helen Wittenberg was a very influential citizen. She was active in youth activities and the welfare program. Dr. Stout had met her downtown, and she had started talking to him about the University situation. So he asked her to come to the University where he had documentation. He believed that, by explaining his position to her, he could make her understand his reasoning. But when she came out of the office, and I asked him how it went, he said, "She was unconvinced."

Of course, the newspaper reporters covered the hearing thoroughly. Classes were being held—I mean the bells rang. But students gave up their study periods to attend the hearing, especially the English students, and the premed students. I happen to have known some of the premed students at that time, and I know that they were so involved in what Dr. Richardson was going through that it interfered with their educational progress. And many of the faculty attended, too. Nearly everything came to a halt, or at least a slowdown, except this hearing. But it finally did exhaust itself.

There was some feeling of neutrality among some of the faculty. Some even felt that Richardson and his cohorts were wrong, but this group was not vocal. As one professor said, "We're just laying low. We know when to duck." There was, of course, quite a bit of feeling of hostility towards Dr. Stout.

The regents were so divided that there was hardly a chance for an agreeable settlement in regard to Dr. Stout. The regents who were behind Dr. Stout were still so in favor of

him that it would have been foolish to have brought it to a vote immediately. So there was much discussion.

The legislature was very disturbed. I think they must have been wondering why the regents didn't act more decisively. Mr. Ross had tried, but the board was not at all in agreement.

So the legislature took action to enlarge the Board of Regents, and appointed Mr. William Elwell from Las Vegas, Cyril Bastian from Caliente, Mr. [N. E.] Broadbent from Ely, and Grant Sawyer from Elko. That enlarged the Board of Regents from five to nine. These men were appointed by the governor to fill temporary terms until the next regular election.

So with the Board of Regents expanded, Dr. Stout had to go—I don't know how much groundwork was done by the faculty or by the townspeople, but it was obvious that the groundwork had been well laid. The evening before a regularly scheduled regents meeting, I know a group of the faculty and alums invited some members of the Board of Regents to meet with them at the Riverside Hotel, so that they could explain their position and what they thought should be done. I wasn't aware of the meeting until the next morning. Bob Laxalt came to tell me about it. Bob was there and was at least partly instrumental in getting the group together. I know that the regents who were not there were Mr. Ross, Dr. Lombardi, and Mr. Hardy. I asked Bob why, since most of the Board of Regents were invited, were not all of them included? His reply was that the members of the Board of Regents who hadn't been invited were so adamant in their stand that they would be absolutely unconvinced, no matter how much evidence was presented or what was said. So it was felt that there was no reason to get a group of people down to the Riverside Hotel

for a meeting which would just end up in a big hassle.

So the matter was brought up, of course, at the regents meeting and carried that Dr. Stout be asked for his resignation.

Dr. Stout then started doing some thinking about his next step. I'd like to point out that all during this time, when it seemed very obvious to everyone, and I think to Dr. Stout, that he couldn't remain there much longer, he did absolutely nothing towards looking for another job. I'm quite sure that he couldn't have put by a very large nest egg. So here he was, at the end of something but the beginning of nothing.

Some of his friends and associates had suggested to him that he resign and not face dismissal. But his thinking was that he had done what he believed was right, and he should see it through. He still didn't think that he had done the wrong thing. And he felt that by pulling out, by resigning, not facing the hearing, that in some way it would show a weakness in his character, that it would be backing down. In his book, if you went into a fight, you went through with it.

Dr. Stout didn't appeal to his very close friends or to his brother in Washington, D. C. He felt that it was more honorable for him now to find his own way; he didn't want to ride anybody's coattails. At that time, he had no offers.

Mr. Hurley, the president of Curtiss-Wright was in Reno on business about that time. Dr. Stout had met him and they became good friends. Mr. Hurley was at the office several times. Dr. Stout showed him around the campus.

I have mentioned before that Dr. Stout had enjoyed good art work and Mrs. Stout did, too. Dr. and Mrs. Stout had become very good friends with Mrs. Meyer-Kassel, who by then was a widow living in Genoa. She had

her husband's pictures in a building there, hoping that she could sell them for museum purposes. She really didn't want to sell them to individuals; she wanted them on display. Dr. Stout took Mr. Hurley to Genoa to meet Mrs. Meyer-Kassel, and he saw the paintings and liked them and her. He had been in Germany many times and was acquainted with a firm in Germany which made exact copies of paintings, so realistically that they didn't look like copies. He was successful in interesting this particular firm in the paintings and through that contact, Mrs. Meyer-Kassel was able to have some of the paintings copied and put on the market.

Dr. Stout was still sufficiently interested in other people to see that Mrs. Meyer-Kassel met a benefactor. I have a picture that was reproduced by this process, a gift from Mrs. Meyer-Kassel.

Well, since Dr. Stout was not too dispirited—he was down, but he wasn't out, and he wasn't bitter. But in his quandary, I found it in myself to encourage him to think there must be some other place for his talents. Finally it did come, through the Curtiss-Wright company. Mr. Hurley went back to his office in New York City and one evening I received a telephone call from Dr. Stout. Curtiss-Wright had just called him by long distance and had made him an offer, and he was going to take it. He had to leave immediately. Mrs. Stout remained to get their belongings together.

Before Mrs. Stout left Reno, I visited her briefly to say goodbye and wish them well. She told me she was just about ready to settle for some teaching job, to have a quieter home life. When they moved East, they settled in New Jersey and apparently were very comfortable.

The first time I saw Dr. Stout after he started working for Curtiss-Wright, he told me of a meeting that had been called, of district

managers throughout the United States—a manager from each one of their plants. At that time, Curtiss-Wright was having financial problems; they had taken over the Studebaker plant and it wasn't working out as well as they had anticipated. So it was necessary to cut back some place. Dr. Stout told of the president having the managers around a table, and telling them that each one would have to find a way to cut costs in his own plant, or else Curtiss-Wright would have to find a way to get a new manager. Dr. Stout said his eyes nearly popped when he looked around the table and nobody said anything like, "You should refer that to a committee," or, "You haven't gone through the proper channel," [laughs] or "Nobody consulted me about it." Which shows the difference between academic life and industry. Dr. Stout was amused at it, too.

After a time with Curtiss-Wright, Dr. Stout returned to an academic career. His latest assignment was with Arizona State College at Tempe, where he served as director and professor in the Center for Higher Education, a post he held since September, 1968. He is retiring at the end of the school year, 1975-76. During his stay at Arizona State, he has been chairman for fifty doctoral students. He plans to remain in Tempe.

But the controversy concerning Dr. Stout is not completely dead. There are some people to whom the mention of Dr. Stout's name right now brings an unpleasant response. Then there are those who will rise to defend him.

After Dr. Stout moved to Tempe, Arizona, he and Mrs. Stout were in Reno for a few days and their son Craig and family drove up from Sacramento, along with other relatives. Dr. and Mrs. Stout gave an open house type of reception in one of the local hotels. I was invited and there was a large number of people there, some former faculty members,

some former members of the Board of Regents, present faculty and Board members, people from town who had been friends with Dr. Stout through University connection, and some of his personal friends. All of them were very friendly, congenial, glad to be there, and certainly wished him well. My mother was unable to attend for health reasons, and the following morning, as Dr. and Mrs. Stout were leaving Reno, they stopped by and left a large floral piece as a gift to my mother.

More recently than that, Dr. Stout had planned to be in Reno during the Christmas holidays and had written to a few of his friends, telling them that they might expect him. Later he had to change his plans. He called me by long distance and asked me to call and notify those people that he was unable to be in Reno at that time. I enjoyed it very much because these were all people I had associated with at the University and had had no reason to contact them until now. Of the group that I called, two of them made remarks to the effect that Dr. Stout should have been allowed to remain here.

Just before Dr. Stout left, Perry Hayden, then comptroller, came to him and with a problem that needed to be resolved before Dr. Stout left the presidency. It was a bookkeeping matter that involved a federal account in agriculture where there had to be matching state funds. Dr. Stout called a meeting of the academic council, so that they would all be informed of the matter, after talking it over with Dean Adams of the college of agriculture. At that meeting, Mr. Hayden was authorized to transfer temporarily from the David Russell account so that the books could be closed correctly as to the federal accounts. No minutes were kept because it was not a formal meeting. When the appropriate funds became available, the money was to be transferred back to David Russell and the matter was to be closed.

Also, before Dr. Stout left, I remember that Professor [Allvar H.] Jacobson had sent a letter to the legislature complaining of the inhumane treatment the faculty had been and were still being subjected to. A meeting was held in the office about that; no minutes were kept. But it indicates the depth of the feeling on the campus.

Also, during Dr. Stout's administration, we had a survey of University procedures by the Jacobsen firm, a management consultant firm. This was one of the regents' efforts to try to solve the problems on the campus. Members of the firm looked into the duties of the Board of Regents, as compared with those at other universities, how their records were kept, how meetings were prepared, agenda, material sent to the regents—all aspects of the meetings. I assisted in this part of the study. In addition to that, they surveyed how the comptroller's office made its reports, whether they were sufficient, the number of audits, student affairs—the whole administrative setup at the University—and submitted their report and recommendations. Very little was done with the report; it was accepted and studied. The regents seemed to have the feeling that Jacobsen's firm really hadn't felt the pulse of the University of Nevada. Also, we seemed to be so bound by state agencies, legislature, planning board, Legislative Counsel Bureau, etc., that some of the recommendations could not be put into effect.

When Dr. Stout was ready to go, he made the remark that he was very grateful for the friends who had stuck by him and also, that those who did stand by him were the ones he would choose to stand by him; they were the ones whose opinions he valued most.

Well, after Dr. Stout left Reno and went to New York, and accepted a job with Curtiss-Wright, a letter came to the office with another job prospect (which I opened since it was

addressed to him as president). I forwarded it to Dr. Stout after acknowledging it. It, too, was nonacademic and it, too, was from the East.

Then during the first summer that Dr. Stout was with Curtiss-Wright, he wrote to me that his secretary was traveling west with two girl companions, and would be stopping in Reno. He would like me to meet her and if I felt like entertaining her, to send him the bill. When she arrived in Reno, she called me and so I invited the three of them to have lunch. I invited two girls from the president's office, so we could pair off. We went to the Sparks Nugget for lunch, and of course, they were surprised that the Sparks Nugget would be a likely place for a women's luncheon. I didn't let Dr. Stout pay for it. But that was the sort of thing Dr. Stout would do that many other men wouldn't think about.

Just as Dr. Stout himself was controversial, I notice occasionally that that line of thinking is still controversial. Recently in the paper was an article quoting Senator [Archie] Pozzi of Carson City. He had received a report from a faculty member of the University of Nevada representing the faculty senate, and the report indicated that Nevada was far behind other states in support of education. The article quoted Mr. Pozzi as saying that some of the faculty members were not so much interested in spending time in the classroom as they were poking their nose in other people's business. If that wasn't verbatim, it's very near it.

PRESIDENT ARMSTRONG

So then Dr. William R. Wood was made acting president. He had a very outgoing personality, a quick mind, was very congenial, brilliant, and approachable. He also was very good company on our trips to Las Vegas. He liked people. And we again went to the floor show and went out to dinner, large groups

of us. He and Mrs. Wood entertained one evening at a floor show in Las Vegas, including regents and their wives, and all of us who had a part in the regents meeting.

It was customary up to this time for each outgoing president to have a portrait painted and as I mentioned before, they hung in the library building. Well, Dr. Stout was going to have none of that! He didn't and that seemed to break the chain. I don't believe any president after that had a portrait painted.

I think that if it had been up to the regents at that particular moment to appoint a president, there would have been no doubt about it, Dr. Wood would have been president. But by this time, the regents were well aware of the fact that the faculty would want to be in on the selection of president.

Three committees were appointed which met regularly and quite a bit in detail: the deans committee headed by Dean [Howard] Blodgett, a faculty committee chairmanned by Dr. [Russell R.] Elliott, and an advisory committee composed of some alums, faculty, and administrators, with Dr. [Charles] Seufferle as chairman. Dr. Seufferle was a popular faculty member who served on a good many committees.

The meetings entailed minutes and quite a bit of clerical work, of course. The regents wanted an executive secretary appointed temporarily, to handle the committee work, and preferred someone on the campus. Mr. Ross suggested three or four different people. It was Dr. Seufferle's recommendation that they appoint me, since I was in the president's office and had access to the files, and so on. Bruce Thompson, who was then a member of the Board of Regents, talked to me about the job, what it would amount to, and asked me if I thought I could do it. Part of the office work was then assigned to Dr. William IR. Wood's office. His secretary was Alice White

[Haseltine], who was capable of any type of clerical work.

I was then appointed temporarily executive secretary to the Board of Regents, and Dr. Wood's office was to relieve me of sufficient amount of other duties to make it possible. It worked out quite smoothly. Dr. Wood's office was upstairs, so there was a floor between and it did take quite a little bit of coordinating. I'd say it went off exceptionally well.

As the meetings went on, my time had to be available to the committees for any time they wanted to meet. We met in the evenings, we met at lunch hour, we met whenever they could get themselves together.

A good bit of the clerical work was very, very routine. Suggestions concerning candidates were requested from the Alumni Association, from the faculty, from the members of the committee, from anyone at all. In addition to that, the regents had me write to presidents of land grant colleges and state universities for suggestions. So we had such a large number of possible candidates that I thought we needed to set up a card file, one card for each person who was suggested. On the card was recorded the follow-through—whether or not they returned their biographical data form and how we followed up on correspondence and so on. I remember Dr. Elliott gave me a special expression of thanks for the file.

Dr. Wood then took over as acting president, and did what appeared to be a very good job. He was well acquainted with everything that went on in the president's office because he and Dr. Stout had worked very close together. Dr. Stout looked to him more than anyone else on the campus for advice and as a person with whom he could talk.

Dr. Wood enjoyed his first commencement very much, and did a very good job. He

seemed to be able to get people to do what he wanted them to do without pushing them, without seeming to be taking the lead too much.

I remember he asked me for a suggestion for a baccalaureate speaker, because he felt he hadn't been in Nevada long enough to know whom to ask. I recommended a Reverend [Amon Johnson] of the Faith Lutheran church, whom I had heard at a ministerial association gathering. Dr. Wood wanted someone who would give a message the students would accept and someone whose delivery was somewhat academic. At the luncheon following baccalaureate, Dr. Wood very graciously seated me beside Reverend [Johnson], so I had a chance to get acquainted with him. I remember he said in his address that while every student, as he goes through college, comes out with definite goals, there's always a chance that circumstances will make it impossible. He urged the students not to feel their education was of no value, if such should be the case.

Well, then let's see. The search for a president was on. In addition to the applicants that were solicited, some people heard about the opening and applied on their own, and they were also considered. See, the advisory committee was composed of two deans, two alumni, three faculty members. They sorted out the material after the other two committees had evaluated them. The field was finally narrowed down to three, as I remember it. It could have been five, but I only remember three coming to the office for interview.

Dr. Wood was an applicant. And he actually wanted it very much. As I said previously, he had wanted it once before and now that he had some experience, he would like to have stayed on as president. Certain members of the Board of Regents

were still much in favor of Dr. Wood, I know, but they now must go through the various committees.

The candidates were brought to the campus and taken around to the various offices to meet administrators, deans, and anyone else who happened to be there, or any place on the campus that especially interested the candidates. The members of the committees were sought out to meet the candidates. And then the regents had a final luncheon in one of the downtown hotels, where they had a chance to ask questions and get acquainted, and form their own opinion. The candidate returned home to wait for a decision.

Dr. Charles Armstrong, who was president of Pacific University in Oregon at the time, had known, of course, about the difficulties at the University of Nevada and the search for a president. He and Dr. Joe Moose happened to be at the same educational meeting and Dr. Armstrong asked Dr. Moose what procedure was being used. Dr. Moose told him it was wide open; if he were interested, to apply. So he did. He was one of the three candidates brought in. And I was quite sure (and I might say hopeful) that Dr. Armstrong would be chosen.

To decide on a president, the regents went into executive session, and I waited on the outside until I was needed to record the vote. Mr. Grant was the chairman of the Board of Regents at that time, and it was known that he was in favor of Dr. William R. Wood. Mr. Bastian was a member of the board at that time, apparently had been just as much in favor of Dr. Armstrong, because the telephone call to Dr. Armstrong was placed in the outer office, and Mr. Grant asked Mr. Bastian to place the call. Dr. Armstrong accepted.

Dr. Wood wrote to Dr. Armstrong to offer whatever assistance he could give to him. Dr.

Armstrong's first letter back asked if it would be all right for him to bring his secretary from Oregon. Well, Dr. Wood brought the letter down to me to see what I thought. I told him it was all right; I had never wanted to be secretary to a president who preferred someone else. But in Dr. Armstrong's second letter, he said that he had not understood that I was available to serve the president. He had thought that the position with the Board of Regents was a permanent arrangement. So, I remained as his secretary.

Dr. Armstrong had four children, three boys and one girl; two of the boys were adopted. He and Mrs. Armstrong had met in Florida when Dr. Armstrong was an instructor in one of the colleges and she was a student. He was born and raised in Canada and from his record, he had been a very good student, president of the student body in high school, apparently successful in his student life. His mother was still living in Canada. I detected immediately a sort of British reserve in his manner. I might say, my father had British parents and he had the same reserve. I was used to it. I found him easy to work with. Rather he was more self-contained than most presidents, more desiring to work alone. He didn't seem to need anyone to hear his speeches; he never used a ghost writer.

I remember when he first came to the office and we were chatting, he remarked that the faculty at the University of Nevada was as large as the student body at Pacific. And I think that meant quite an adjustment. He also mentioned at the time, that he had not had any land grant experience and he thought maybe in his application that would make a difference. But of course no committee member thought of land grant background. And as a matter of fact, it is just a matter of procedure and law, easily learned.

Dr. Wood then remained on and was very helpful to Dr. Armstrong. But the vice presidency was different. There wasn't the complete working together that Dr. Wood had experienced with Dr. Stout.

And then, of course, Dr. Wood wanted a presidency. He evidently did some searching. I know that he had an opportunity at two different universities. One of the board members from the University of Alaska called Dr. Armstrong to inquire about Dr. Wood, and Dr. Armstrong gave him a very good recommendation. And that is where Dr. Wood went from the University of Nevada. Evidently he had a very successful presidency there. He retired in June, 1973. As a tribute to him, they named their newly-constructed student union building the William Ransom Wood Campus Center.

Dr. Wood liked Alaska. He had mentioned that if he had a son looking for a college to attend, he couldn't think of a better place than Alaska. They didn't have so many distracting outside activities, he said. Also, one of the things that appealed to him as part of his job in Alaska was that occasionally there would be an important person from the government standpoint to be entertained in Anchorage. The governor, instead of making a trip to Anchorage, would appoint Dr. Wood as his representative. This arrangement due to travel difficulties. Upon his retirement, Dr. and Mrs. Wood joined with three other individuals to form Pacific Alaska Associates, Ltd.—international consultants, planning, education, development— with offices in Fairbanks, Alaska.

When Dr. Wood's resignation was presented to the Board of Regents, Archie Grant remarked instantly, "I don't blame him!"

Before Dr. Wood left Nevada, he wanted to provide a better opportunity for his secretary.

She had served both offices very well. For instance, we were stuck with the typing of the commencement procedure on one occasion. I had expected to do it on the Friday before commencement when the regents were to have a short meeting, which turned into an all-day meeting, so that I couldn't get to it. We asked Alice White Haseltine if she would be willing to do the typing. She came in at six o'clock Saturday morning, typed it through, beautifully.

Well, Dr. Wood had encouraged her to go into teaching, feeling that there was no job at the University in the clerical field that would adequately use her ability and qualifications. Under state personnel, we were somewhat bound; otherwise, her salary would have been raised commensurate with her contribution. Dr. Wood recommended her to the college of business administration, and she transferred to the teaching field.

Dr. Armstrong wanted to do something especially nice for Dr. Wood, as a farewell gesture. This came about the time of Dr. Armstrong's first commencement. And, of course, events were very crowded. Dr. Armstrong discussed it with me, and together we were wondering how we could work in one more social activity. So I suggested that instead of a luncheon following baccalaureate service, we might have a general reception for Dr. Wood and the special guests. That's what we did; we had it in the Holiday hotel. The reception was huge, well received, worked out very well. However, the following year, when Dr. Armstrong wanted to return to the regular luncheon, many people were urging him to repeat the huge reception. I believe now they do have a reception, but it is on the campus, following commencement. There is no longer a baccalaureate service on Sunday.

At Dr. Armstrong's recommendation, Dr. Kenneth Young was brought in as vice

president. He was quite a different person from Dr. Wood, and the job was quite different. His duties were more often assigned to him, as regular duties, rather than special assignments. Dr. and Mrs. Young were friendly, delightful people who easily became acquainted with everyone, and with whom everyone felt very much at home. Socially, the Youngs were much more apt to be with the faculty than with the administration. On the trips out of town for regents meetings, Dr. Young was one of the group, more than a member of the president's staff.

However, by that time, our stay in Las Vegas was different, too. Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong usually had their own plans for the evening. The regents who did not live in the vicinity of Las Vegas (the regents who lived in Las Vegas would usually go home) —but the regents from Reno or other parts of the state would get together to do something for the evening. Often, the regents living in the Reno area would try to end the meeting by five o'clock to get the plane back. Very often after the meeting, I went to the William Carlson home and enjoyed the evening with the Carlson family.

Bob Poolman resigned as University engineer (and the last advice Dr. Stout gave to him was, "Bob, keep a cool tool!"). Poolman had accepted a position in southern California similar to the one he had at Nevada. But after a while, he found that the same situation existed there as existed in Nevada. There were still so many boards and rules and regulations and channels to go through, that he went into business for himself, and is doing quite well, the report is.

Jim Rogers was transferred from the college of engineering to the job of University engineer. He also was a little bit high strung, and he also found the situation trying. I do not believe this was because the planning board

tried to be difficult, it was because they were responsible to the Legislative Counsel Bureau, and this situation meant that they had to have many meetings before they were ready to do business with the University, and by that time, Bob Poolman or Jim Rogers would be behind schedule. Both Jim Rogers and Bob Poolman felt that the planning board was increasing the amount of work necessary for the progress of the University building program.

Jim Rogers was fun; he could clown a little bit, he could be very entertaining, and he enjoyed good times. At this time, the Las Vegas branch did not have its own buildings and grounds head, so the University engineer had that as part of his duties. As a consequence, the University engineer would have to spend some time on the Las Vegas campus to see how things were progressing there. Usually, his trips to Las Vegas coincided with the regents meetings.

Mr. Hayden again, came to the president, this time to Dr. Armstrong. And again, it was the same situation; through some oversight, the transfer had not been made back to the David Russell fund. Again, it was time to make financial statements. Mr. Hayden talked to Dr. Armstrong, asked what he should do, and then Dr. Armstrong, of course, had to look into the situation, called in Dean Adams, and asked me what I knew about it. I recalled only that it had happened, since I wasn't at the original meeting. It was very much too bad that minutes had not been kept. I couldn't help but remember Mr. Gorman admonishing us not to make exceptions to anything, that it was always the exception that trips one up. Mr. Hayden wrote to Dr. Stout and asked Dr. Stout to recall for Dr. Armstrong that he had given permission. Dr. Stout did verify the incident.

I went in to Mr. Hayden later, and asked him how he was getting along with a report he was making for our office. He said to me,

"I won't be making the report because I've been fired!"

I was astounded, went in to Dr. Armstrong, and told him that I was surprised to know that Mr. Hayden was leaving the University. Dr. Armstrong said, "Yes, he resigned."

Mr. Hayden then accepted a job with the state highway department in California and was stationed at Yuba City. Before Mr. Hayden left the University, his office staff gave him a farewell dinner at the El Cortez hotel, which included not only his office staff but those on the campus who had worked with Mr. Hayden. I attended that.

So then Neil Humphrey was recommended by Dr. Armstrong. He had been state budget director. Dr. Armstrong and Dr. Stout both had worked very well with Neil Humphrey. He had experience not only in Nevada, but also in Colorado, where he had been with the legislature in about the same capacity. He and Dr. Armstrong worked very well together. He and Dr. Young became good friends right away, and the two families socialized considerably; they're still very good friends.

Dr. Armstrong frequently worked at home. He enjoyed and needed more privacy in his work than the office can provide. We bought another dictaphone machine and he took it home, so that many times he could dictate at home and bring the cylinder in to be typed. I wasn't doing much of that kind of work at that time, except in emergencies. I was doing almost completely executive secretarial work by that time. His appointments, too, needed to be cleared with him before they were made. That was a new procedure for me. I had been quite used to booking someone without consulting the president each time.

Dr. Armstrong's speeches were well prepared and he prepared them himself. Nobody was a ghost writer for Dr. Armstrong.

Those of his speeches I heard, I thought were exceptionally good. He always tried to have something to impart and I would say that he succeeded. He wrote well, too. When he wanted to write a letter that was impressive, he could do so.

The girls in the office didn't have a chance to become very well acquainted with him. He wasn't that sociable with them, and they were not used to that. One girl who worked for me had worked in the president's office at the University of California, as a file clerk. She said there were two full time file clerks in the president's office there and neither saw the president more than twice in a year, once at Christmas time when he came in to distribute Christmas gifts, and one other time when he just happened to drop in. No one thought anything of it. It was Dr. Armstrong's custom to come and go through the back door.

Dr. Armstrong, though, enjoyed a good time, he enjoyed having fun. At faculty meetings or at affairs that were purely social, he mixed with the crowd very well and enjoyed himself. One Mackay Day, I believe it was about the first Mackay Day he was there, the students kidnapped him, put him in the Black Maria and rode him around the campus. He joined with them in singing campus songs. That group brought him back thinking he was a good sport. I am sure he enjoyed it very much.

The University was still expanding faster than anyone could keep up with it, with more expansion in sight. And so the regents meetings were getting longer, and consisted more of discussing needs of the campus and growth of the University in general. They had already made arrangements to buy the land north of the campus and it was being turned over to the University in parcels at a time. The Catholic church had approached the University, wanting to sell some of its

property across Virginia Street. There was much discussion on its possible use.

I remember one of the ideas that was almost settled upon was to have a demonstration school for the college of education, rather than to have supervising teachers in the public schools. This would be a laboratory school. But it seemed that the dormitory need was more pressing.

Las Vegas also was in need of expansion and the administration was looking over land there. The original site for the campus had been given to the University by Mr. and Mrs. Wilbourn, in memory of Mrs. Wilbourn's mother, who was an early Nevada resident.

The medical school was being pushed, partly by—quite enthusiastically—Dr. Wesley Hall, who met frequently with the regents. He could see no reason for not having a medical school in Nevada. Our premedical students were having trouble getting into medical schools, not on account of grades but because they were giving in-state students the preference.

Along about this time, the president of the state pharmaceutical association came to campus, and asked the University to consider pre-pharmacy courses. They were having trouble getting enough pharmacists for their needs. Then there was the atmospherium-planetarium, and that was one of Dr. Armstrong's favorite projects. He worked hard at it, and he got a great deal of pleasure out of seeing it come to fruition. Without the help of the Fleischmann foundation, I am sure it could not have been realized.

When the search for a director was in order, Dr. Armstrong had known Wendell Mordy, or known of him, and strongly recommended him for the position. I remember him saying that the field was very narrow; there were very few people in the world who would be capable of heading the atmospherium-planetarium,

and Wendell Mordy was one of them. So he was appointed. And then, of course the Desert Research [Institute] grew out of that.

The regents executive committee meetings continued, and in fact, they grew because as I say, business was very pressing. The first executive committee meeting after Dr. Armstrong took office was in the Holiday hotel, and I was there with my notebook as usual. The following day, we received a telephone call from the reporter wanting to know if any business had been transacted at the executive committee meeting, since, of course, no reporters were present. I thought the situation bothered Dr. Armstrong, where it hadn't bothered Dr. Stout at all. When Dr. Armstrong told me about the call, I suggested that since minutes were not absolutely essential, why not exclude me, then there could be no question. He immediately transmitted that to Mr. Grant and it was agreed that from then on, there would be no minutes. If anything needed to be recorded, Dr. Armstrong could tell me about it.

The regents meetings were held at regular intervals in Las Vegas, of course. During Dr. Armstrong's administration, Bill Tyson had been elected to the board. He and his family were not old-time Nevadans and it was quite unusual to have a newcomer to Nevada on the Board of Regents. But he was capable and he was interested. He and Mr. Crumley became very good friends, I suppose because they could afford the same activities. Each one had his own plane, and traveled around in [it]. Bill Tyson's plane was not very large; it would seat five people including the pilot. He usually flew his own plane to and from Las Vegas rather than going at the expense of the University. At one particular meeting (Mr. Hayden was still at the University at the time), he had two empty seats on the return flight. Two of the people who had gone

down with him, not University connected at all, were not coming back. So he asked Mr. Hayden and me if we would like to ride back with him. He was ready to leave and we were waiting for the commercial plane. But I saw Mr. Hayden frown and say no, and I didn't feel that brave myself. The plane looked very small and Bonanza was small enough.

At one meeting of the Board of Regents when Mr. Tyson and Crumley were on the board together, the regents met in the morning of Mackay Day so that they could all attend the Mackay Day luncheon together. I remember Bill Tyson and Newton Crumley continually ribbed each other—about as entertaining as the Mackay Day program. Of course, later, there was Mr. Crumley's tragic death; the airplane crash.

Well, Molly Magee was the first woman on the board for a long time. She had conducted a very successful campaign in a feminine way. Her slogan was, "Nevada is coeducational. Why not a woman on the Board?" She had posters all over the state and many newspaper articles. She had an active campaign, and was elected. I had personal reasons, of course, for being happy to have Mrs. Magee on the board; I had a chance to bring myself up to date on the Magee family and the ranches, and that sort of thing. So we did find that we had quite a bit in common right away. Mrs. Walter Magee—the mother-in-law of Molly—was still alive, living at the ranch at the time. Dick Magee had remembered the Dean ranch and remembered my father, or rather remembered hearing about my father.

Mrs. Magee was a woman of small build, a feminine woman, but she was very capable with her femininity. She was a horsewoman, an outdoor woman, she had traveled in Europe, had gone to school in England, she was cosmopolitan. She was easterner turned westerner but she always retained some of her

eastern ways, which was quite charming. She had definite opinions, but she was not overly expressive; however, she never hesitated to give her opinion, even if it differed from the others, or if she knew that it wasn't the general opinion of the regents.

Governor's Day was new since there had been a woman regent. Events were amusing the first Governor's Day after Molly Magee took office. The military personnel did the inviting of the special guests of the day, to a cocktail party. They had all been male, and here was a woman. So she wasn't included in the invitation. The cocktail party was held in one of the downtown bars. The fact that she wasn't included in the invitation rather bothered her, because she was quite used to associating with men. She asked me to call and see if an invitation had been sent and had been mis-sent, or something of the sort. I did call the PMS & T, and he informed me that everything was in order and she would receive an invitation to the women's luncheon which was given by his wife. But Mrs. Magee had other plans by that time and couldn't go to the luncheon. But she would have gone to the cocktail party.

Then Dr. Juanita White was the next woman member of the Board of Regents. She also conducted an active campaign; in fact, campaigns were becoming more active for the regents at this time. She ran against Bill Elwell of Las Vegas. The first contact our office had with Dr. White was a request from her for Bill Elwell's attendance record; it was known that his health was not good, and she had thought he might not have been able to attend meetings regularly, but actually, his attendance record was good. She did win the election, though, and we had two very capable women on the board. Dr. White was a southerner turned westerner and her speech always reflected some southern accent,

which added to her charm. She not only has a Ph.D. in chemistry, she had work experience in industry as well as in education, and of course, had gotten her doctorate at Johns Hopkins. She had been employed in New York. She, too, had quite definite ideas, and could express them without making other people feel uncomfortable.

Then we had young Procter Hug; that is, he was young to me. I remember when he first came to the board meeting, he seemed very young compared with the other members. I was sitting next to Molly Magee and she remarked, "Isn't it nice to have a young face across the table?" But he was very mature, and an addition to the board. Procter Hug's mother and I had been in sophomore English together. That made me feel my age. But I enjoyed working with Procter, and as far as he and I were concerned, the generation gap was only a matter in years. I certainly never felt it and I don't think he did either. We still enjoy talking when I occasionally meet him.

Then the regents meetings were held around the state, as they had decided quite some time ago they would do, and now they'd gotten around to doing it. We met again in Elko; this was the second time. The townspeople were given an opportunity to meet with the regents personally in the hotel. It was very informal and unofficial. We drove to Elko in University cars; plane schedules were very poor. Henry Hattori from the business office went to the meeting, and also Ken Robbins, the executive secretary to the Alumni Association—the three of us went together. At some of these meetings out of town, they took people who were not essential to the meetings, but people from other offices and other areas of the University for the public relations purposes. The regents were well received; Elko people did come out and meet them.

Then Mr. [N. B.] Broadbent, who was on the board then, asked that the regents meet in Ely. That meeting was also very successful. The people in Ely felt so far removed from the University of Nevada, that for the regents to come that far meant quite a bit to them. Mr. Broadbent had done a very good job in publicizing the meeting locally. He himself gave a dinner in the hotel dining room that evening for the regents and other University people, and the dining room was full. He had invited everyone of any importance whatsoever in Ely to attend. Then after the meal was over (the room was large), people circulated around. The people from the University of Nevada could not have been more warmly received.

I made that trip with Jim Rogers and his family, became acquainted with Jean (his wife), who is a very wonderful woman, and the children. Jean is an arthritic, but does amazingly well with her handicap. Jim Rogers built a new home on Sunnyside Drive, and in building it, did so with Jean in mind. The whole kitchen was designed for her convenience, the counters and cupboards within reach for her. I had the pleasure of seeing the house after everything was completed and thought it was very remarkable.

Then Molly Magee wanted us to go to Austin. Austin, too, was quite an event. Austin was not so far, but a little off the beaten track. The regents meeting was in the old court house, upstairs, and it was rather creaky, the stairs were a long ways up. But the public buildings in Austin were old, so it seemed, anyway.

Well, Molly had planned an outdoor barbecue-picnic for the regents and the people from Reno, and invited many Austin people, so that they could become acquainted. Actually, there was no hall there for a big dinner, or anything of that sort. But she said

nearly everyone wanted to bring the rest of the family, or relatives, or near friends. She said that people would meet her on the street, even, and tell her that they understood there was a barbecue, and wanted to know if they could attend. So before the event took place, she had practically the whole town on her invitation list. It got so out of hand that she finally had to engage the Mathison catering company in Reno to come to Austin with a catering van. Meat for the barbecue was from the ranches around Austin. It was held in a very beautiful canyon, and the people there, too, were all very, very cordial. The food that was left over, Molly had put in the Mathison catering van and taken out to the Indian colony. She said she had a good many friends out there, too.

Grant Davis invited us to Fallon. We met in the courthouse there, too, and had a luncheon at one of the restaurants. Mr. Davis had invited some townspeople to meet with the regents. Fallon being closer to Reno made it a different situation from Austin and Ely. After the meeting, about the middle of the afternoon, we went out to Newlands field station and were taken through the project there, and then to Mr. Davis's home.

The regents next met in Carson. Mr. Jacobsen made all arrangements there. Mr. Porter was representing the attorney general's office at that in the regents meetings. He worked with Mr. Jacobsen in arranging the day. The day went off very well, and was successful, except that Mr. Porter and Mr. Jacobsen had arranged a time in late afternoon and early evening for the people in Carson to come to the legislative hall to meet the regents. I believe only a half a dozen came. Well, they come to Reno anyway, and so there wasn't the same incentive to come to see the regents in Carson.

Well, the next place the regents had planned to go was Tonopah, even though we

had no member on the board at that time from there. We didn't ever get there. The trouble was that Las Vegas was beginning to absorb so much of their time, that it was necessary to have meetings more often in Las Vegas.

When the new library building was constructed it was the first building on the campus to block the roadway through the campus. Before that, people had been able to drive in through the front gate, tour around the campus and out the back. Blocking the road through the campus made many people unhappy, townspeople as well as the campus people. There were many unfavorable comments, of course. But as I mentioned before, no one except someone who sat in on the meetings between the architects and the regents will know the amount of pressure put on the University by the architects, who were really well versed in this type of salesmanship, not only for the type of building, but for location, etc. But the building is very beautiful, and I think it was well accepted, except for comments by alumni. I know that the tour buses miss going through the campus.

Then of course, there was the matter of naming the building. Newton Crumley recommended to the Board of Regents and even urged the board to honor Noble Getchell, not only for his early activities in Nevada government and his extensive mining interests and activities in Nevada, but because Mr. Crumley understood that the bulk of his estate was to go to the University upon his death and the death of his wife, who had been ill for many, many years, really in a comatose condition. Mr. Crumley was sure of himself, and actually no other regent had anything to offer that was nearly as strong, so the regents named the building after Noble Getchell. And then, of course, years later, Noble Getchell and his wife both passed away, and no one was

more disappointed than Newton Crumley when the will was made public.

The new library provided many services that the old library had no room for. One that interested me quite a bit was the Archives. I, along with others on the campus, had talked to Mr. Heron about the need—I knew that as the University was changing so rapidly, new people in all departments, and not only that, new concepts, somebody was going to get ahold of the valuable correspondence and just toss it aside. When the archives room was ready and Mr. Heron told me, I immediately sent some material over.

Then the older building, the Clark library building, was available for other use. Dr. Armstrong was most anxious to have his office there. It offered more privacy, certainly it was quieter, and the interior could be decorated more to his liking. So our office moved over to the second floor and Dr. Armstrong was very happy with it.

I, myself, missed Morrill Hall, but what I missed, Dr. Armstrong was glad to get rid of. The traffic in the hall, the people coming after their paychecks every month, classes upstairs, students coming in and out of the building (not too many in our office), the band practicing out on the quad, and Mackay Day activities right at our door, beneath our windows, was too distracting.

So the president's office occupied the southern half of the second floor, and the other half of the floor was vacant for quite a while. Then statewide offices moved in. They made many small, little cubbyhole offices out of the room which was the original reading room or study room of the library. The registrar's office and the admissions office were moved over into the basement, and they had more adequate quarters. Vice President Kenneth Young had his office on the main floor, and Dean Ralph Irwin, arts and sciences, as well

as all the student affairs offices. Later, when Charles Russell was employed, he had his office on the main floor.

Bob Laxalt had strongly recommended Charles Russell as being a very highly respected Nevadan, with many friends, and a wide acquaintanceship. He could be very valuable in building up the Alumni Association and encouraging money donations, and also general interest in the University of Nevada.

The building was remodeled somewhat before we moved in, but it wasn't remodeled as much as we would have liked. I remember asking Jim Rogers, who was then the University engineer, why we couldn't have had more improvements. His answer was that there wasn't enough money. So then I asked him why the University didn't ask the legislature for more funds for remodeling and his reply was, "Because they didn't want to do any more remodeling."

But as far as I was concerned, as I say, Morrill Hall had more academic atmosphere. It had large windows on the main floor that you could open up and look out and get plenty of fresh air. In later years, I occupied the little room between the outer reception room and the president's office. The floor was so arranged that actually, I could know without ever checking about how busy each girl was, and the general progress of the work. In the library building, I was more removed and felt a little more out of touch with my staff.

Mary Clark, state personnel office, moved over to the Clark library building with us and became part of my staff then. The duplicating department that had been in Morrill Hall was moved to the basement of Stewart Hall, which was all that was left of Stewart Hall by that time; it had been condemned and torn down to the basement. By that time, mail was picked up and delivered twice a day, relieving the secretaries of going to the post office. I

don't know that all of them liked that. It was sort of fun to get out and tramp over to the post office.

Dr. Armstrong was happy there, as far as offices were concerned. He didn't spend as much time in the office; he had his own dictaphone at home and frequently came into the office in the morning, took the work home and put it on dictaphones, and brought it back next day. About that time, Dr. Carlson, who had been very popular and certainly was very successful down in Las Vegas previously, was reported to have certain people in Las Vegas displeased with him. I don't remember that any particular details were given in meetings. Dr. Armstrong was faced with finding out whether Dr. Carlson should continue in his present position in Las Vegas or not, and took it up with the Board of Regents. They decided to appoint a faculty committee on the Las Vegas campus to recommend to the Board of Regents what course should be taken in regard to Dr. Carlson. They felt that Dr. Carlson had done a very good job. So Dr. Carlson (very willingly, actually) accepted a teaching position, and stepped down.

They then had a faculty committee look over applications for the presidency, which procedure was a policy of the Board of Regents by that time. And it was what the faculty wanted. I just might say in my own observation, after the faculty had a dose of that, they weren't so anxious to do it either. Dr. Carlson is still in Las Vegas, and is happy with his position as a member of the faculty.

As far as Dr. Armstrong was concerned, he thought the legislature in Nevada was very tough. Actually, it wasn't any tougher with him than it is with any other president, or with any other department head. But it seemed to be something that Dr. Armstrong hadn't had to battle with in exactly the same

way in Oregon. He did work well with the legislature, he had groups of legislators visit the campus, as groups or committees. In fact, he sent letters to each member of the legislature, inviting him to visit the campus and ask any questions.

And he continually pressed for funds. He really couldn't understand the legislature's reluctance to accept the University's budget as it was presented. Of course, no one else was surprised; that was the usual pattern of the legislature. He did fairly well his first session; he received enough money for salary increases and, as I recall, it wasn't too bad a session as far as the University is concerned. I know I received quite a nice raise and I think everyone was perhaps not actually happy, but pleased.

Before the session started, New Year's Day, Dr. Armstrong held an open house at his home, which was then on Mt. Rose Street, and he invited every member of the legislature and spouse, officials of Reno, Washoe County, and the members of the University community who would be of most interest to the legislators. He said that was something he had done in Oregon and it proved very successful. He asked me to assist in introductions; he thought I would know more people than he would. A goodly number came, but not as many as he expected. Nevada is so spread out and January first is a little ahead of the legislative session, so many legislators were still at home. I remember Judith, Dr. Armstrong's daughter, and her school friends did the service. The Armstrong boys and boys of the group were sent to the family room in the basement, where they had their own refreshments, their television set and games, but continually kept coming up to the kitchen to see how things were going there. Finally, Dr. Armstrong had to escort one of them to the bathroom with a bloody nose.

Well, at the end of the first legislative session— I think this is indicative of Dr. Armstrong's pushing them—they had their usual "Third House." And I wasn't there, but it was told to me in detail by Bob Laxalt. They wanted to rib Dr. Armstrong—and frankly, Dr. Armstrong enjoyed the ribbing. Bryn Armstrong, who was then a reporter on one of the Las Vegas papers, was to play the part of President Armstrong. The skit started with the legislature in place and one of the pages going from outside, down the aisle to the speaker, whispering something in the ear of the speaker, and then the speaker replying, "Well, all right, have him come in." The page then escorted "Dr. Armstrong" (Bryn) and he spoke to the speaker in a very low voice for quite a while. Then the speaker said, "Oh, I see, Dr. Armstrong, what you really want is the entire state of Nevada!" [laughing] and moved over so Dr. Armstrong could take his seat.

Then during a later session of the legislature, during Dr. Armstrong's administration, the University budget wasn't faring quite so well. Las Vegas was growing very fast at the time, and was much in need of expansion money. The students in Las Vegas hanged the governor in effigy, because they felt the governor hadn't recommended a large enough budget to the legislature for University purposes. (I believe Grant Sawyer was governor then.) Dr. Armstrong apologized to the governor and to the legislature for what the students had done. He made sure that his apology was made known to the Las Vegas campus and the Las Vegas newspapers. Actually, the Las Vegas people—at least some of them—were not at all glad that Dr. Armstrong had taken that stand. They were more on the side of the students.

Then at the following regents meeting, held in Las Vegas, Dr. Juanita White asked me to have lunch with her and a friend of hers. The friend turned out to be a prominent

member of the Women's Service League in Las Vegas, which had raised a great deal of money for the Las Vegas campus at different times and for different purposes—Sunday afternoon musical programs and whatever the need. Well, this particular woman certainly thought that Dr. Armstrong had let the Las Vegas group down by such a strong apology. She felt that the students were serving a purpose, were acting in good faith, were serving the University, and that they should have been upheld. I explained to her that any citizen of the state of Nevada could have a personal opinion, but that a president really is part of the state government and works with the governor, so while he might have personal thoughts on any matter, he would have to take the action he did, for the good of University legislation. She felt, however, that he didn't have to present such a strong apology. But Las Vegas people are like that.

While Dr. Armstrong was in office in Clark administration building, we received a very beautiful collection of ivory from the Marsten family in La Jolla, California; Dr. Armstrong was so pleased with it that he wanted a special case constructed and made part of his office. It certainly was a beautiful collection; much of it Oriental, some of it from India, some from the South Sea Islands, part of it very ornate. It was not all ivory, either; some of it was very beautiful wood pieces. The case was locked with a key. The janitor couldn't even dust the collection at night; we always had to have it done in the daytime so nothing could happen to the collection. But unfortunately, after I left the University officially, somebody did get in, destroyed part of it, and stole part of it. It has now been removed.

Mary Clark had been studying for her master's degree in music. Actually music was her career in life. She worked at the University

mostly to be at the University, and it gave her an opportunity to work towards her master's degree over a period of several years. Of course, she could take only a few courses at a time. But she did get her master's degree and went into the Reno school system as a teacher of music. She is still there, very successful, and happy. We replaced her with her assistant, Maxine Lindauer. The job became much more clerical as time went on, and as the state took over more personnel work, the University had less left to it.

A house on Lakeside Drive was donated to the University, a rambling house on a large lot. Dr. Armstrong saw that as a very desirable home for the president. The house on Mt. Rose Street had been a little small, and certainly the house on Lakeside Drive was not. So the regents decided to see the home on Mt. Rose Street.

Dr. Armstrong spent an increasing amount of time at home. It wasn't easy to drive back and forth so many times a day, and he had his dictaphone at home. He came to offices for meetings, and to bring the dictaphone tape, open his mail, and meet his appointments. But a good bit of the time was spent at home. Of course, we were always in contact by telephone.

The buildings and grounds department found the rambling home and the place so far from Reno quite a burden. As far as finances was concerned, the upkeep was quite a bit, and it required some remodeling and renovating. There was also the matter of staff, having men out there to take care of the yard. So after Dr. Armstrong resigned, the regents decided to sell the property and the money was used to build the administrative building for the University System on Lander Street and Marsh Avenue.

One of the unfulfilled plans of Dr. Armstrong was an organization of retired

faculty members. And he was about ready to suggest that they organize and meet once a year, probably around commencement and welcome into their ranks the newly-retired members, and then decide among themselves what other activities they wanted to pursue. He said that was customary in most universities. I still think it is a good idea.

I think the most notable person that Dr. [Armstrong] brought to the campus, or that I ever met, was Carl Sandburg [1959]. A most unassuming person and about the most natural person I have ever known. He was an elderly man, in his eighties then, and I remember when he first came into the office, he was very glad to meet everybody—in a very casual sort of way, but very friendly, but certainly nothing schooled about his greeting. One of the first things he wanted to do was walk downtown. He had come up by taxi, but he wanted someone to walk to town with him. He wanted to see the kind of homes Reno people lived in, he wanted to see the kind of foliage, trees and shrubs, and he wanted to see the Truckee River. And so Dr. [Armstrong] left the office and walked with him. Dr. (Armstrong) said actually he had trouble keeping up with him. Mr. Sandburg was used to walking. They walked for quite a long time, and Mr. Sandburg went to the hotel. But that was the type of person Carl Sandburg was. I had the privilege of attending the luncheon for Carl Sandburg. The most natural, the most unaffected person that he was, he wore a grey sweater to the luncheon. Then he took it off and clutched it in his hands like our folks at home might do. I remember he gave a little talk on “Be ye perfect,” and said that while of course, no one would ever be perfect, people would be better for the effort. Well, he was one of the people, too, that Dr. [Armstrong] admired—I think we all did.

This grey sweater though, that just lay across his lap when he sat down, was held in both hands when he got up to speak. He didn’t ever put it on again; it just seemed to be something he needed. But I thought how unaffected, how natural, how completely he was just himself.

With the legislative appropriations for the Western Interstate Commission on Higher Education, and the appointment of the first Nevada commission, we were ready to accept applications in the fields of medicine, dentistry, and veterinary medicine. The first commission was composed of Dr. Armstrong, Dr. Fred Anderson, and Professor John Morrison. Dr. Armstrong was the first chairman and the chairmanship rotated among the members of the commission annually. However, when Dr. Armstrong wasn’t the chairman, he still served as the director of the program, because he was located on the campus and was closely in touch with all aspects of the program. When Dr. Morrison’s term expired, Dr. Juanita White was appointed in his place. And that was the makeup of the committee when I left the University—Dr. Armstrong, Dr. White, Dr. Anderson. After I retired officially from the University, I continued to serve WICHE for about two years, doing part of the work at home and part of the work at the university. When Dr. Armstrong left the University, the governor appointed Dr. Thomas Tucker in his place. That made it difficult for me to serve the commission, because the commissioners were so spread and no one of them took the initiative to direct the program, but I did struggle along with it for a while.

The legislative appropriations for WICHE consisted of a set amount each year for support of the program, actually dues to the central office in Boulder, Colorado, and that sum was sent directly to Boulder. Then the

legislative appropriation also included an amount requested by the Nevada commission to be used as student stipends in these three professional areas. Medicine required the largest stipend, dentistry next, and then vet.

Our procedure was that during the latter half of each summer, we would circulate to all newspapers in the state and also to all the high school offices in the state, information about WICHE, the fields it covered, where to get application blanks, and what would be required. We composed our own application blanks which requested personal data, three references, a statement by the student as to why he wanted to enter this particular field, transcript of record, and also the WICHE schools he would prefer to attend in order of preference (three were requested).

At first, the Nevada commission would meet at the time of the regular regents meetings. So long as the commission was composed of two regents and Dr. Morrison, it was very easy. The commissioners would individually go over all of the folders of candidates which I had prepared for them. Each member would list the candidates (by fields) first, second, third, and so on. The procedure was that if, for instance, we were allowed three students in medicine, I would certify the top three, notify the WICHE office in Colorado, notify the students concerned, and the Colorado office would notify the schools that the students had indicated. But if one or more of the students, for instance, withdrew or wasn't admitted to any of the schools, I could go to the next student on the list, and so on down the line. So [the local commission] really needed a secretary who was in touch with everything. When the students were actually in residence at the schools under the WICHE program, they received the same benefits as in-state students.

The schools that participated in the WICHE program could accept in-state students in their first priority group, WICHE students in the second priority group, and then non-WICHE out-of-state students in the third, which usually meant that there weren't many places left. The states that were members of the WICHE program were Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, and Nevada.

The first student to complete his education under WICHE as far as Nevada was concerned was Dr. Bernard Cannon, who's now a practicing veterinarian in Winnemucca. One of the later students who turned out to be very outstanding was Miss Linda Harsh of Reno (later married and became Linda Dixon). She had an opportunity to go to Africa and be associated for a time with Dr. Christian Bernard, the noted heart transplant surgeon. Upon completion of her residency training, she will be employed in the Mann County Hospital, California.

The regional WICHE officers decided what fields would be covered, or any new regulations, or anything of that sort. Before I left the work, they had added dental hygiene, and were considering other fields.

I found the work very interesting, and very gratifying. I enjoyed working with the office staff in Colorado. I was able to furnish Dr. Smith of the medical school with statistics and other information that he could use in his efforts to get a medical school under way for Nevada. The provision that the legislators originally put in the bill, that students would either have to repay what the state had put into their education or return to Nevada and practice in a community of 3,000 or less was keeping some of our better students from applying. The students who felt they had a greater future than starting

in some small community were reluctant to apply to WICHE. One of those that I especially remember was Bruce Thompson's son, Jeff. Even though Jeff, in applying, had been told that he had a better chance if he applied through WICHE, and he did apply through WICHE but withdrew as soon as he could get into any medical school without WICHE help. One other prominent boy from Sparks was getting his premedical work in Stanford University and applied to WICHE, mostly because his mother was a widow and she felt there was no other way to get him through medical school. But his interest was research; he didn't want to practice in a small community, he wanted to go into research. He was such a good student that Stanford was able to get him a scholarship so that he could continue at Stanford. So he withdrew from WICHE.

Dr. Armstrong worked quite hard to get the provision removed from the WICHE program and gathered together all the letters we had received from students and parents complaining about it. He wasn't the only one that worked for it. Dr. Anderson [did], too. Their efforts did get it removed. That made some of the legislators from the sparsely populated counties very unhappy, because they had said in regard to the original bill that the only reason they voted for it was to provide medical help for their constituents.

Well, appropriations for WICHE continued as we were able to show the success of the program. As the program grew, each year we could add more students.

I retired from the president's office in 1964, even though I had two more years to go before I would reach maximum retirement benefits and age of sixty-five. But my mother had long suffered from a retina condition which impaired her vision and I was finding it difficult to meet the responsibility, both at

home and the office. My mother was eighty-seven in 1964. I had told Dr. Armstrong early in the year that I would retire.

Well, finding a replacement for the job was a little bit difficult. It wasn't because the job was so difficult; it was because it looked difficult. The regulations of the state personnel system made it nearly impossible to take a girl on campus and bring her into our office on a trial basis, because my job was not classified, and her job would be. When the state merit system went into effect, each state agency was permitted to have one top secretary not included, and my job was so designated.

We did try out one girl from another office. She came into our office and had to take a cut in salary, because we had no opening in her particular classification. She was capable to handle the job but she didn't feel that she was particularly suited for the atmosphere of the president's office and the responsibility. We then offered the job to another secretary on the campus, and she didn't feel confident of her ability; I think she was just scared. She felt the minutes were going to be a terrible burden.

Now, this was over a period of probably a couple of months. We talked to different people, Neil Humphrey for one, and others who might have recommendations. We didn't want to advertise it in the paper, but we did ask the state personnel department in Carson to recommend anyone that they felt would be suitable. They had no one.

Then almost at the same time we had two likely applicants. One was a Mrs. Stafford, who had recently moved to Reno with her husband from Washington, D. C. She had served as secretary to Senator Byrd in Washington, D. C., and had a letter of recommendation from Eva Adams for any suitable opening on the campus. The other applicant was Mrs. Bonnie Smotony. She had learned of the job

through a friend of hers who had worked on the campus, I believe temporarily. Bonnie was then secretary to the Reno manager of North American Aviation, and had been transferred from Los Angeles for that purpose.

Well, as far as application blanks were concerned, both were qualified. Dr. Young (vice president) had occasion to go to Washington, D. C. to a meeting and he inquired about Mrs. Stafford. He came back with a good report. Dr. Armstrong knew Mr. Campbell, Bonnie's boss, through Rotary and he spoke to him about Mrs. Smotony, and also got a very good report. So it was almost a toss-up.

Dr. Armstrong and I talked it over and mutually thought, well, perhaps we'd try Mrs. Stafford. She didn't have to resign a job to come to us, and so she was immediately available. She was qualified and a charming and accomplished woman.

She worked for us for a few weeks and then told us that she and her husband would be leaving Reno almost immediately. Her husband was author of the book, *The Big E*, about the role of the Enterprise in the war with Japan. It was selling very well, and was about to be made into a paperback. Well, that book was so successful, he had been asked to produce another book, something pertaining to the war with Japan. It meant that he would have to spend quite a bit of time in the Hawaiian Islands, researching. She did say before she left, though, that she doubted she would have kept the job permanently. She felt the job was interesting, but compared with her position in Washington, D. C. it just wasn't quite what she wanted. She felt that there were too many side chores for an executive secretary, which wouldn't have been true in a government office in Washington, D. C.

I then called Mrs. Smotony, who was still interested. Dr. Armstrong asked me if I would

stay on long enough to get the office settled. This was getting late in May, and a very busy time. I agreed, I really wasn't anxious to go. So Bonnie gave notice to her employer and came to us, just the week before commencement. I can't think of a worse time for a new employee to come into any office on the campus, and especially the president's office. We were always too busy to explain to her why we were doing what we were doing. But she weathered through it.

We did pull through commencement. We were still terribly busy about two weeks after commencement. Dr. Armstrong trying to do his after-commencement chores, and of course, the regents met at commencement so we had not only commencement aftermath, but regents minutes and letters to write, and so on. I sprained my ankle and tore a ligament, which laid me up for a few days and put me on crutches. It made it quite hard on the office, especially Bonnie, but it did hasten the breaking-in period because when I was no longer there and Dr. Armstrong was forced to rely on her—of course, the other girls in the office were all familiar with the work.

Then I took some sick leave and was able to go back part time. But going up and down the stairs kind of slowed me down. Then I took my annual leave half a day at a time, to facilitate the transition period. So actually, it was about October before I finally gave up the president's office, and by that time, Bonnie was very well broken in, and doing a good job.

I was at the regents meeting in December of that year when they elected the new chairman—which they do every two years—and Archie Grant was nominated, then declined. Fred Anderson was elected. Archie Grant's health at that time made it better for him not to continue as chairman.

In June of 1964, after commencement and before my ankle accident, the clerical of

the entire University gave me a retirement party in the banquet room of the Riverside Hotel, preceded by a cocktail party. I would say everything possible was done to make it a very memorable occasion, which it surely was. In addition to those then on the campus, the committee in charge got in touch with as many girls as possible who had previously worked with me. And a goodly number of them came. So we really had a very warm occasion. My mother was invited as a special guest.

My gift was a beautiful wristwatch, engraved with my name, the date, and the occasion. It pleased me that Mrs. Harriet Crook made the presentation. She had been my top assistant for a time under Dr. Stout's administration, then came back for a short time and worked for me under Dr. Armstrong's administration. It was she that I would send to take the minutes of the University council. Even after she resigned, she was the person I called back to fill in when I took a vacation. She was acquainted with the University, she knew Dr. Armstrong, and he had confidence in her. When she read the citation in presenting the wristwatch, I actually was too excited to hear anything, except one sentence which struck me after it was all over; I could remember that she said I had handled the office "with dignity." And from her, especially, I thought that was a compliment. It hadn't been one of my goals, but if I had thought of it, it would have been.

Another thrill was when Dr. Armstrong told me that I could list myself in the forthcoming catalog as "emeritus," because he was so recommending me to the academic council, and he knew that there would be no trouble getting it approved.

Looking back, I can say truthfully that I was satisfied with my career at the University. It seemed all right, as it worked out. I can

look back and see what I could have done better; I wouldn't say I batted a thousand. But I had good relations with every president for whom I worked, and my relations with the faculty have been good. Among them are some of my very good friends. I also enjoyed my association with the buildings and grounds staff; they are some of the finest people on the campus. The Board of Regents had always included me as one of their own number, socially, and as far as meetings were concerned.

One of the retirement gifts that pleased me very much was a lifetime pass to all athletic events at the University for a guest and myself. Along with the pass, from the board of athletic control was a very nice letter from Jake Lawlor, thanking me for support of athletics during his time as director. I know very well it was Jake Lawlor who recommended the pass.

I knew Jake Lawlor and his brother when the two of them came from Iowa to attend the University of Nevada. That wouldn't make much of a stir now, but in those days two brothers from that far away was sort of a novelty. Jake Lawlor was one of the favorites of Callie Beckwith, for whom I was working at the time.

Mother and I did attend nearly all the basketball games and football games, and many times other members of the family or friends went with us. Jake always appreciated our support. At basketball games we tried to sit near Jake Lawlor's family, and he had quite a few members in the family. So we became quite well acquainted with them, and enjoyed them very much. Jake was known for his excitability, and the family weren't very far behind.

One of the most valuable friendships I formed at the University of Nevada was Elaine Mobley. In our capacities, our work brought us together frequently and in many different

ways. We talked frequently about everything. She told me something about herself and her early life that I think is a little significant. She told me that she was orphaned when she was a child. Both her parents died of illnesses. She was raised by an aunt and uncle as one of their family. In the family was a girl not far from Elaine's age who happened to be an "A" student without much effort. Elaine was a "B" student with about the same amount of effort. She said it bothered her because she didn't understand it, until she went to the University of California to earn her master's degree and her counselor there told her that her tests showed that she was a "B" student; she should be satisfied. But he also told her that she had outstanding qualities in human relations and that that should be her career field. She felt satisfied. That was typical of Elaine. She could always accept reality. She had been a teacher in the physical education department in Auburn. Then she said that her next question to him was, "Do you always tell students as frankly as this what their ratings are?"

His answer was, "Yes."

She asked him why; he explained this way: "It's just about the same as knowing how much money you have in the bank." She said she liked that and it satisfied her.

I bring this out because it was so basically Elaine. When she became dean of women, she found that she was worrying at home about the problems the students had, until she finally took herself aside and told herself that if she was going to do a good job, she had to not let this get under her skin. From then on, she worked from that point of view. She always seemed to be in complete control of herself. She was, of course, just as close to the troubles of the administration of the University as anyone else—maybe a little bit more so, because she was on more committees, and she was a dean. She was sometimes unhappy

about them, of course, but she always retained her balance. She saw the mistakes that were being made, and she expressed them with compassion and with concern. She had the respect of the faculty, even the members of the faculty who might be at the time worked up or riled because of some injustice.

One of the girls who worked in my office had been a student and then had married a GI student and given up her college work to go to work. She also admired Dean Mobley. She gave me this little "for instance" as to why the students were always willing to go to Dean Mobley to talk over whatever bothered them. She said, for instance, if a girl wanted a new pair of shoes for a dance, Dean Mobley would offer to get her part time employment so that she could get the money to buy the shoes. But if the girls went to their own parent, she probably would be told to wear a pair of shoes she has in her closet.

When Dean Mobley died, one of the papers editorialized on her contributions to the University and to the community. It referred to her brilliance and her human qualities. I would say they were so right. She was brilliant in her understanding of human beings and her ability to contribute to their needs. She was the one person on the campus that I could always talk to comfortably and know that it would never go any further and never be misunderstood. And there were times that I kind of needed it.

POST RETIREMENT ACTIVITIES

It was about the end of the year that I was no longer needed to assist with the regents meetings. Bonnie felt by that time she was able to carry on, and she also thought it would be helpful to have Agnes Heidtman somewhat familiar with the regents work. SO she planned to have Agnes sit in on meetings in case, for some reason, Bonnie couldn't be at a meeting.

When Dr. Armstrong resigned, the office staff gave him and Mrs. Armstrong a luncheon, and they included me. Mrs. Fred Anderson gave a tea at her home for Mrs. Armstrong before they left. I attended that.

The Armstrongs and the Andersons had become very good friends, almost immediately after the Armstrongs arrived. Dr. Anderson was their family physician while they were here.

Dr. Armstrong went from Nevada to Dayton, Ohio, to become head of a consortium, a job with no financial problems comparable to the legislature in Nevada. He said all the programs that were initiated in the consortium were financed before they were

undertaken. He seemed to be very happy with his job. At the end of June this year (1973), he was to retire and move to California.

Well, then there was the resignation of Dr. Kenneth Young, vice president, to accept the presidency of a state college in New York state. That worked out for a while he said, but he came to the conclusion that a college presidency was not for him. So he moved to Washington, D. C. to accept an administrative position with the American College Testing program. When he was in Reno to receive his honorary degree, Neil and Mrs. Humphrey entertained at a dinner in his honor. Dr. Young spoke of his work in Washington, D. C. and it seemed to be quite to his liking.

The regents then considered some reorganization of the administration. The Las Vegas campus had long thought the Reno campus had a certain advantage in having the activities on the Reno campus that pertained to both campuses, such as budgeting, things like that. They let it be known that they would be happier if there were a central office away from the Reno campus to get rid of this undue

influence—they thought. So the regents decided to have an overall chancellor and a president for each campus. Neil Humphrey was made chancellor. I remember Bonnie making the remark when we were talking about it, that Neil was so highly regarded that she thought they believed he could walk on water! Bonnie became Neil's secretary.

While I was serving the WICHE program, the regents moved the System office of the University to Arlington Towers to get it off the University campus. I talked with Dr. Edd Miller about continuing the WICHE program in his office, since it had been a part of the president's office. He was willing and I was just about ready to accept the offer when Neil told me he thought it would be better to have the WICHE program with the University System office because it was a statewide service, not particularly the University of Nevada, Reno campus. So WICHE and I moved to Arlington Towers. Actually, there wasn't enough room there. Arlington Towers was nonacademic, and it certainly was not laid out for our office purposes. The men had their own offices, but some of the girls had to be placed in the hallways. The person who might have been able to help with WICHE when I wasn't available—Agnes Heidtman—was to remain in Dr. Miller's office. So it was the beginning of an unsatisfactory situation. But I worried along with it until after the first of the year, when there was a logical transition time. I did tell the commissioners, however, in the fall that it wasn't working.

The WICHE commissioners were faced with quite a few new situations, too. Dr. Armstrong had handled the program as director, and he was gone; Dr. Tucker, who had had little or no contacts with WICHE had been appointed in his place; Dr. White, the chairman, was living in Boulder [City], Nevada. By the first of the year, the budget

was approved by the commissioners; I had then prepared it for presentation to the legislature. I had processed the students in fields of medicine and dentistry, the two largest areas. I'd made a list of my duties as secretary. I tabulated all of the students in the WICHE program, both those who had previously been benefited and those who were now participating in it. I then asked that they make other arrangements for their secretarial work.

They asked me for a suggestion. I wasn't prepared for that. But I talked it over with Neil Humphrey. He knew the program from a legislative standpoint, as well as from the University experience. Neil proposed that he be named secretary and that the actual work then be done by somebody designated in his office. That seemed like a very happy solution. The commissioners were pleased with the suggestion and that's the way it was left.

After I retired, I realized that my mother didn't need full time care. She needed more than I could give her with a full time job, but she still was able to do many things for herself. I knew that my social life was necessarily going to be curtailed because she should not be left alone in the evenings. I felt that I needed some type of outside activity and I was really racking my brain for some place that I could apply for part time work—not too hard, not too much. Mrs. Harriet Crook at the time was looking for a part time job for herself. She told me that she could go to work for the American Cancer Society on a temporary basis, to help them through their crusade period, but the salary was unattractive to her. Well, salary was certainly not high in my priority right then. So I went to the Cancer Society and talked it over with them and they agreed to hire me. Right after the first of the year, I started working there. The secretary interviewed me, then the director, Mr. G. William Richards, and we decided to try it out.

I'd like to say just a word about the secretary to the Cancer Society; it was Mrs. Marjorie DaCosta. She didn't have a college degree, which she resented, really. But in many ways she was well educated, or even better educated, than many people who had gone through four years of college. She spoke several languages, very well. So well, in fact, that the foreign language department had had her make some tape recordings for use in their teaching.

Well, the temporary job lasted for six years, off and on. I worked on a temporary basis full time, and most of the time on a part time basis, and sometimes I didn't work at all, but I was on call. But with that small salary, I was able to qualify for minimum Social Security, which helped my retirement benefits. [I] had a very happy association there, was very interested in the work, and in the program, and again, had a chance to work with some University people. Dr. Fred Anderson was on the board of directors at the time, as medical representative. Later, Elaine Mobley was a member of the board, and served as chairman of the education committee. Mrs. Katherine Quilici, who as Mrs. Katherine Harris had been University YWCA secretary, was chairman of the crusade committee for many years. Many of the faculty wives and the faculty women had other spots on the fund-raising program.

I quit only because by that time my mother did need full time attention. I look back on my association with the Cancer Society as a very happy experience in my life.

CONCLUSIONS

Then let's see, to my conclusions. I had certain rules of course, and certain personal policies to guide me in my work, some that developed as I went along, and some that I took with me from earlier experiences. I tried to adjust to each president, to his needs and his personality. I knew that, as each president came to the University, he was going to be different, as an individual. I tried to be open-minded about the program, policies, and the opinions of each president, because I realized that what might not have worked for one president could work for another; different approach, different timing, many things can make a difference. When a president made mistakes that were obvious to me, I was very sorry instead of critical because I knew that there was trouble ahead. Of course, we all pay for our mistakes, whether they are due to carelessness or whatever. When anyone in a position as important as the presidency of a university makes a mistake, it touches so many lives and affects so many human situations that he pays in proportion to the damage he has done, or is supposed to have done.

I was loyal to each administrator and gave him the best of my ability to serve his needs. At the same time, I always retained the attitude and thinking that I was serving him, not so much as an individual, but rather that we were serving the University together. I believe that helped me through the several changes in administration which I experienced—seven in all, some of whom were acting presidents. In handling the office staff, especially in the early days, when I had younger girls, I tried to make the employment of each girl a satisfying experience. I tried to help them develop, so that their next step in employment, whatever it might be, would be more successful because they had worked in the president's office at the University of Nevada. When I had to call attention to something I disapproved of in a girl's work or personality, I always gave her a chance to talk it out, even to talk back to me, because I felt it was better to air it in the office than on the outside. And it's only human to want to express oneself in times of frustration.

Now, just some thoughts on the president's office, and so on. When Mr. Gorman was

leaving the president's office to go back to the comptroller's office, he made the remark that, "Anyone who wants this job should have his head examined!" He said that many times and I would like to add, if that's true, there are many people in that state, because we never had a dearth of applicants. Even though Nevada was considered low in salary and had many disadvantages, every time that there was a need for a new president, many applications poured in.

When the regents are faced with the selection of a new president, they certainly have a monumental task, and really a thankless task. Too big for almost any human being, or group of human beings. For one thing, all candidates—almost all, at least—will look good on paper, almost all will have exceptional characteristics and adequate educational preparation. They will all have excellent references, because they list the references most favorable to themselves. The references will be from their peers or better, so that if a reference indicates that the applicant is on good relations with the faculty, there will probably be no way to adequately check with the faculty. And likewise the students' relations. The regents do try to read between the lines of those recommending candidates, to try to see if some important quality is either slurred over or treated in such a way as to arouse concern. Many times, they do refer to people who haven't been listed as references, but even so, it is very difficult to secure an impartial appraisal. And then the candidate is brought to the campus for an interview and sort of inspection. He's going to be on his very best behavior, and almost anyone can look good for a few days, especially when the prospect of a new job is at hand. I don't have any suggestions, only sympathy. I had one thought, though. As I saw the regents go through this many times, perhaps someone

from the University of Nevada should visit the campus of the candidate, see him on his home ground. Talk to people that associate with him day in and day out, people he might not even think about listing as references. And then if he passes that test, bring the candidate to Nevada.

Some thoughts on the faculty perhaps. Faculty people are very fine people for the most part. And the few who are not are certainly in the minority. I think it takes a fine person to want to devote his life to being a faculty member. Compared with business and many other fields, salary-wise, it's not going to be so rewarding. Rewards have to come from love of their profession and the satisfaction they receive in knowing they are preparing a future generation to make a better contribution to mankind. The preparation for teaching on a college level is slow, laborious, and costly. There's no guarantee of a job. After he prepares himself, the prospective faculty member might find that he's prepared for a field that's declining in popularity. The need fluctuates. When he starts, he has to start at a low salary and a low rank, and progress is slow, compared with his costly preparation. Usually, a faculty member goes into the profession with new ideas, ready for progress. Promotions depend not entirely on ability; they can depend on the legislature, money available, needs of the moment as against long range plans. And in some instances, if the particular department is already loaded with full professors, the lower ranks are going to be very slow in going upward. I have said facetiously that I never knew of a faculty member who got promoted who didn't feel that it was long overdue! In the earlier days, I wouldn't have felt that way so much, but I saw faculty people, like all other professions, become more calculating as time went on, more apt to weigh carefully the pros and

cons of each campus, of each position, and of their efforts. I know one graduate of the University of Nevada who is on the faculty of the University of New Mexico, and when a vacancy occurred in his department at the University of Nevada, he made a trip to Reno to see whether or not he would be interested. When he got here, he found that the department already had about as many professors and associate professors as a balanced department should have, and he would start as an assistant professor. That was the deciding factor. He went back to New Mexico because he felt that he had more chances for advancement in rank. Of course, now tenure has come into effect, and many other such faculty benefits. I believe this is due to the fact that faculty people are more aware of the whole field of faculty employment and promotion, much of this through membership in AAUP. Most of the faculty see the president of the University only occasionally and under specific circumstances. They seldom get to see him as a whole man. They see him at social functions, or they see him when he's conducting a meeting—committee meeting or a faculty meeting or some such meeting—they see him at commencement exercises or some other public gathering, where he's prepared his remarks. They don't get to know what his basic thinking is except as he expresses himself publicly. My own opinion is that that is what often leads to situations where, if the president makes a mistake, that mistake becomes part of his image. And the faculty never forgives him. He has to live with it for the rest of his administration. Of course, he is a human being. And he's bound to make mistakes. I don't know how the faculty could know him better, because of necessity, they're somewhat removed.

Faculty salaries have always been an issue. No administration that I know has ever had

as much money as it needed or wanted for salaries and salary increases. Then the big problem, of course, was fair distribution. And no matter how hard they tried, no solution was ever perfect. I sat in on a good many meetings with deans and the president and vice president and other administrators, to try to work out salary problems and especially to try to distribute the money as fairly as possible and for the good of the University.

I remember one particular year when the salary increases were almost nil, and the president remarked that, what should we do? He thought it would be an insult to a faculty member to offer him five dollars a month raise. One of the deans said, "Well, if that's all you can do, then go ahead and insult my faculty!"

I recall one other meeting where the president felt very concerned because the salaries in other fields were rising much more rapidly than the faculty salaries. That was the time, too, when universities were losing people, especially business administration people, in the fields of insurance and government areas, and also scientists into government and private industry. When somebody brought up the salary that plumbers take home, Dean Fred Wood remarked, "If you're going to talk about how much money plumbers make, you'll have the entire faculty upset."

The state personnel system came into being while I was at the University, many years after I started. So I had much experience with both systems. First the pros, I think. The state personnel system definitely is an equalizer, especially for the average worker. It immediately made sick leave available to every person in state government, as well as annual leave, salary brackets, classifications, etc. And that wasn't always true. I would have to admit that before that, a girl might be working for a dean who would recommend a higher salary

than she would have received had she been working for another dean. That's just human. But by and large, I enjoyed working more with the girls before we had state personnel. It meant a great deal to me to be able to interview the girl myself and choose the girl I wanted, not only because she had skills, but because her personality fit particularly into the president's office. That was part of our problem under state personnel. We could get girls who could do the work, but the president's office has particular needs as far as a receptionist's qualities are concerned and some qualities that can't be measured on an application form.

Before we had state personnel, it was possible to take a girl whose typing may not have been quite up to standard at the moment I hired her. But by giving her time to bring it up to standard, I might have a very valuable employee. Psychologically, I think there's a big difference. The girl is going to be more loyal to the person who actually employs her and perhaps who develops her skills, than she's going to be if she is assigned to that job by an agency. If that girl has a problem, she's more apt to take it to the agency because she has all the rules and regulations on her side. So that it really pits the supervisor against the state agency. And the personnel system promotes job-hopping. It encourages the girls to keep looking to see if some other girl has an easier boss, if she was able to get a little more time off without having it recorded, or longer coffee break, almost anything. I will say in passing though, that the University has grown so that perhaps the individual hiring practice that we used to do so well might not work.

Well, let's see now as to my personal philosophy. And this is in retrospect, 'cause I think like most people, I didn't start out with a philosophy. It just sort of grows. My philosophy has been to live fully and

completely in the present, to make the most of the good things in life, and to accept gracefully the things that aren't so good and that are beyond control. I believe in living with a sense of appreciation; there is always that much in life which is good. And to keep the past and the future in proper perspective. Along with accepting life as it unfolds, I have always felt that I had to accept myself complete with my ideals, my weaknesses, my limitations, abilities, the whole thing. And next, I have always felt that I should accept other people on the same basis, just as they are at their particular stage of development, without undue criticism and without putting them on a pedestal, always with the realization that they're human, just as I am.

As to my future plans, when circumstances permit, I really want to go back to the life experiences I had before I was needed completely at home. I want to attend University functions again, and accept some of the invitations that I receive, and perhaps—I would like to be a volunteer in the library, or in some little spot so that I can feel again a part of the University. I plan to assist the Cancer Society again, probably as a volunteer, not a paid worker. I also want to pick up my church activities (which I enjoyed very much), and spend a great deal more time with my personal friends than I have been able to. That's about it. In summary, I want to become as active and as productive as my time and talents permit.

As to travel, I would like to see the eastern part of the United States and the New England states. Other than that, travel would depend on opportunities and my inclination at the time. So, nothing really spectacular. I just enjoy living.

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A

- Adams, Brewster, 77
 Adams, Eva, 58, 289-290, 360
 Adams, James E., 288, 316, 330
 Adams, Maxwell, 79, 146, 241
 Adams, Verner L., 58
 Adams, Wayne B., 90
 Aggie Club (University of Nevada), 107-108, 109
 Agricultural Experiment Station (University of Nevada), 55-56, 83, 85, 93, 96-97, 106, 110-111, 117, 186, 187
 Agricultural Extension division (University of Nevada), 106, 117, 121, 136, 137, 150-151, 187, 269, 300
 Agriculture, College of (University of Nevada), 106-111, 150-151, 185-186, 275, 288, 316
 Agricultural Extension division (University of Nevada), 106, 117, 121, 136, 137, 150-151, 187, 269, 300
 Aiken, Bertha, 189
 Aiken, James W., 171
 Albert, Henry, 90
 Almanacs, 9-10
 Alumni Association (University of Nevada), 190-191, 271-272, 321, 340, 343, 345
 American Association of University Professors (AAUP), 176-177, 180, 227, 379
 American Cancer Society, 372-374, 383
 Anderson, Anne L., 369
 Anderson, Fred M., 355, 359, 363, 369, 373
 Andy Hardy movies, 202
 Arbor Day, 45
 Arbuckle, Roscoe "Fatty," 42
 Arentz, Samuel S., 44-45
 Arentz, Samuel S., Jr., 221
 Arizona State College (Tempe, Arizona), 314-315
 Armanko, Mitch L., 76
 Armstrong, Bryn, 349-350
 Armstrong, Charles J., 284, 300, 319, 324-326, 328, 329, 330-333, 334-335, 344, 347, 348-354, 358-359, 361, 362, 364, 369, 371
 Armstrong, Judith, 349
 Armstrong, June Eulalie Herren, 325, 329, 369
 Arnheim, Gus, 76
 Artemisia (University of Nevada), 87, 263
 Austin, Luethel, 89
 Austin, Nevada, 1, 2, 3, 4-5, 128-129, 341-342

B

- Baldwin, B. M., 16
 Baldwin, E. J. "Lucky," 16
 Bankofier, Laura Mae, 272
 Baptists (Reno, Nevada), 76-77
 Baruch, Bernard, 236
 Basques (Reno, Nevada), 24
 Basta, Samuel M., 227-228, 295-296
 Bastian, Cyril, 310, 324

Batjer, Naomi, 149
Battle Mountain, Nevada,
11
Bayley, Elsa, 44
Bayley, John R., 44
Beck, Jessie P., 36, 46
Beckwith, Carolyn "Callie,"
78-79, 80-81, 82-83, 85,
87, 88, 91, 92-93, 94,
95, 99-100, 103, 104,
105, 117, 127, 131, 133,
146, 188, 194, 365
Belmont, Nevada, 1, 2
Beowawe, Nevada, 14, 15
Bergen, Julius "Jay," 275
Berlin, Ellin Mackay, 290-
291
Berlin, Irving, 291
Bernard, Christian, 357
Billinghurst, Benson D.,
49
Bixby, Frederick L., 119
Blodgett, Howard B., 320
Bonanza Airlines, 298-
299, 336
Book of the Oath, 94-95
Bowers Mansion (Washoe
Valley, Nevada), 22, 49
Broadbent, Robert N.,
310, 340
Broili, June, 199
Brooks, Ernest, 108
Brooks family (Reno, Ne-
vada), 43
Brown, B. Mahlon, 236
Brown, Harold N., 192-193,
196, 304, 306
Brown, Mabel Mariani, 196
Bruce, Leslie, 99
Buckman, Diane Lewers, 199
Building and Grounds de-
partment (University of
Nevada), 97, 98, 122-
124, 129, 149, 167, 204
216, 223, 252, 273, 276,
329-330, 353, 365
Bunker, Wendell, 295
Burge, Lee, 108
Business and Professional
Women (Reno, Nevada),
139

Butcher, John W., 70
Byrd, Clarence, 183, 223

C

Cahlan, John F. "Johnny,"
148
"Call boys" (Railroad term),
50, 56
Campbell, George R., 360,
361
Campus Clerical Association
(University of Nevada),
268-270
Cannon, Bernard, 357
Caples, Robert, 126
Carano family (Reno, Ne-
vada), 26
Carlsen, Eda, 136-137
Carlson, William D., 256,
257, 295, 296, 329, 347
Carson City, Nevada, 34,
65, 115-116, 121, 342
Carville, Edward P., 150-
151
Catholics (Reno, Nevada),
241, 333
Chaplin, Charles Spencer
"Charlie," 42
Chappelle, Benjamin F., 145
Chatfield, Charles, 94
Chautauqua, 42, 159
Chinatown (Reno, Nevada),
45-46
Chinese, 12, 16, 32
Chism, Miriam Clark, 243
Chism Ice Cream Company
(Reno, Nevada), 18, 39,
41, 203
Church, James Edward, 83,
86, 232-234
Circus (Reno, Nevada), 41-
42, 46
Civil Air Patrol (Nevada),
133
Civil Defense, 127-128
Civilian Conservation Corps
(CCC), 126

Clark, Mary, 269, 270,
286, 288, 346, 352
Clark, Walter E., 80, 85,
88, 92, 93, 94-96, 117,
127, 131, 134
Clark Administration Building (University of Nevada), 344-347, 351
Clement family (Reno, Nevada), 25
Clink family (Reno, Nevada), 26
Communists, 240, 308-309
Community Chest (Reno, Nevada), 198, 200, 241, 242
Coney Island (Reno-Sparks, Nevada), 41
Constantia, California, 13
Cortez, Nevada, 10, 11, 12, 14
Crain, Jeanne, 202
Creel, Cecil W., 121
Crepes, Robert, 120
Crook, Harriet, 363-364, 372
Crouch, Jordan, 298
Crumley, Newton H., 16, 229, 230, 258, 292, 336, 343-344
Curtis, Virginia, 69
Curtiss-Wright Corporation, 312, 313-314, 318
Cutts, Charles F., 232

D

Da Costa, Marjorie, 373
Dalton, Helen Forson Terry, 27, 39
Dalton, K. Sidney, 39
Dancehalls (Reno, Nevada), 68-69
Davis, Grant, 342
Davis, S. E., 67
Davis family (Reno, Nevada), 26
Dean, Ethel, 12

Dean, Joseph, 12
Dean ranch (Nye County, Nevada), 12, 13-14, 15-16, 30, 337
Deming, Meryl W., 183
Depression (U. S.) 16, 31, 124-127, 130
Desert Research Institute (DRI), 301, 335
Dimmick, Maude Thompson, 23
Distinguished Nevadan awards, 234-236, 289-291
Dixon, Linda Harsh, 357
Dodson, Sue E., 243
Donner Lake, California, 69
Doten, Alfred, 232-233
Doten, Samuel Bradford, 83, 170, 186, 232
Drappo, Norma Gorman, 83
Dwyer ranch (Reno, Nevada), 24

E

Eastern Star, 294
Edwards, Mrs., 43
Edwards, Alice Terry, 10
Edwards, Bert E., 43
Edwards, Gilbert, 43
Edwards, William G., 43
Eldridge, Paul, 166
Elko, Nevada, 11, 14, 15, 17, 271, 340
Elliott, Russell R., 320, 321
Elmore, Marjorie J., 285
Elwell, William H. "Bill," 298, 310, 338
Elwell Hotel (Las Vegas, Nevada), 298
Ely, Nevada, 104, 340
Epworth League, Reno, Nevada, 63-64
Ernst, Margaret, 199
Eureka, Nevada, 11, 25, 113-114
Eureka County, Nevada, 10
Evans, A. J., 19-20

Evans, Carl, 20
Evans, Mars, 20
Evans, Richard, 301
Evans ranch (Reno, Nevada), 95

F

Fallon, Nevada, 6, 31, 342
Farm, University of Nevada, 55-56, 106, 107, 109, 169, 229-231
Farmers and Merchants National bank (Reno, Nevada), 74
Farnsworth, Clara, 188
Fascists, 240
Fire department, Reno, 19-20, 62, 136
First, Ramona, 273-274
First National Bank (Reno, Nevada), 74, 298
Fleischmann, Max C., 185
Fleischmann Atmospherium-planetarium (University of Nevada), 334-335
Fleischmann Foundation, 275, 334
Fleming, Charles E., 93, 186
Food preparation, 5, 8, 9, 23, 30
Forson, Ed, 26
Forson family (Reno, Nevada), 26, 39
Franktown, Nevada, 100
Frazier, Alice Jane Chism, 199
Frazier, Ruby Pearce, 6
Frenchy ranch (Nye county, Nevada), 12
Frey, Louise, 45
Frey ranch (Reno, Nevada), 45
Frost, Harry, 171
Fulton, John A., 83
Fulton Alley (Reno, Nevada), 62

G

Galli, Esther Romano, 129, 138
Galli, Mike, 129
Games, children's, 37, 40, 47-48, 86
Gerow, James W., 43
Gerow family (Reno, Nevada), 43
Getchell, Lysander W., 186-187
Getchell, Noble H., 186-187, 343-344
Getchell Mines, Nevada, 211
Ghiberti doors (University of Nevada), 291
Gilkey, Helen L., 284
Ginsburg, Edith H., 276
Ginsburg, Samuel, 275
Golden, Eleanor, 25
Golden, Raymond, 25
Golden family (Reno, Nevada) 25
Golden Hotel (Reno, Nevada), 25
Gold Hill,
Gordon, Louis 270, 271
Gorman, Charles H., 83, 91, 96, 98, 105 111-116, 118, 120-121, 122, 123, 131-133, 134, 136, 138-141, 143, 144, 146, 147, 148-152, 154, 155-156, 163, 169-170, 175, 179, 181, 189, 190, 196, 205-207, 208-209, 212-213, 247, 302-303, 331, 376
Gorman, Harold S., 43, 83, 114
Gorman family (Reno, Nevada), 43, 212
Gorrell, Robert M., 305
Gottardi, John, 166
Governor's Day (University of Nevada), 337-338
Granada Theater (Reno, Nevada), 55, 85

Grant, Archie C., 294-295,
296, 324, 327, 335, 363
Grant, Zora Marble, 296
Granville, Bonita, 202
Grass Valley, California,
1
Grass Valley ranch (Nye
county, Nevada), 12
Gray, Leslie, 306, 307-308
Gray, Reid, Wright Co.
(department store; Reno,
Nevada), 73
Greenville, California, 26
Grey Shop (Reno, Nevada),
44
Griffin, Robert S., 190-
191, 192
Grossholz, Marie Watkins,
121
Guild, Clark, Jr., 132
Gulling, Amy Thompson, 23
Gulling, Laurence, 23
Guss, Willa I., 243

H

Hall, Wesley, Sr., 334
Hanley, Theresa, 71
Hardman, George, 133
Hardman, Gerry, 133, 141,
142
Hardy, Bonnie Thoma, 73
Hardy, Roy, 187, 237, 238,
239, 270, 299, 311
Harolds Club (Reno, Nevada),
193-194
Hartman, Edith Dabele Kast,
144-145
Hartman, Leon W., 83, 133-
136, 139-141, 144-148,
149-150
Hartman, Margaret, 70
Hartung, Frank, 120
Haseltine, Alice White,
287-288, 321, 327
Haseman, Charles, 83
Hatch Act (U.S.), 219

Hatch building (University
of Nevada), 96, 107, 110
Hattori, Henry, 122, 340
Hawcroft, Lee, 19
Hawcroft, Ralph B., 19
Hawkins, Katherine Mackay
O'Brien, 291
Hayden, Perry W., 169-170,
191, 208, 209, 212, 223,
225, 237, 316, 330-331,
336
Hazen, Annie Pearce, 6
Heidtman, Agnes Schmidt,
128, 369, 371
Henningsen, Mary Raitt, 148-
149, 169
Heron, David W., 102, 344
Herstine, Alice Adams, 58
Heward, Elmer S., 51
Heward, Harlan L., 51, 307,
308
Heward, Jack, 64
Heward ranch (Reno, Nevada),
51
Hickman, Felton, 302
Hicks, Marion, 230
Higginbotham, Alfred L.,
160, 162-163, 202, 275
Hill, Albert E., 63, 83
Hill, Clara S., 63
Hill, Herbert W., 83, 89-90
Hilliard, Albert, 183
Hilliard, Emily Robinson,
183, 190
Hilp's building (Reno, Ne-
vada), 69
Hilp's drugstore (Reno, Ne-
vada), 69, 73
Hobos (Reno, Nevada), 27
Holiday Hotel (Reno, Neva-
da), 25, 230, 258, 280,
328, 335
Holmes, Juanita Lovelock,
136
Holstine, Garold, 242, 251,
256-257
Holstine, Winifred, 242,
243

Honorary Degrees (University of Nevada), 234-236, 370

Hood, Arthur J. "Bart," 74

Hood, Dwight "Dutch," 25

Hood, Eunice, 104

Hood, William Henry, 15

Hood family (Reno, Nevada), 25

Hop Sing, 32

Horn, Carl, 122-124, 129, 149, 204, 216, 221

Horn, Grace, 124

Horn, Marilyn, 288

Horse racing (Reno, Nevada), 52

Horseshoe ranch (Nye county, Nevada), 12

Housing (Reno, Nevada), 17, 35, 262-263

Hug, Procter R., Jr., 339

Hulse, James W., 238-239

Hume, Robert A., 305

Humphrey, Neil D., 102, 331-332, 360, 370, 371, 372

Hurley, Roy T., 312-313

Hutchinson, Charles B., 185-186

I

Inda, Anton, 24

Inda family (Reno, Nevada), 24-25

Indart family (Reno, Nevada), 24

Indart Hotel (Reno, Nevada), 24

Indians, 7, 14-15, 32-33, 103, 302, 342

Irwin, Ralph A., 224, 345

Italians (Reno, Nevada), 24, 32

J

Jacobi ranch (Reno, Nevada), 24

Jacobsen, Harold J., 342

Jacobson, Allvar H., 317

Jacobson, Paul B., 266

Jews (Reno, Nevada), 24

Johnson, Amon, 322

Johnson, Harold, 38

Johnson, Kenneth F., 297

Jones, Cliff A., 297

Jot Travis Student Union (University of Nevada), 237-239, 242, 273

K

Kietzke family (Reno, Nevada), 34

King Sisters, 253

Kirk, Hattie Terry, 10

Knudtsen, Molly Flagg Magee, 12, 13, 14, 130, 337-338, 339, 341-342

Kolodziejewski, Katie Little, 142-143

KTVN channel two, television station (Reno, Nevada), 31

KVLV radio station (Fallon, Nevada), 6, 31

L

Labor relations, 150-151, 162, 176-177, 180-182, 191-192, 216, 222, 224, 227, 240, 245, 251, 258-259, 262, 268-269, 274, 303-312, 317, 378-382

Laden family (Reno, Nevada), 25

Laird, Charlton G., 146, 305

Las Vegas, Nevada, 272, 296-298, 310, 335, 343, 347, 350-351

Lawlor, Glenn J. "Jake," 365

Lawton Springs, Nevada, 21

Laxalt, Robert, 258, 272, 286, 295-296, 311, 345, 349

Layman, Joseph D., 83, 97-98, 102-103
Legislative Counsel Bureau, Nevada State, 204-205, 317, 330
Legislature, Nevada State, 96, 100, 115-116, 121, 131, 141, 151, 187, 204-205, 206, 228, 236, 245, 262, 299-300, 310, 317, 346, 348-350, 354, 355, 358, 359, 369, 371
Lehenbauer, Philip A., 93, 107
Letterman hospital (San Francisco, California), 57
Lewers, Katherine, 100-101
Lewers, Louise, 199
Lewers, Robert, 82-83, 100
Lewis, Arthur Parker, 74
Lewis, Sarah, 81, 110
Liberty bonds, 54
Library (University of Nevada), 228-229, 291, 319, 343-344
Lincoln Hall (University of Nevada), 228
Lindauer, Maxine, 352
Lindbergh airfield (San Diego, California), 137
Linnecke, Harry F., 26
Linnecke family (Reno, Nevada), 26
Linnecke Electric company (Reno, Nevada), 26
Lions club, 138
Little, Thomas M., 305
Lobbyists, 115
Lombardi, Louis E., 270-271, 292, 311
Love, Joan, 223-224
Love, Malcolm A., 221-228, 231, 234-235, 236-238, 239, 241, 243-246, 247, 249, 251, 263, 277
Love, Maude Hale, 223, 236-237, 244, 246

Lovelock, Edith, 136
Lovelock, Forest, 136
Lowther, Edgar, 64
Lyceum, 42
Lynch, Joseph "Joe," 97, 98, 122, 149

Mc

McAndrews, Alice, 81
McCarran, Patrick A., 45
McCoy, Mabel Pearce, 6
McDonnell, Joseph T., 120
McGee, Mary C., 75, 96-97, 110
McGee family (San Francisco, California), 27
McHenry, Dean E., 289
McKenzie, George, 70-71, 73
McMillan, Esther, 76

M

Mack, Effie Mona, 53
Mack, Margaret E., 81, 170
Mackay, Clarence H., 145
Mackay family (Nevada), 291
Mackay Day (University of Nevada), 87-88, 103, 333, 336, 345
Mackay School of Mines (University of Nevada), 83, 187, 241
Mackay Science Hall (University of Nevada), 145
Mackay statue (University of Nevada), 163-164
Maclean, Kenneth Fraser, 74
Maclean, Kenneth Fraser, Sr., 74
Maestretti, Anthony J., 116
Maestretti, Marietta, 116
Magee, Flora Dean, 12-13, 337
Magee, Richard, 12
Magee, Richard, Jr., 12, 337

Magee, Walter, 12
Manhattan, Nevada, 1
Manzanita Lake (University of Nevada), 96, 98
Mapes Hotel (Reno, Nevada), 73, 258
"Marcelle waves," 61
Marsh, Alice, 166, 196-198, 201
Marsten family (La Jolla, California), 351-352
Martie, John E. "Doc," 196
Martin, Anne Henrietta, 25, 52, 81, 82
Masonic Temple (Reno, Nevada), 72, 74
Masons, 114, 120, 206, 293, 294
Mastroianni, Gene, 143
Menu, Alice, 199
Metcalf, Freda, 83, 112, 115-116, 118-119, 132
Methodists (Reno, Nevada), 20-21, 63-64, 79
Mexicans, 150-151
Meyer-Kassel, Hans, 145-146, 312-313
Meyer-Kassel, Maria, 146, 312-313
Miller, Frances M., 202, 243
Miller, N. Edd, 370-371
Mineral Cafe (Reno, Nevada), 62
Miners (Nevada), 1, 2
Mines, U. S. Bureau, 240-241
Mischon, Jacques "Jake," 97
Mizpah Hotel (Reno, Nevada), 43
Mobley, H. Elaine, 166, 198-199, 200-201, 227-228, 242, 255, 272, 280, 283, 366-368, 373-374
Model Dairy (Reno, Nevada), 39, 43, 64, 108
Moffat, William, 16

Monarch Cafe (Reno, Nevada), 62
Moose, Joe E., 166, 301, 324,
Mordy, Wendell A., 335
Morrill Hall (University of Nevada), 83-84, 91, 97, 98-100, 110, 127, 164, 177-179, 200, 203, 272-273, 285-286, 292, 344-345, 346
Morrison, John W., 355, 356
Morrison, Sidney King, 74
Moseley, John N., 210
Moseley, John O., 152-169, 172-177, 180-187, 189, 190, 191, 194-195, 196-197, 200, 201, 202, 205-208, 210-211, 212-214, 215, 217, 228, 234, 247, 249, 271
Moseley, Marie V., 166-167, 199, 211
Moulton, Mary, 188
Mt. Rose hospital (Reno, Nevada), 71-72
Mt. Rose school (Reno, Nevada), 38, 39, 45
Mullen, James, 84, 118, 120
Muller, Vinton Adolf, 76
Murch, Mary, 111

N

National Association of School Secretaries, 264-268
National Association of State Universities (NASU), 218, 220
National Education Association (NEA), 264
Nelson, Nellie, 250
Nevada Art Gallery (Reno, Nevada), 232-234
Nevada City, California, 1
Nevada Hotel (Reno, Nevada), 17
Nevada Mining Association, 270

Nevada Southern University
 See: University of Nevada, Las Vegas
Nevada State Journal (Reno, Nevada), 172, 191
 Nevada Tobacco Company
 (Reno, Nevada), 39, 126
 Newburn, Harry K., 246, 251, 266, 303
 Newman, Margaret Moseley, 210-211
 News Service, University of Nevada, 202, 225, 256, 272, 286

O

Oddie, Tasker L., 44-45
 Orvis, Arthur E., 186, 234, 276-284
 Orvis, Mae, 277, 280-281, 284
 Orvis School of Nursing (University of Nevada), 283-285
 Ostroff, Henry, 72, 74
 Ostroff, Robert Allison, 72, 74
 Overland Hotel (Reno, Nevada), 17
 Owen, Ruth Bryan, 165

P

Pacific Alaska Associates, Ltd. (Fairbanks, Alaska), 327
 Palmer, Art, 204
 Palmer, Ethel G., 237
 Palmer, Mary, 20-21
 Palmer, Stanley G., 20, 170, 237
 Palmer, Walter S., 20, 170
 Parent-Teacher Association (PTA), 44
 Parker, Gilbert E. "Colonel," 214-221, 224-225, 226

Parker, Marjorie S., 216-217, 223, 225
 Pearce, Beatrice, 6
 Pearce, Edward W., 31
 Pearce, Frederick, 2, 3, 6
 Pearce, Lester, 6, 31
 Pearce, Loma, 6
 Pearce, Nicholas J., 2, 6, 43-44
 Pearce, William, 1, 2, 3
 Pearce, William L., 2-3, 5, 21-22, 28, 30-31
 Pearce ranch (Pleasant Valley, Nevada), 28-32
 Pecetti, Tony, 69
 Peterson, Helen Fulton, 242-243
 Pi Beta Phi sorority (University of Nevada), 142-143
 Pincolini family (Reno, Nevada), 43
 Pinjuv, Barbara Thompson, 200-201
 Pinjuv, Paul, 200
 Pittman, Key, 45
 Planning Board, Nevada State, 204, 273, 329-330
 Pleasant Valley, Nevada, 5, 28
 Poolman, Robert C., 204, 273, 298, 329, 330
 Poolman, Rosemary, 298
 Poor's Grove (Reno, Nevada), 41
 Pope, Ethel, 52-53, 59, 110
 Pope, Jessie P., 53, 81
 Porter, John A., 342
 Potts ranch (Monitor Valley, Nevada), 128
 Pozzi, Archie, Jr., 319
 Pratt, Walter E., 103
 Preuss, Herbert, 279
 Prohibition, 67-68
 Putnam, G. H. (publishing firm, England), 66
 Pyramid Lake, 50, 103

Q

Quillici, Catherine Ryan
Harris "Maizie," 146,
241-242, 374

R

Race relations, 217-218,
288

Railroad men (Sparks, Ne-
vada), 50, 56, 57

Rayden, Maude A., 66

Records, Edward, 97, 107

Redfield, LaVere, 229-230

Regan, Margaret, 83, 106

Regents, Board of, Univer-
sity of Nevada, 16, 91-
92, 96, 100, 102, 103-
105, 115, 120, 121, 124,
131-132, 134, 139, 143,
145, 148-149, 150, 151,
152-154, 156, 168-169,
171-173, 182, 183, 191,
192, 203, 204-207, 208,
209, 212, 214-215, 220,
221, 224-225, 226, 228-
230, 234-236, 237, 246,
250, 257-258, 263-264,
269, 270-271, 275, 281,
283-284, 285, 289, 292-
299, 303, 305, 306-307,
308-309, 310-311, 317,
319, 320-321, 323-324,
327, 329, 333, 335-344,
347, 350, 356, 362, 363,
365, 369, 370, 377-378

Reil, Louise, 72

Reno, Nevada, 7, 8, 10, 17-
18, 19-20, 22-28, 33-35,
40-42, 45-46, 50, 51-52,
55, 56, 58, 70, 71, 72,
125-127

Reno Business College
(Reno, Nevada), 70, 75,
78, 141-142, 288

Reno Evening Gazette (Reno,
Nevada), 191

Reno High School, 52-54,
57-60, 78, 83

Reno Mercantile Company
(Reno, Nevada), 19, 51

Reno Printing Company
(Reno, Nevada), 162

Reo automobile, 21-22

Republicans, 44-45

Reserve Officers Training
Corps (ROTC; University
of Nevada), 95

Rice, Reva Pearce, 6

Richards, G. William, 373

Richardson, Annie La Verne
Pearce, 2, 6

Richardson, Frank, 303-310

Riegelhuth, Katherine
"Kate," 81

Riel, Otto, 108

Riley, Harry E. 26

Riley family (Reno, Neva-
da), 26

Ring-Lee's grocery store
(Reno, Nevada), 26

Ripley's "Believe it or
Not," 154

Riverside Hotel (Reno, Ne-
vada), 73, 111, 253, 311,
363

Robbins, Kenneth R., 340

Roberts, Gerald, 3

Roberts, William, 3

Robison Hall (Sparks, Ne-
vada), 50

Rock Street bridge (Reno,
Nevada), 46

Rogers, James C., 272-273,
329-330, 340-341, 345-
346

Rogers, Jean, 340-341

Ronan, Charles E., 241

Ronan, Leta, 241

Rooney, Mickey, 202

Rosa family (Reno, Nevada),
26

Rosasco, Louie, 69

Rosenbrock, Lucille Bath,
83, 112

Ross, Emily, 166
 Ross, Silas E., 103, 114,
 120, 124, 134, 143, 148,
 150, 151, 152-153, 186,
 205, 206, 219, 220, 239,
 269, 292-294, 303, 306-
 307, 308, 309, 310, 311,
 320
 Rotary club (Reno, Nevada),
 158, 161, 361
 Russell, Charles H., 230,
 236, 345
 Russell, David, 117, 316,
 330-331
 Russell, Marjorie Guild,
 236
 Russell, Ruth, 283
 Ryan, John P. 93, 146,
 241
 Ryan, John T. "Jack,"
 241
 Ryan, Martha, 83

S

Sable, Katie, 26-27, 53,
 57-58, 78-79
Sagebrush (University of
 Nevada), 160, 174, 205,
 226, 237-239, 256, 263
 Sameth, Elsa, 86, 127-128
 Sampson, Gordon, 232
 Samuels, William Lee, 74
 Sandburg, Carl, 94-95,
 353-354
 San Francisco earthquake
 (1906), 27
 Saunders, Lorene, 6
 Savage, Leonard J., 238,
 239
 Sawyer, Grant, 310, 350
 S Bar ranch (Wadsworth,
 Nevada), 190
 Schade, Helena, 196
 Scholarships, Fleischmann,
 193
 Scholarships, Harolds Club,
 193-194
 Scholarships, Rhodes, 94,
 99

Scott, Verner E., 106, 108
 Self & Sellman (contractors
 and builders; Reno, Ne-
 vada), 18
 Seufferle, Charles H., 320
 Sheeketski, Joseph L., 171-
 172
 Sheerin, Chris, 271
 Sheppard, J. Craig, 166,
 254
 Shufelt & Riley (second-
 hand dealers; Reno, Ne-
 vada), 26
 Siard ranch (Humboldt coun-
 ty, Nevada), 28
 Sigma Alpha Epsilon frater-
 nity (University of Ne-
 vada), 153, 156, 163,
 173, 211
 Simmons, Jean, 203
 Sinn, Eva May, 52
 Sirkegian, Paul, 104
 Sissa, Louise M., 81, 94,
 98, 101-102, 105, 188,
 193
 Slingerland, Eva, 37, 243
 Smith, Edith Pearce, 5
 Smith, George T., 358
 Smith, Lloyd, 135
 Smith, Raymond I. "Pappy,"
 193-194
 Smotony, Bonnie, 360-361,
 362-363, 369, 370
 Southern Pacific railroad,
 56, 57, 175
 Southside School (Reno, Ne-
 vada), 17, 25, 35-38, 39,
 42, 43, 45, 46-47, 48-49
 Sparks, Nevada, 50, 56, 129
 Springmeyer, J. E. "Jeff,"
 204-205
 Stadtherr, Anthony Lewis,
 70-71, 72
 Stafford, Edward P., 361
 Stafford, Martha Lee
 Johnson, 360-362
 Stanford Lane hospital (San
 Francisco, California),
 15
 Steamboat Springs, Nevada,
 22, 283

Steiner, Adelaide, 128-129
Stewart, Robert E., 106, 108, 109, 110-111
Stewart Hall (University of Nevada), 84, 190, 196-197, 237, 346
Stewart Indian School, 302
Stewart Park (Reno, Nevada), 68
Stone, Lewis, 202
Stout, Ann McIntyre, 252-253
Stout, Craig William, 260, 315
Stout, Minard W., 102-103, 186, 230, 234, 236, 246-264, 265-266, 268, 271-277, 279, 283, 284, 285, 286-289, 291, 293, 295, 297-298, 301-318, 319-320, 322, 325, 329, 331, 335, 364
Stout, Rex Allan, 260
Stout, Ruth Lamoine
 Sherbeck, 250, 252, 260, 261, 276, 302-303, 313-314, 315
Stout, William Leander, 252
Streetcars (Reno-Sparks, Nevada), 22, 50, 51
Student Affairs (University of Nevada) 164, 172, 174-175, 218, 222, 227-228, 231, 237-239, 243, 295, 309
Student Affairs Office (University of Nevada), 164-166, 168-169, 255, 295, 345
Summerfield, Lester, 275
Sun Valley, Nevada, 198, 242
Sweezy, Louise, 78
Steiner, Adelaide, 128-129
Stewart, Robert E., 106, 108, 109, 110-111

Stewart Hall (University of Nevada), 84, 190, 196-197, 237, 346
Stewart Indian School, 302
Stewart Park (Reno, Nevada), 68
Stone, Lewis, 202
Stout, Ann McIntyre, 252-253
Stout, Craig William, 260, 315
Stout, Minard W., 102-103, 186, 230, 234, 236, 246-264, 265-266, 268, 271-277, 279, 283, 284, 285, 286-289, 291, 293, 295, 297-298, 301-318, 319-320, 322, 325, 329, 331, 335, 364
Stout, Rex Allan, 260
Stout, Ruth Lamoine
 Sherbeck, 250, 252, 260, 261, 276, 302-303, 313-314, 315

T

Tahoe, Lake, 50, 63, 124, 292
Tahoe Tavern (Tahoe City, California), 50
Talbot, George F., 103
Taxation educational support (Nevada), 115-116
Taylor, Maude Sawin, 232
Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association, 188-189
Tenure (University of Nevada), 191, 274, 379
Terry, Cecelia, 10
Terry, Clara, 10
Terry, Dee Ada Pearce, 2, 3, 4, 8, 10, 11-12, 14, 28, 50-51, 52, 62, 77, 81-82, 129, 212, 280, 315, 359, 363, 365, 372, 374
Terry, Eugene, 10

Terry, Frederick Loren,
17, 27, 38-39, 42-43,
62, 64, 126, 203, 211
Terry, Gladys Baxter, 39
Terry, Harvey G., 10
Terry, Loren Harvey, 10,
11-12, 13, 14, 15-16,
18-19, 44-45, 51, 62,
63, 77, 130, 136, 211,
337
Terry, Milton, 10, 11
Terry, William, 10
Thoma, George H., 73
Thoma-Bigelow building
(Reno, Nevada), 73, 76
Thomas, Helen Marye, 190
Thompson, Alice, 23, 51
Thompson, Bruce R., 320,
358
Thompson, Jeffrey, 358
Thompson, Reuben Cyril,
86, 101, 127, 134-135
Thompson family (Reno,
Nevada), 23
Thornton, Clarence, 106-
107, 108
Threlkel Park (Sparks,
Nevada), 68
Thunderbird Hotel (Las
Vegas, Nevada), 297
Tillman, Lillie Terry, 10
Tippett, Mrs., 4
Tonopah, Nevada, 3, 342-
343
Tony's El Patio Ballroom
(Reno, Nevada), 69
Travis, Wesley E. "Buck,"
237-238
Trout (Pyramid Lake, Ne-
vada), 103
Truckee, California, 50
Truckee river (Nevada),
18, 34, 125
Truck farmers, 32, 40
Tucker, Thomas T., Jr.,
355, 371
Tyson, William S., 335-
336
Terry, Frederick Loren,
17, 27, 38-39, 42-43,
62, 64, 126, 203, 211

U

Union Ice Company (Reno,
Nevada), 23
United Service Organiza-
tion (USO), 56
University of Alaska (An-
chorage, Alaska), 326-
327
University of California,
Berkeley, 89-90, 266-
267
University of Nevada, Las
Vegas, 294-295, 296-297,
330, 334, 343, 347, 350-
351, 370
University of Nevada, Reno,
20, 46, 53-54, 55-56, 59,
64, 65-66, 70, 77-124,
127-294, 298-347, 348-
350, 351-355, 358, 359-
363, 366-372, 378-382,
383
University of Virginia, 87

V

Vanderbilt, Cornelius, 291
Vaughn, E. Otis, 53
Venstrom, Cruz, 108
Verdi, Nevada, 18, 69, 74
Vietti, Edward M., 269, 274
Virginia and Truckee rail-
road, 33-34, 49, 232-233
Virginia City, Nevada, 34,
64-65

W

Walker, Moris Rollin, 25,
48-49, 70, 71, 72-73, 74,
76, 77, 81, 91
Walsh, Daniel, 229-230
Walsh, Lawrence, 25
Walsh, Margaret, 25
Walsh, Matt, 25
Walsh family (Reno, Nevada),
25

- Wardle, Luella Roberts, 3
Ward, Isabelle S. "Bell,"
20-21
Washoe County Bank, 124
Water rights (Nevada), 13-
14, 130
Webster, William W., 19
Weck, C. E., 231
Weems, Robert C., Jr., 288
Western Interstate Commis-
sion for Higher Educa-
tion (WICHE), 299-300,
354-359, 370-372
Wheeler, Elizabeth Ann
Roberts Pearce, 1, 3, 6,
7-9, 10, 11, 12, 28, 48
Wheeler, Jim, 6, 8, 28
White, Juanita Greer, 338-
339, 355, 371
Wier, Jeanne Elizabeth,
81
Wigwam theater (Reno, Ne-
vada), 27-28
Wilbourn, Estelle, 334
Wilbourn, Howard, 334
Wildflowers (Reno, Neva-
da), 26, 41
Williams, Frank, 103
Williams, Sophie, 104
Williamson, Cornelia, 81
Wilson, Emily L., 42-43
Wilson, Frederick W., 106,
108, 109
Wilson, Nathaniel E., 42-
43
Wilson, Thomas C., 193
Wilson Drugstore (Reno,
Nevada), 85
Winer, Alex, 24
Winer, Leonard, 24
Winer family (Reno, Neva-
da), 43
Wingfield, George, 16, 187
Wingfield, Roxie Thoma, 73
Wingfield banks, 124
Winnemucca, Nevada, 5, 6-
7, 8, 10, 11, 28, 30, 32,
55, 59, 72, 108, 125,
129, 357
Wittenberg, Helen, 309
Wittwer, Eldon E., 185
Wolf Den (restaurant; Reno,
Nevada), 189-190
Wolf Pack Boosters, 170-
171
Women as teachers, 194-195
Women's Christian Temperance
Union (WCTU), 194
Women's Faculty Club (Uni-
versity of Nevada), 86
Women's Service League
(Las Vegas, Nevada), 350-
351
Women's suffrage, 62, 81-82
Wood, Dorothy Jane Irving,
319, 326
Wood, Frederick, 143, 181-
182, 186, 216, 224, 381
Wood, William R., 285-288,
289, 307, 319-321, 322,
323, 324, 326-328
Woodburn, William, 43
Woodburn family (Reno, Ne-
vada), 43
Woodmen of th World lodge,
2
Woolworth's (Reno, Nevada),
53, 58, 60, 66-67, 74,
268
Works Progress Administra-
tion (WPA), 125-126
World War I, 50, 51, 54-
57, 60
World War II, 127-128, 132,
133, 134, 143, 148, 150,
161-162, 176-177, 178,
202, 216, 217, 234
- XYZ
- Young, James R., 65-66
Young, Kenneth, 328-329,
332, 345, 361, 369-370
Young, Mae Catherine Witten-
meyer, 328-329
Young Men's Christian Asso-
ciation (YMCA), 64

Young Women's Christian
Association (YWCA), 62,
63, 64, 65-66, 79, 81-
82, 83, 125, 139, 173,
190, 196-202, 217, 241-
243, 290, 374
Zimmerman, Hazel, 136-137

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